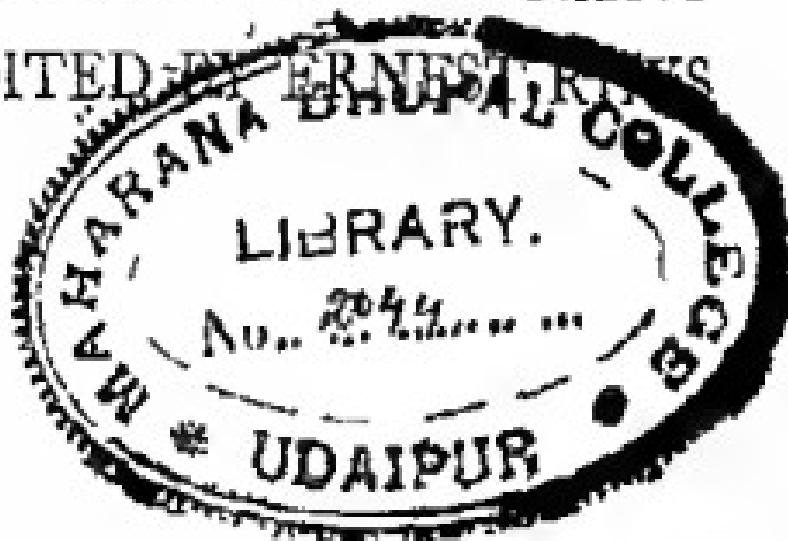


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CLASSICAL

HOMER'S
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
F. MELIAN STAWELL
VOL I THE ILIAD

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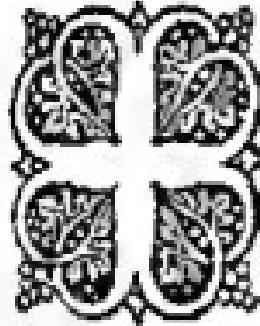
IN TWO STYLES OF BINDING, CLOTH,
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**THE
MESSAGES
OF OLD
LIVE
AGAIN
IN US**

GIANVILL

THE ILIAD
OF HOMER
Translated by
EDWARD EARL
of DERBY.



LONDON: PUBLISHED
by J. M. DENT & SONS LTD
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INTRODUCTION

To praise Homer is the delight of all who have ever attempted to translate him and the despair. For in the Homeric poems at their best are united a number of excellencies that have never been found together before or since in anything like the same degree. A union of simplicity and splendour of a freshness that is almost naive and a polished stateliness that could not be surpassed of a fiery spirit and passion that breathe the very spirit of battle and a serene calm that never fails.

It is not merely because the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* contain some of the greatest poetry ever written that they are so hard to translate. It is because this particular union between the elaborate and the plain is so difficult for us to re-create manifest as it is in every turn and detail of the verse. The metre itself is extraordinarily rich and varied and yet one cannot call it intricate. In the Homeric dialect the hexameter is easy to handle and the ease and swiftness of Homer's hexameters have been famous from all time. The diction is full of dignified formal phrases and noble decorative epithets many of them obviously coined for their place in the line and yet in hardly a single instance do they over-load the sense however prosaic it may be or even prevent the use of what are almost colloquialisms. A form of language has been found which though not the language of actual speech can deal with everything that happens in man's daily life and yet in such a way as to make it fit for heroes.

Cowper in the delightful Preface to his *Iliad* says with a certain wistfulness. The passages which will be least noticed and possibly not at all except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language to slay and prepare it for the table detailing every circumstance of the process. Homer who writes always to the eye with all his sublimity and grandeur has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

As a translator of Homer, Cowper had many qualifications. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the sweet brightness of his inherent nature—and nothing more touching to see under the dark cloud of melancholy that hung threatening his brain—and thus natural brightness, united as it was to perfect delicacy of touch a delicious humour and a quivering sensibility rendered him singularly responsive at once to the clear humanity, tender grace and depth of the Homeric feeling, and to the charm and vividness of the Homeric fancy. What he lacked was perhaps energy and fire and hence he is not quite so successful in the battle-pieces and fierce quarrels of the *Iliad* and more at home in the romance and humour and mystery of the *Odyssey* in the homely comfort of the swineherd's hut, or in the sunny distant land where Nausicaa stood to greet Ulysses, or in the like regions:

"where grow the poplar groves
And frufulous vines wan of Proserpine."

Not that Cowper's rendering of the great fight in the palace-hall at Ithaca could be considered tame or spiritless; while, there as elsewhere, his faithfulness alone would more than justify his modest confidence that there was room for him as a translator even after Pope.

Pope's work, indeed will always remain a classic for its own merits alone, and, as regards fidelity no other translator has so well given the terse precision or the leaping flame of rhetoric that the Homeric poetry has at its command. Take the famous couplet—

"If Grace must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the light of day!"

or the splendid close of Achilles' defiance.—

Ye have my answer what remains to do,
Your long Ulysses may consult with you
What needs be the defence the man can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenced his ground with round
With piles, with palisads, and a trench profound?
And will not these the wonder he has done,
Repel the rage of Phœbus single arm?"

But the defects of Pope's work are also notorious—the artificiality and stilted elegance that stand at the other end of the horizon from Homer's noble plianess. Prose as it

is the almost literal sentence—"She was too shy to speak of sweet marriage to her father"—would give a better idea of the exquisite lines in the *Odyssey* than the next couplet.

She spake, but blushing all restrained betray
Her thoughts silent as on the bridal day."

Chapman, again, will always be a delight because he can "speak out loud and bold," and indeed in some scenes, such as the quarrel in *Iliad* I., he comes nearer to the right Homeric vigour than any other man, but yet in his verse, as Arnold delighted to point out, Troy must needs "shed her towers for want of overthrow," though Homer only said "The day will be when sacred Troy shall perish."

After all one may trust there will always be many translators of Homer each of whom will contribute some special element, until the great bard comes who will write everything and above all, do what no one yet has done present the vital spirit of the characters in a worthy medium. For it is in characterisation that the chief greatness of Homer lies and this is given by the absolute fitness of the words. It is true that the mere outline of the *Iliad* XXIV is altogether great in itself. It touches us even to be told the bare fact that the old long Penn came alone and unarmed, to the tent of his sworn and bitter foe, that he might ask for the body of his dead son, but when every word in that marvellous scene makes the whole thing live before us, then and then only, can we realise why before Shakespeare Homer was rightly held to be the king of poets.

The prose translations of the *Odyssey* by Messrs. Butcher and Lang, and of the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, are invaluable for any one who wishes, without the knowledge of Greek, to gain an accurate knowledge of the detailed matter in the poems. But, as the writers would be the first to admit, a close translation in prose of what was essentially a diction framed for poetry must always produce a certain unnaturalness of effect, and this does inevitably detract from the directness of appeal which is the supreme quality of Homer.

The version of the *Iliad* by Lord Derby, first published in 1864 and now reprinted here has the great merits of simplicity, dignity, and sincerity, and its ease of style makes it conveniently readable. Derby's work is strikingly similar to Cowper's, and in certain passages appears to be based on

It. The arguments prefixed to each Book are quoted from Cowper's own translation and for the *Odyssey* the text follows throughout Cowper's first edition before the freshness of his rendering had been impaired by the supposed "improvements" he made in deference to ignorant criticism. The notes at the foot of the pages are from the same edition. "F" is the initial of Foseli the painter, "the learned and ingenuous Mr Foseli" as Cowper calls him who saw the poem in manuscript and made many suggestions. (The supplementary notes at the end of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, signed "F M S" are by the writer of this Introduction.)

Questions concerning the date and authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are interesting to ask and hard to answer. Controversy rages over every point, and the answers that are given here can at best only be accepted as probable. It seems clear both from internal evidence, and from classical Greek tradition that the poems existed much in their present shape, before the sixth century B.C. when Pausanias made his famous reception, and the absence of any apparent knowledge about the Greek colonies along the coast of Asia Minor would appear to justify us in carrying the date at least three centuries farther back. How much further still can we go? Recent discoveries, especially in Crete and at Mycenae on the mainland have brought to light traces of a high civilisation in the Aegean basin growing up from neolithic times a civilisation which was almost completely forgotten by classical Greece and which is at once like and unlike that implied in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The dress of the women is markedly different; much of the armour is different, and in Crete the huge palaces with the scenes on their frescoes indicate a far more artificial life than Homer's. On the other hand certain details in the Homeric poems are directly illustrated by the archaeological finds. Nestor's cup in *Iliad* XI., Hector's long shield in *Iliad* VI. the rim of which tapped against his heels as he walked, the inland pictures on the shield of Achilles, the blue fence in the palace of Alcmenes, all these find their analogues among the recent discoveries.

From this the presumption follows that the poems took their rise during some period between the bloom of the Aegean civilisation in Mycenae (which may be dated roughly from 1500-1100 B.C.) and the founding and growth

of the new Greek cities in Asia Minor. That there was a time of change and transition is suggested by many facts. The excavations have made it almost certain that something like decay fell on the great centres of the early culture. The palaces in Crete are found burnt presumably by a victorious enemy, the beautiful pottery, made there and elsewhere becomes debased in design and workmanship. Further, the Homeric poems themselves speak of a store of legends from a more brilliant past removed by a sensible gap from the day and generation of the poets. Again, while bronze¹ is the recognised metal for the warriors' weapons it is clear that the poets know the use of iron, and in the latest tombs of the Mycenaean period we find iron beginning to appear side by side with the earlier bronze.

Now it does not seem unnatural to suppose, especially in view of the swift development in Asia Minor, that there came a time, somewhere about the tenth century when the old centres were fast losing their actual vigour and importance though not their prestige and glamour, and when the more active members of the same and kindred stocks reinforced perhaps by Northern immigrants were seeking new homes and new outlets for their energies. The *Odyssey* is full of the colonising spirit as we see for instance in the description of the island off the Cyclops' cave in Book IX. And it shows us men like Ulysses and Telemachus living a simple and hardy life themselves, yet in contact with a culture far more luxurious than their own a culture also as the poet may mean to suggest, that is already touched with weakness. Ulysses is welcomed by Alcinous as a man of like speech with himself but the lavish splendour of the Phaeacian palace is in marked contrast to the home in the barren island that was "a good nurse of heroes" and the fondness of the Phaeacian men for the dance and the bath for the warm bath and sleep seems degradingly set in opposition to the ways of the much-enduring hero.

That there was an element of Northern immigration cannot be taken to be established but it is made probable by several points. Homer speaks of "the fair-haired Achaeans" but the Cretans, men and women alike, are represented in the paintings as dark-haired while the fairness of Northern races is well known. Archaeological discoveries have revealed another early civilisation along the upper Danube the

¹ Unfortunately treated thus by Cowper and Lord Derby.

remains of which show in ornament and armature certain similarities to Homeric fashions. Moreover place-names and traditions both in Homer and in classical times seem to indicate a steady drift of tribes through Greece from the north west to the south. There is no need to conceive the immigration as an invasion; indeed any hypothesis implying an abrupt break in culture and language would involve us in countless difficulties. They did not sweep down in a great invading host; they crept in tribe by tribe seeking not political conquest but new lands and homestead.¹

The ultimate causes that produce poetic genius lie utterly beyond our ken but a period such as that conjectured would certainly seem stimulating to poetry. An old civilisation lay behind the writers but there were new lands opening before them; new blood in the world and new ideas. Did there in a blind old bard of genius on Chios rock, as at the time honoured tradition has it, he would certainly be fitted by up-bringing and so look to fix a great verse unto a Little King?

The question of unity of authorship is of more immediate interest to lovers of literature. Until Wolf wrote his famous *Prolegomena* at the end of the eighteenth century the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* had been accepted as unites with but little question but since his day the dispute has been protracted and intense especially with regard to the *Iliad*. The *Odyssey* is on a somewhat different footing and it may be doubted whether any sober scholar would have questioned its fundamental unity if it had not been for the controversy raised concerning the *Iliad*. It is true there can be little doubt that the work is based on earlier legends but, save for one or two passages, it shows a harmony of conception in the characters so delicate and profound and a structure of plot so masterly that it is hard to imagine the old material as other than fused afresh from first to last in the alembic of one creative mind. As the case stands however there does exist a body of opinion which holds that at least four distinct poems can be discovered underlying our present *Odyssey* and that their once independent existence is betrayed by certain small but significant inconsistencies. This school has been led by Kirschhoff and Wilamowitz in Germany but it has not found much active support in England. Both here and in the *Iliad* the bulk of the

¹ *Bart. History of Greece* c. I.

evidence depends on the content and matter of the poems so that even the English reader can form a fair idea of the merits of the case. For instance the story told by Eumeus about his boyhood may reasonably be suspected because it breaks the Homeric rule of a narrator only telling what he knows or could easily have inferred but it seems less reasonable to question the journey of Telemachus to Sparta because he stays there longer than he had intended.

The question of the *Iliad* is far more complicated. There certainly seems no *prima facie* reason to doubt the possibility of so long a poem being produced by one man under the conditions supposed and transmitted faithfully from generation to generation. It is not known yet whether writing was practised in the Homeric world or not but oral transmission may reach a high degree of perfection. When however we come to look at the poem in detail a curious problem presents itself: the general plan is magnificent but we are met also by inconcessions that appear much more serious than those observed in the *Odysssey* — and by delays in the action which far from heightening the effect seem greatly to impair it when the poem is taken as a whole. Many passages no doubt have been unjustly questioned but there remains a large residue. Such for instance is the long digression in the story after Hector has got within the Greek wall at the end of Book XII and before Patroclus rushes to tell Achilles of the danger (Books XIII, XIV, XV 1 : 369 in the Greek, II 1 : 455 in Derby's translation). The episodes here are quite abortive so far as the general drift of the tale is concerned and the description of the fighting is markedly inferior to that in Books XI and XII. Again it is very difficult to reconcile Achilles' contemptuous refusal of the amends from Agamemnon in Book IX with his words to Patroclus in XI and XVI all of which taken alone would naturally imply that no reparation had been offered whatsoever.

On the other hand it is equally hard to assume that the main story grew up half unconsciously from a gradual construction of short legends and laws for all such that can be proposed are found to apply directly or indirectly the outline of the story that they are assumed to produce. The central plot must surely have been there already either due to the inventive genius of one poet, or as an echo in tradition of something that actually occurred. The conclusion

adopted here (already in favour with various scholars) is that our *Iliad* as it stands is a composite work, but a work the larger part of which is due to one great poet. To the original structure were added successively songs by other bards suggested by the main theme harmonious with its general outline but as might well be expected not always consistent with its details and implications.

The table that follows gives the chief passages that may be questioned together with reasons for their omission.¹ The references to the Greek original and to the English translations are put side by side.

ILIAD

HOMER.

DEAF.

Bk. II 447-60 816-end	Bk. II 555 ff. 613 end	The Catalogues. The order given of the different Greek contingents does not correspond with their relative importance elsewhere in the <i>Iliad</i> .
V. 107-134 317-474 501-end	V. 151b-197 378b-398 578-end	Dromed's complaint against the Gods are inconsistent with his humble refusal in Book VI to oppose them at all.
VI. ?	VI. 1a	
VII. 2-end	VII. 9-end	The Embassy to Achilles cannot well be reconciled with his attitude in Books XI and XVI. Books VII and VIII are bound up with IX.
VIII. 1X		
X.	X.	A night raid on the Trojan camp. The episode in itself is unimportant, and it has no effect on the tale as a whole save to delay still further the return of Achilles.
XI. 1-62	XI. 1-62	A connecting passage designed to effect the transition to the original poem.
XII. 308-395	XII. 319-322	An abortive attack on the Greek camp. The passage bears strong signs of amateur - e and inferior work.

¹ An attempt is made to give the reasons more fully in *Homer and the *Iliad** (Deaf).

ILIADE

HOMER	DODGE	
Bk. XIII	Bk. XIII	
XIV	XIV	A comparatively flat digression
XV : 329	XV : 455	in marked contrast to the excitement before and after
XVII 459-552	XVII 374-667	A languid passage in a Book elsewhere full of the most spurred fighting
XIX 247-258	XIX 247-258	ADD notes referring to the last battle in IX
76-320	320-340	
XX 1-300	XX 1-49	The Prologue to the underworld designed for the Battle of the Gods in XXI. In the combat that ensues here between Achilles and Hector Achilles, who was full of fury in XIX appears in a "haunting mood" (<i>Loc.</i>)
XXI 136-320	XXI 136-320	The long delay in the fight be- tween Achilles and the River makes it difficult to explain the state of mind left by the Trojans at the close of the Book. The battle between the Gods is quite out of key with the human passion of the contest.
LXXXIII 755-843	LXXXIII 916-921	Add on to the Geese?

ODYSSEY

HOMER	DODGE	
Bk. XI 363-6-7	Bk. VI 696-701	According to the rest of the Book, Odysseus does not go further than the exploded meadow waiting for the ghosts to gather round him. Here he suddenly appears wandering through all the vast groves of the Under- world before the judgment seat of Minos by the lake of Tartarus, the Hill of Troy ghosts etc. with no explana- tion as to how he came there.
VII 451-553		Inconsequent with Homeric pro- cesses of narration.

It is not possible to decide the further question whether the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are by the same man. It is usually held that they are not—but scholars are still at variance as to whether the language and metre show a change greater than could be expected of the same author composing on a fresh subject at a later period of his life. What differences can be discovered in the sentiment of the poems and the civilisation they assume are admittedly slight and the rare and peculiar greatness of the two works seems to make on the whole for the old belief in unity of authorship.

Besides the books already mentioned the following may be recommended especially as a stimulus to further study:

Homer Jobb

On translating Homer Matthew Arnold

Homer and the Study of Greek in *Essays in Literature* A. Lang

Homer and the Epic A. Lang

Companion to the Iliad Leaf

Rise of the Greek Epic Murray

Schliemann's Excavations Schuchhardt translated by E. Sellers

The Discoveries on Crete Barlow

The Early Age of Greece Ridgeway

Translations

Iliad Way I XII

Odyssey Worley

Odyssey Mackail

The Story of the Iliad and

The Adventures of Odysseus Marvin Mayor and Stawell
(a shortened form in sample prose)

P. NELIAN STAWELL

P R E F A C E

In the spring of 1867 I was induced, at the request of some personal friends, to print, for private circulation only, a small volume of *Translations of Poems Ancient and Modern*, in which was included the First Book of the *Iliad*. The opinions expressed by some competent judges of the degree of success which had attended this "attempt to infuse into an almost literal English version something of the spirit, as well as the simplicity of the great original,"¹ were sufficiently favourable to encourage me to continue the work which I had begun. It has afforded me, in the intervals of more urgent business, an unending, and constantly increasing source of interest, and it is not without a feeling of regret at the completion of my task, and a sincere diffidence as to its success, that I venture to submit the result of my labours to the ordeal of public criticism.

I know causes, irrespective of any elements of the work itself, which forbid me to anticipate for this translation any extensive popularity. First, I fear that the taste for, and appreciation of, Classical Literature are greatly on the decline; next, those who have kept up their classical studies, and are able to read and enjoy the original, will hardly take an interest in a mere translation, while the English reader, unacquainted with Greek, will naturally prefer the harmonious versification and polished brilliancy of Pope's translation, with which, as a happy adaptation of the Homeric story to the spirit of English poetry, I have not the presumption to enter into competition. But, admirable as it is, Pope's *Iliad* can hardly be said to be Homer's *Iliad*, and there may be some who, having lost the familiarity with the original language which they once possessed, may, if I have at all succeeded in my attempt, have recalled to their minds a faint echo of the strains which delighted their earlier days, and may recognise some slight trace of the original perfume.

Numerous as have been the "translations" of the *Iliad*,² in parts of it, the metres which have been selected have

¹ Introduction to unpublished volume.

been almost as various—the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the Trochaic or Ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English Hexameter, "a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language, which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody, and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalise it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning's

Dactylic call at thou them. God help thee, silly one!

But in the progress of this work, I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure) "if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old Poet, it can only be in the Heroic blank verse." I have seen isolated passages admirably rendered in other metres, and there are many instances in which a translation line for line and couplet for couplet naturally suggests itself, and in which it is sometimes difficult to avoid an involuntary rhyme; but the blank verse appears to me the only metre capable of adapting itself to all the gradations, if I may use the term, of the Homeric style; from the finished poetry of the numerous similes, in which every touch is nature, and nothing is overcoloured or exaggerated, down to the simple, almost hasty, style of some portions of the narrative. Least of all can any other metre do full justice to the spirit and freedom of the various speeches, in which the old warriors give utterance, without disguise or restraint to all their strong and genuine emotions. To subject these to the trammels of couplet and rhyme would be as destructive of their chief characteristics, as the application of a similar proses to the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, or the tragedies of Shakespeare, the effect indeed may be seen by comparing, with some of the mildest speeches of the latter, the few couplets which he seems to have considered himself bound by custom to tack on to their close, at the end of a scene or an act.

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin, rather than the Greek, nomenclature for the Heathen Deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two, and from the fact that though English

readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera or Ares, or Hephaestus, or Leto, would hardly convey to them a definite signification.

It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase, not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship, but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage, and of every line, omitting nothing, and expanding nothing, and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character. Of the many debilities in my execution of this intention, I am but too conscious, whether I have been in any degree successful, must be left to the impartial decision of such of the Public as may honour this work with their perusal.

D

London, Oct 1864

20

And golden staff, to all he said, but chief
To Atreus' sons, twin captives of the host.
" Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-grown'd Greeks,
May the great Gods, who on Olympos dwell,
Grant you yon hostile city to destroy,,
And home return in safety, but my child
Restore, I pray her peerless ransom take,
And in his priest, the Lord of light revele "

Then through the ranks, assenting murrurs ran,
The priest to rev'rence, and the ransom take
Not so Atreus, he, with boughly men,
And bitter speech, the trembling sire address'd
" Old man, I warn thee, that beside our ships
I find thee not, or long'ring now, or back
Returning, lest thou prove of small avail
Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God
Her I release not, till her youth be fed,
Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,
Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,
And thare a master's bed For thee, begone!
Incase me pot, lest ill betide thee man!"

We said the old man trembled, and obey'd,
Beside the many-dashing Ocean's shore.

30

40

Constant and num'rous, blaz'd the fun'ral fires

Nine days the heav'nly Archer on the troops

Hurl'd his dread shafts, the tenth, th' assembled Greek
Achilles call'd to council, so inspir'd

By Juno, white arm'd Goddess, who beheld

With pitying eyes the wasting hosts of Greece

When all were met, and closely throng'd around,
Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began

10

" Ye sons of Atreus, to my mind there seems,

If we would 'scape from death one only course,

Home to retrace our steps: since here at once

By war and pestilence our forces waste

But seek, we first some prophet, or shrive priest,

Or some wise vision seer (such visions too

From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain,

Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires

If for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs

He grieve us, or if fat of lambs and goats

80

May sooth his anger and the plague assuage."

This said, he sat, and Thetis' son arose,

Calchas, the chief of seers, to whom were known

The present and the future, and the past,

Who, by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,

Guided to Ilion's shore the Grecian fleet

Who thus with cautious speech replied and said

" Achiles, boy of Heaven, thou bidd'st me say

Why thus incen'st the far-destroying King

Therefore I speak, but promist thou, and swear,

In word and hand, to bear me harmless through

For well I know my speech must one offend,

One mighty chief, whom all our hosts obey,

And terrible to men of Ida's estate

90

The anger of a King: for though awhile

He seal'd his wrath; yet in his bosom pent

It still is smot' d until the true 'reme,

Sir, then, will thou protect me, if I speak?"

Achilles answer'd thus "Ichilles' fault of foot

Speak boldly out whate'er thine art can tell,

100

For by Apollo a self I swear, whom thou,

O Calchas, serv'st, and who thy words inspire,

That, while I live, and see the light of Heaven,

Not out of all the Greeks shall dare on this,

Beside our ships, impious hands to lay

And golden staff, to all be said, but chief
To Atreus' sons, twin captains of the host.

20

Ye sons of Atreus and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
May the great Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Grant you 'em hostile cities to destroy,
And home return in safety, but my child
Restore, I pray her proffer'd ransom take,
And in his priest, the Lord of light revere'

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Returning, lest thou prove of small avail
Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God
Hear I release not till her youth be fled,
Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,
Her lot is cast, dearest cares to ply,
And where a master's bed For thee, begone!
Incline me not, lest ill bestride thee now'

30

He said the old man trembled, and obey'd,
Beside the main dashing Ocean's shore
Silent he pass'd, and all apart, he pray'd
To great Apollo, fair Latona's son

40

Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Charybdis surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,
Whose son reigns ov'r my o'er Tenedos expanse,
O Sunbeam, hear! if e'er my offer'd gifts
Found favour in thy sight, either to thee
I burn'd the fat of bulls and choicest goats
Grant me this boon—upon the Grecian host
Let thine soaring darts avenge my tears

50

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard
Along Olympus heights he pass'd, his heart
Burning with wrath, behind his shoulders hung
His bow and ample quiver, at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he mov'd,
Like the night cloud he pass'd, and from afar
He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt,
And fierce and deadly twang'd the silver bow
First on the males and dogs, on man the last,
Was pour'd the arrowy storm, and through the camp,

60

Constant and unceas'rous, blaz'd the fun'ral fires

Nine days the horr'ble Archer on the troops
Hurl'd his dread shafts, the tenth, th' assembled Greek
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Rose the swift-footed chief, and thus began

' Ye sons of Atreas, in my mind there seems,
If we would 'scape from death, one only course,
Home to retrace our steps since here at once
By war and pestilence our forces waste
But seal we first some prophet, or some priest,
Or some wise vision seer (since visions too
From Jove proceed), who may the cause explain,
Which with such deadly wrath Apollo fires
If for neglected hecatombs or pray'r
He blame us or if fat of lambs and goats
May soothe his anger and the plague assauge'''

This said, he sat, and Thetis's son arose,
Calchas, the chief of seers, to whom were known
The present, and the future, and the past,
Who by his mystic art, Apollo's gift,
Guided to Ilium's shore the Grecian fleet
Who thus with cautious speech replied, and said
" Achilles, lov'd of Heaven, thou bidd'st me say
Why thus ascends in the far-destroying lung
Therefore I speak, but promise thou, and smart,
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through
For well I know my speech must one offend,
One mighty chief, whom all our hosts obey,
And terrible to men of low estate.

The anger of a king, for though awhile
He'vel his wrath yet in his bosom pent
It still is nre a, until the time arrive,
Soo then, wilt thou protect me, if I speak?"

Him answer'd thus " Achilleus swift of foot
Speak boldly, out what er thine art can tell,
For by Apollo's self I swear, when thou
O Calchas seest, and the thr words insp'res
That while I live and see the light of Heaven,
Not one of all the Greeks shall dare on thee,
Beside our shpe, impious hands to lay

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100

HOMER'S ILIAD

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

This book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp and the cause of it is stated. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Aca demands by his heralds demands horses and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis who undertakes to pitid his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe that by Achæans, Argives, Dardæ, are signified Greeks. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance, deep and deadly, whence to Greece
Unnumber'd ill's arose, which many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untunely sent, they on the battle plain
Unburied lay, a prey to rav'ning dogs,
And carrion birds, but so had Jove decreed,
From that sad day when first in wavy war,
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son.

10

Say then, what God the fatal strife provok'd?
Jove's and Latona's son, he, fill'd with wrath
Against the King, with deadly pestilence
The camp afflict'd, - and the people died, -
For Chryses' sake, his priest, whom Atreas' son
With scorn despis'd, when to the Grecian ship-
He came, his captive daughter to redeem,
With costly ransom charg'd, and in his hand
The sacred fillet of his God he bore,

A

No, not if Agamemnon's self were he,
Who 'mid our warriors boasts the foremost place "

Embolden'd thus, th' unerring prophet spoke

" Not for neglected hecatombs or pray'r's,
But for his priest, whom Agamemnon scorn'd,
Nor took his ransom, nor his child restor'd,
On his account the Far-destroyer sends
This scourge of pestilence, and yet will send,
Nor shall we cease his heavy hand to feel,
Till to her we give the bright-ey'd girl,
Unbought, unconsum'd, and to Chrysa's shore
A solemn hecatomb despatch, thus done,
The God, appear'd, his anger may remit "

110

Thus said, he sat, and Atreus' godlike son,

The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose,
His dark soul fill'd with fury, and his eyes
Flashing like flames of fire, on Calchas first
A with'ring glance he cast, and thus he spoke

120

" Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me
But words of evil omen, for thy soul
Delights in augur ill, but aught of good
Thou never yet hast promis'd, nor perform'd
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills
Come from the Far-destroyer, for that I
Refus'd the ransom of my lovely prize,
And that I rather chose herself to keep,
To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,
My virgin wedded wife, nor less adorn'd
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back,
I wish an people's safety, not their death
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,
Lest empty handed I alons appear
Of all the Greeks, for this would ill beseem.
And how I lose my present share, ye see "

130

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied
" Haughtiest of men, and greediest of the pri!
How shall our valiant Greeks for thee seek out
Some other spoil? no common fund have we
Of hoarded treasures, what our arms have won
From captur'd towns, has been already shar'd,
Nor can we now resume th' apportion'd spoil

140

Restore the said implement to the God!—
And if Hera is wroth that we the strong have won,
Of Troy straight r. e., our warlike will to them
I therefore entreat you to give me answer.

In vain; yet I remember thus replied
I think not Achilles, valiant though thou art
In it for me to judge to deserve me thus,
For I will no way perjur'de me nor a trench
I think of thine to keep th. portion of the spoil,
While I with empty hands am humbly down?
The best love d girl thou hold st me to restore,
It then the stoutest listed & set me stock out
Some other & juster sum' compensation just

I'll well if not I with my own right hand
Will form some other churl from thee perchance,
Or Ajax or I have wait his part
And see if I have no shame or I call!
But this for future counsel we must
Haste us then now our dark ship to launch,
Master a fitting crew, and place on board
The stoned hecatomb, then let embark
The four Chariots, and in chief command
Let some one of our counsellors be plac'd,
Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,

Or thou, the most ambitious of them all,
That so our woes may soothe the angry God!

To whom Achilles thus with scornful glance

Oh, cloth'd in shamelessness! oh, cordid soul!
How canst thou hope that any Greek for thee
Will leave the tools of travel or of war?
Well dost thou know that 't was no feud of mine
With Troy's brave sons that brought me here in arms, 180
They never did me wrong, they never drove
My cattle, or my horses, never sought
In Phœbus' fertile, life-sustaining fields
To waste the crops, for wide between us lay
The shadowy mountainous and the roaring sea
With thee, O void of shame! with thee we wuld,
For Menelaus and for thee, upgrate,
Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win
All this hast thou forgotten, or despis'd,
And threat'nest now to wrest from me the prize
I labour'd hard to win, and Greeks bestow'd

Nor does my portion ever equal thine,
 When on some populous town our troops have made
 Successful war, in the contentious fight
 The larger portion of the spoil is mine,
 But when the day of disturbance comes,
 Thine is the richest spoil, while I, forsooth,
 Must be too well content to bear on board
 Some paltry prize for all my warlike toil
 To Phthia now I go, so better far,
 To start my homeward course, and leave thee here
 Dishonour'd as thou art, nor like, I deem,
 To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war."

200

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men—
 " Fly then, if such thy mind! I ask thee not
 On mine account to stay, others there are
 Will guard my honour and avenge my cause
 And chief of all, the Lord of counsel, Jove!
 Of all the Heav'n-born Kings, thou art the man
 I hate the most, for thou delight'st in nought
 But war and strife, thy prowess I allow,
 Yet this, remember, is the gift of Heav'n
 Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt,
 And with thy followers, home, and lord it there
 Over thy Myrmidons! I heed thee not!
 I care not for thy fury! Hear my threat
 Since Phœbus wrests Clytus from my arms,
 In mine own ship, and with mine own good crew,
 Her I send forth, and, in her stead, I mean,
 Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize,

210

The fair Briséïs, that henceforth thou know
 How far I am thy master, and that, taught
 By thine example, others too may fear
 To rival me, and brave me to my face!"

220

Thus while he spake, Achilles chaf'd with rage,
 And in his bosky breast his heart was torn
 With thoughts conflicting—whether from his side
 To draw his mighty sword, and put to rout
 Th' assembled throng, and kill th' insulting King,
 Or shooch his soul, and keep his anger down
 But while in mind and spirit thus he mus'd,
 And half unsheathe'd his sword, from Heav'n came down
 Minerva, sent by Jove, white arm'd Queen,
 Whose love and care both chiefs alike enjoy'd

230

She stood behind, and by the yellow hair
 She held the son of Peleus, visible
 To him alone, by all the rest unseen
 Achilles, wond'ring, turn'd, and straight he knew
 The blue-ey'd Pallas, awful was her glance,
 Whom thus the chief with angry words address'd

" Why com'st thou, child of sky-bearing Jove?
 To see the arrogance of Atreus' son?
 But this I say, and will not good my words,
 This insolence may cost him soon his life "

240

250

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess thus replied
 " From Heav'n I came, to curb, if thou wilt hear,
 Thy fury, sent by Juno, white arm'd Queen,
 Whose love and care we both alike enjoy
 Cease, then, these brooks, and draw not thus thy sword,
 In words, indeed, assail him as thou wilt
 But this I promise and will make it good,
 The time shall come, a long day off, when
 A threefold compensation shall be thine,
 Only be sway'd by me, and curb thy wrath "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot
 " Goddess, I needs must yield to your commands,
 Indignant though I be—for so 'tis best,
 Who hears the Gods, of them his pray'rs are heard "

He said, and on the silver hilt he stay'd
 His pow'ful hand, and flung his mighty sword
 Back to its scabbard, to Minerva's word
 Obedient she her heavy onward course pursued
 To join th' immortals in th' aisle of Jove
 But Peleus' son with undimmed wrath,
 Atredes thus with bitter words address'd

260

270

" Thou art, with eye of dog, and heart of deer!
 Who never darst to lead in armed fight
 Th' assembled host, nor with a chosen few
 To man the secret ambush—let thou fear'st
 To look on death—no doubt 'tis easier far,
 Girt with thy troops, to plunder of his right
 Who e'er may venture to oppose thy will!
 A tyrant King, because thou rule'st o'er slaves!
 Were it not so, this result were thy last
 But this I say, and with an oath confirm,
 By this my royal staff, which never more
 Shall put forth leaf nor spray, since first it left

Upon the mountain-side its parent stem,
Nor blossom more since all around the axe
Hath lopp'd both leaf and bark, and now 'tis borne 280
Emblem of justice by the sons of Greece,
Who guard the sacred ministry of law.
Before the face of Jove! a mighty oath!
The time shall come when all the sons of Greece
Shall mourn Achilles' loss, and thou the while
Heart-rent, shalt be all impotent to aid,
When by the warrior slayer Hector's hand
Man shall fall and then thy soul shall mourn
The flight on Greece's b'hest warrior cast!

Thus spoke Peleus, and upon the ground 290
He cast his staff, with golden studs emboss'd,
And took his seat, on th' other side in wrath
Atride burn o', but Nestor interpos'd,
Nestor the leader of the Pelasgian host
The smooth tongued chief from whose person lips
Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech
Two generations of the sons of men
For him were past and gone, who with himself
Were born and bred on Pylos' lovely shore,
And o'er the third he now held royal sway 300
He thus with prudent words the chiefs adores d

Alas, alas! what grief is this for Greece!
What joy for Paris, and for Paris's sons!
What exultation for the men of Troy,
To hear of feuds 'twixt you, of all the Greeks
The first in council, and the first in fight!
Yet, hear my words, I pray, in years, at least,
Ye both must yield to me and in times past
I liv'd with men, and ther despis'd me not,
Abler to counsel, greater than yourselves 310
Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see,
As Prometheus and Dryas, wise and brave,
Cacus, Exodus, godlike Polyphemus,
And Theseus, Agamemnon mortal man
The mightiest they among the sons of men,
The mightiest they, and of the forest beasts
Strove with the mightiest, and their rage subdu'd
With them from distant lands, from Pylos shore
I join'd my forces and ther call obey'd
With them I play'd my part, with them, not unc

320

Would dare to fight of mortals now on earth
 Yet they my counsels heard, my voice obey'd,
 And hear ye also, for my words are wise
 Nor thou, though great thou art, attempt to rob
 Achilles of his prize, but let him keep
 The spoil assign'd him by the sons of Greece,
 Not thou, Peleus, with the monarch strive
 In rivalry, for never in sceptred King
 Hath Jove such pow'r, as to Atrides. gr'n
 And valiant though thou art, and Goddess born,
 Yet mightier he, for wiser is his swiftny
 Atrides, curb thy wrath! while I beseech
 Achilles to forbear, in whom the Greeks
 From adverse war their great defender see "
330

To whom the monarch, Agamemnon, thus
 " O father, full of wisdom are thy words,
 But this proud chief o'er all would domineer,
 O'er all he seeks to rule, o'er all to reign,
 To all to dictate, which I will not bear
 Grant that the Gods have gr'n him warlike might, 340
 Give thy unbridled horse to his tongue? "

To whom Achilles, interrupting, thus
 " Coward and slave indeed I might be deem'd,
 Could I submit to make thy word my law,
 To others thy commands, seek not to me
 To dictate, for I follow thee no more
 But hear me speak, and ponder what I say
 For the fair girl I fight not (since you choose
 To take away the prize yourselves bestow'd)
 With thee or any one, but of the rest
 My dark swift ship contains, against my will
 On nought shalt thou, unpunish'd, lay thy hand
 Make trial if thou wilt, that these may know,
 Thy life-blood soon should reek upon my spear "
350

After this conflict Lorn of angry speech,
 The chiefs arose, and took the council up
 With his own followers, and Menelaus' son,
 Achilles to his tents and ships withdrew
 But Atreus' son launch'd a swift sailing bark,
 With twenty rowers man'd, and plac'd on board
 The sacred hecatomb, then last embark'd
 The fair Chryseis, and at chief command
 Laertes' son, the sage Ulysses, plac'd
360

They swiftly sped along the watry waste.

Next, proclamation through the camp was made
To purify the host, and in the sea,
Obedient to the word, they purified,
Then to Apollo solemn rites perform'd
With faultless hecatombs of bulls and goats,
Upon the margin of the watry waste,
And, wreath'd in smoke, the virgin rose to hear. 370

The camp thus occupied the King pursued
His threaten'd plan of vengeance, to his side
Calling Tritylus and Dorybates,
Heralds, and faithful followers, thus he spoke

" Haste to Achilles' tent, and in your hands
Back with you thence the fair Briseis bring
If he refuse to send her, I myself
With a sufficient force will bear her thence,
Which he may find, perchance, the worse for him." 380

So spake the monarch, and with stern command
Dismiss'd them, with reluctant steps they pass'd
Along the margin of the watry waste,
Till to the tents and ships they came, where lay
The warlike Myrmidons. Their chief they found
Sitting beside his tent and dark ribb'd ship
Achilles mark'd their coming, not well pleas'd
With troubled men, and one struck by the King,
They stood, nor dur'd accost him, but himself
Drown'd their execrations, and address'd them thus

" Welcome, ye messengers of Gods and men,
Heralds! approach in safety, not with you,
But with Atrides, is no just offence,
Who for the lawless Briseis sends you here
Go, then, Patroclus, bring the maiden forth,
And give her to their hands, but witness ye,
Before the blessed Gods and mortal men,
And to the face of that injurious King,
When he still need my arm from shameful rout
To save, o his followers blindest by his rage,
He neither heeds experience of the past
Nor scars the future; prudently how best
To guard his fleet and army from the foe." 400

He spoke obedient to his friend and chief,
Patroclus led the fair Briseis forth,
And gave her to their hands, they to the ships

Retracted the r steps and with them the fur' ul
Reluctant went meanwhile Achilles plunged
In bitter grief from all the land apart
Upon the range of the briny sea 410
Sat still, gazing on the dark billowes
And to his Goddess mother long he pray'd
With outstretched hands Oh mother since the son
To each depth by destiny is doom'd,
I might have hoped the Thunderer on high
Olympian Jove with I must I can't have croan'd
A little space but now I groan'st is mine
Since Agamemnon the wise ruling King
Hath snatched from me and still holds my prize
Weeping he spoke his Goddess mother heard, 420

A shrewd seer at length the cause reveal'd
 Which thus means d the Archer God, I then,
 The fir^t gave counsel to avenge his wrath
 Wherewith Atrides full of fury w^ee,
 And uttered threats which he hath now fulfill'd
 For Chry^{se}' daughter to her native land
 In a swift-sailing ship the Greeks, & Greeks
 Have seenⁿ, with costly offerings to the God
 But her, assign'd me by the son^r of Greece,
 Br.^{te}' fair daughter from my tent even not
 The heralds bear away. Then, Goddess, thou,
 If thou hast power to protect thine injur'd son^r
 Fly to Olympus, to the feet of Jove
 And make thy pray'r to him, if on his heart
 Thou hast in truth, by word or deed, a claim
 For I remember, in my father's house,
 I oft have heard thee boast how thou, alone
 Of all th' Immortals, Saturn a cloud-girt son
 Didst shun from foul disgrace, when all the rest
 Juno, and Neptune, and Nimrod join'd,
 With chains to bind him, then, O Goddess, thou
 Didst set him free, unwilling to his aid
 Him of the hundred arms, whom Briareus
 To mortal God, and men Agaeon call
 He mightier than his father, took his seat
 By Saturn's son, in pride of unconquerable strength
 Fear set d on all the God, nor did they dare
 To bind their King, of this seemed him now,
 And clasp his knees, and supplicate his aid
 For Tro^m's brave warriors, that the curst Greeks
 Back to their ships, with slaughter may be driv'n,
 That all may taste the folly of their King,
 And Agamemnon's haughty self may mourn
 The flight on Greece's bravest warrior cast.⁴⁸⁰

Thus he, and Thetis, weeping, thus repined
 Alas, my child, that e'er I gave thee birth!
 Would that beside th^r ships thou couldst remain
 From grief exempt and insult^r save by fate
 For 't^r you art there, and not a lengthen'd term,
 At once to earth, dead, and sorrow's dooms d
 Beyond the lot of man! in ev'ry heart
 I gave thee birth! But to the mor^r-clad heights
 Of great Olympus to the throne of Jove,⁴⁹⁰

Who welds the thunder, thy complaints I bear
 Thou by thy ships, meanwhile, against the Greeks
 Think anger nurse, and from the fight abstain
 For Jove is to a solemn banquet gone
 Beyond the sea, on *Aetherea's* shore,
 Since yesternight, and with him all the Gods
 On the twelfth day he purpos'd to return
 To high Olympus, rather then will I,
 And at his feet my supplication make,
 And he, I think, will not deny my suit"

This said, she disappear'd, and left him there
 Musing in anger on the lovely form
 Torn from his arms by violence away

Meantime, Ulysses, with his sacred freight,
 Arriv'd at Chrysa's strand, and when his bark
 Had reach'd the shelter of the deep sea bay,
 Their oars they farr'd, and lower'd to the hold,
 Slack'd the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck
 And stow'd away the mast then with their sweeps
 Pull'd for the beach, and cast their anchors out,
 And made her fast with cables to the shore
 Then on the shaggy breakwater themselves
 They landed, and the sacred hecatomb
 To great Apollo, and Chryses last
 Her to the altar straight Ulysses led,
 The wise in counsel, in her father's hand
 He plac'd the maiden, and address'd him thus

"Chryses, from Agamemnon, King of men,
 To thee I came, thy daughter to restore,
 And to thy God, upon the Greeks' behalf,
 To offer sacrifice, if haply so
 We may appease his wrath, who now incens'd
 With grievous suffering visits all our host!"

Then to her sire he gave her, he with joy
 Reciev'd his child, the sacred hecatomb
 Around the well built altar for the God
 In order due they plac'd, their hands then wash'd,
 And the salt cake prepar'd, before them all
 With hands uplifted Chryses pray'd aloud

"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
 Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,
 Whose sun reign sway o'er Tessados extends!
 Once hast thou heard me pray'r, aveng'd my cause,

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And pour'd thy fury on the Grecian host
Hear yet again, and grant what now I ask,
Withdraw thy chaste nay hand, and stay the plague."

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard
Their pray'r's concluded, and the salt cake strew'd 540
Upon the victors' heads, they drew them back.
And slay, and slay'd, then cutting from the thighs
The choicer piece, and in double layers
O overspreading them with fat, above them plac'd
The due meat-of-the-rings then the aged priest
The chaff wood handled, and libations pour'd
On ruddy wine, arm'd with the five fork'd process
Th' attendant minister beside him stood
The thighs consum'd with fire, the inward parts
They tasted first, the rest upon the spits 550
Roasted with love, and from the fire withdrawn
Their labours ended, and the feast prepar'd,
They shar'd the social meal, nor lack'd there ought
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
Th' attitudin. youths the gorming goblets crow'd'd,
And in fit order serv'd the cup, to all
All as they sought the favour of the God,
The glorious person, chanting, and the praise
Of Peleus he well pleas'd, the strain receiv'd
But when the sun was set, and shades of night 560
Overpread the sky, upon the sandy beach
Close to their ship they laid them down to rest
And then the rosy finger'd morn appear'd,
Back to the camp they took their homeward way
A favouring breeze the fair destroy'd sent
They stepp'd the mast, and spread the wavy sail
Full in the mad' the bellying sail receiv'd
The gallant breeze, and round the vessel went
The dark waves loudly roar'd as on she rush'd
Sweeping the seas, and cut her way in 'ware
Arriv'd where lay the wide-spread boat of Creere,
There dark ribb'd wasl on the beach then drew 570
High on the sand, and strength shord her up,
Then through the camp they took their several ways

Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat,
The Heaven born son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Chafing with rage express'd, no more he sought
The honour'd council, nor the battle field,

But woe has soul w. w. and w. p. d
For the fierce joy and tumult of the fight
But when the twelfth mornin., d. w. w. come,
Back to Olympus brights th. immortal Gods
Joye at their head to, all w. all return'd
Then Thetis mindful of her son's request
Rose from the ocean w. w. and sped in haste
To high Olympus and the courts of Hera w.
Th. all seem, son of Saturn there she found
Sitting apart upon the topmost crest
Of many nos. d. Olympus at his feet
She w. and while her left hand clasp'd his knee
Her right approach'd his beard w. I supplant thou
She made her pray'r to Saturn's royal son

Father if e'er amid th. immortal Gods
By word or deed I sh. I thee service true
Here now my pray'r Avenge my hapless son
Of mortal shortas h. d. misdeed me
By mighty Agamemnon King of men
And plunder'd of his lawful spoils of war
But Jove Olympus Lord of counsel Thou
Aveng' his cause and give to Trojan arms 600
Such strength and pow'r that Greeks may learn how much
They need my son, and give him honour due

She said the Cloud compeller w. w. d. not
But silent sat then Thetis clasp'd his knees
And hung about him and her suit renew'd

Give me thy promise sore, thy gracious nod
Or else refuse (for thou hast none to fear)
That I may learn of all th. immortal Gods
How far I stand the lowest in thine eyes

Then much disturb'd the Cloud-compeller spoke 610
Sad work thou mak'st in balking me oppose
My will to Juno's when her bitter words
Assail me for fell oft w. w. the Gods
She taunts me that I aid the Trojan cause
But thou return that Juno see thee not
And leave to me the farthance of thy suit
Lo to confirm thy faith I w. w. my head,
And well among th. immortal Gods is known
The solemn import of that pledge from me
For ne e'er my promise shall deceiv'e or fail
Or be recall'd if w. w. a red confirm'd

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows,
Wav'd on th' immortal head th' ambrosial locks,
And all Olympus trembled at his nod
They parted thus, from bright Olympus' heights
The Goddess hasted to her ocean caves,
Joye to his palace, at his entrance all
Rose from their seats at once, not one presum'd
To wait his coming, but advanc'd to meet
Then on his throne he sat, but not unmark'd
Of Juno a eye had been the council held
In secret with the silver-footed Queen,
The daughter of the aged Ocean God,
And with sharp words she thus address'd her Lord

" Tell me, deceiver, who was she with whom
Thou late held'st council? ever 'twas thy way
Apart from me to weave thy secret schemes,
Nor dost thou truly share with me thy mind."

To whom the Son of Gods and men replied
" Expect not, Juno, all my mind to know,
My wife thou art, yet would such knowledge be
Too much for thee, whate'er I deem it fit
That thou shouldest know nor God nor man shall hear
Before thee, but what I in secret plan,
Seek not to know, nor curiously enquire."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n
" What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
Ne'er have I sought, or now, or heretofore,
Thy secret thoughts to know, what thou think'st fit
To tell, I wait thy gracious will to hear
Yet bear I in my soul thou art beguyl'd
By wiles of Thetus, silver-footed Queen,
The daughter of the aged Ocean God,
For she was with thee early, and embrac'd
Thy knees, and has, I think, thy promise sure,
Thou wilt avenge Achilles' cause, and bring
Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host.

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied
" Presumptuous, to thy busy thoughts thou giv'st
Too free a range, and watchest all I do,
Yet shalt thou not prevail, but rather thou
Be driven from my heart--the worse for thee!
If that be so, it is my sovereign will
But, now, keep silence, and my words obey,

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Lest all th' Immortals feel, if I be wroth,
To rescue thee from my resistless hand."

He said, and terror seiz'd the stag-ey'd Queen.
Silent she sat, curbing her spirit down,
And all the Gods in pitying sorrow mourn'd
Vulcan, the Skill'd artificer, then first

Broke silence, and with soothing words address'd
His mother, Juno, white-arm'd Queen of Heav'n.
" Sad were I, indeed, and grievous to be borne,
If for the sake of mortal men you two

Should suffer angry passions to arise,
And kindle broils in Heav'n, so should our feast
By evl influence all its sweetness lack.

Let me advise my mother (and I know
That her own reason will my words approve)
To speak my father fair, lest he again

Reply in anger, and our banquet mar.
Nay, though Olympian Jove, the lightning's Lord,
Should hurl us from our seats (for his great pow'r),
I yet should counsel gentle words, that so
We might propitiate best the King of Heav'n."

This said, he rose, and in his mother's hand
A double goblet plac'd, as thus he spoke
" Have patience, mother mine! though much enforc'd,
Restrain thy spirit, lest perchance these eyes,
Dear as thou art, behold thee brought to shame,
And I, though griev'd in heart, be impotent
To save thee, for 'tis hard to strive with Jove
Whca to thy succour once before I came,
He seiz'd me by the foot, and hurl'd me down
From Heav'n's high threshold, all the day I fell,
And with the setting sun, on Lemnos' side
Lighted, scarce half alive, there was I found,
And by the Sirens' people kindly nurs'd."

Thus as he spoke, the white-arm'd Goddess smil'd.
And, smiling, from his hand receiv'd the cup
Then to th' Immortals all, in order due,
He minister'd, and from the flagon pour'd
The luscious nectar, while among the Gods
Rose laughter irrepressible, at sight
Of Vulcan hobbling round the spacious hall

Thus they till sunset pass'd the festive hours,
Nor bark'd the banquet aught to please the sense,

Nor sound of tuneful lyre, by Paeonius touch'd,
Nor Muse's voice, who in alternate strains
Responsive sang: but when the sun had set, 720
Each to his home departed, whether each
The crippled Vulcan, matchless architect,
Withondrous shall a noble house had rear'd

To his or a couch, where he was wont of old.
When overworn by gentle sleep to rest,
Olympian Jove ascended, there he slept,
And, by his side, the golden-throned Queen

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

JUVENAL, in pursuance of his purpose to distract the Greeks in answer to the prayer of Tethys, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon harangue the people, and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

All night in sleep repos'd the other Gods,
And helmed warriors, but the eye of Jove
Sweet slumber held not, pond'ring in his mind
How to avenge Achilles' cause, and pour
Destructive slaughter on the Grecian host.
Thus as he moulder'd, the wisest course appear'd
By a deluding vision to unfold
The son of Atreus, and with wing'd words
Thus to a phantom form he gave command
"Hie thee, deluding Vision, to the camp
And shape of Greece, to Agamemnon's tent,
There all, as I command thee, truly speak.
Bid that he arm in haste the long-hair'd Greeks
To combat for the wide-built streets of Troy
He now may capture, since th' immortal Gods
Watch over her no longer, all are gone
By Jove's prays, and woes suspend o'er Troy."

He said the vision heard, and straight obey'd
Swiftly he sped, and reach'd the Greeken shupt,
And sought the son of Atreus, him he found
Within his tent, wrap'd in ambrosial sleep,
Above his head he stood, like Nebris' son,
Nestor, whom Agamemnon rever'd most
Of all the Elders, in his likeness cloth'd
Thus spoke the heavenly Jove, "Sleep'st thou, son
Of Atreus, valiant warrior, horseman bold?
To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief,
Charg'd with the public weal and carts of state
Here now the words I bear, to thee I come

10

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A messenger from Jove, who from on high
 Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love
 He beth' thee arm in haste the lone hair'd Greeks
 To combat, since the wide built streets of Troy
 Thou now mayst capture, for th' imperious God,
 Watch over her no longer, all are gain'd
 By Juno's pray'r is, and woes impend o'er Troy
 Bear this in mind, and when from sleep aross'd
 Let not my words from thy remembrance fade
 This said, he vanish'd, and the monarch left,
 Inspir'd with thoughts which never should come to pass 40
 For in that day he vainly hop'd to take
 The town of Priam, ignorant what Jove
 Design'd in secret, or what woes, what greans,
 What long-drawn labours in the stubborn fight,
 Were yet for Trojans and for Greeks in store
 He wak'd from sleep, but circul'd around
 The bivouac longer'd still—he sat upright,
 He don'd his vest of texture fine, new wrought,
 Then o'er it threw his ample robe, and bound
 His sandals fair around his well turn'd feet,
 And o'er his shoulders hung his sword, adorn'd
 With silver studs, and bearing in his hand
 His royal staff, ancestral to the ship
 Where is, the brass-clad warrior, bent his way,
 Aurora now was rising up the steep
 Of great Olympus, to th' immortal God,
 Pure light diffus'd, when Jove bade
 The clear-voic'd herald to th' Assembly call
 The general host, then gave the word, and struck first
 From ev'ry quarter shouting'd the eager crowd
 But first of all the Elders by the side
 Of Nestor's ship, the aged Palamus chief,
 A voice commanding summon'd call'd,
 And prudent thus the throng few add'd
 Hear me, my friend! In the still hours of night
 I saw a man, like Nestor in my sleep
 Most like it seem'd in feature form and face
 To the aged Nestor at my head it stood
 And with these words address'd me—' Sit down, son
 O' Atreus, valiant warrior, horsemen bold,
 To sleep all night but ill becomes a chief
 Charg'd with the publick'cal, and care of state
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Dear now the words I bear, to thee I come
 A messenger from Juno, who from on high
 Looks down on thee with eyes of pitying love
 He bids thee arm in haste the long-hair'd Greeks
 To combat, since the wide-built streets of Troy
 Thou now mayst capture, for th' immortal Gods
 Watch over her no longer, all are gone'd
 By Juno's prayers, and woes suspend o'er Troy
 Bear thou my word in mind! Thus as he spok
 He wrast'd, and sweet sleep forced mine eyes
 Seal, we then straight to arm the sons of Greece
 But first, as to our wont, myself will prove
 The spirit of the army, and suggest
 Their homeward voyage, ye, throughout the camp
 Restore their courage and restrain from flight."

Thus having said, he sat, and next arose
 Nestor, the chief of Pylos sandy shore,
 Who thus with prudent speech replied, and said
 "O friends, the chiefs and counsellors of Greece,
 If any other had this Vision seen,
 We should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn
 The idle tale, but now it hath appear'd,
 Of all our army, to the lowliest man
 Seek we then straight to arm the sons of Greece!"

He said, and from the council led the way
 Uprose the sceptred monarch, and obey'd
 Their lawier's call, and round them throng'd the crowd
 As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream 100
 From out the crevice of some hollow rock,
 Now dust'ring, and apon 'mid vernal flow'rs,
 Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly,
 So to th' Assembly from their tents and ships
 The countless tribes came thronging, in they midst,
 By Jove exulted, Rounour ing'd them on.
 Great was the din, and as the mighty mass
 Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groan'd,
 Nine heralds rais'd their voices loud, to quell
 The storm of tongues, and bade the noisy crowd 110
 Be still, and hush to the Hrov'a horn blungs.
 At length they all were seated, and awhile
 Their clamours stank to silence: then uprose
 The monarch Agamemnon, in his boud
 His royal staff, the work of Vulcan's art,

Whom Vulcan to the son of Saturn gave
 To Hermes he, the heav'ly messenger,
 Hermes to Pelops, matchless chariooteer,
 Pelops to Atreus, Atreus at his death
 Bequeath'd it to Thyestes, wealthy Lord
 Ofnum rous herds, to Agamemnon last
 Thyestes left it, taken of his way,
 O'er all the Argive coast, and neighbouring isles
 On this the monarch leant, as thus he spokc
 " Friends, Grecian Heroes, Masters of Mais!
 Grievous, and all unlook'd for, is the blow
 Which Jove hath dealt me, by his promise led
 I hop'd to raze the strong built walls of Troy,
 And home return in safety; but it seems
 He falsifies his word, and bids me now
 Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,
 Dishonour'd, and with gne-ous loss of men
 Such now appears th' o'er ruling sov'reign will
 Of Saturn's son, who oft hath sunk the heads
 Of many a lofty city in the dust,

And yet will stick, for mighty is his hand
 'Tis shame indeed that future day's should bear
 How such a force as ours, so great, so brave,
 Hath thus been baffled, fighting, as we do,
 'Gavnst numbers far inferior to our own,
 And see no end of all our warlike toil
 For should we choose on terms of phighted truce,
 Trojans and Greeks, to number our array,
 Of Trojans, all that dwell within the town,
 Of Greeks, our force by tens distributed,
 And ev'ry ten should choose one Trojan guest
 To entertain, and pledge in gen'mous wine,
 Full many a ten would find no guest to pledge
 So far the sons of Greece outnumber all

That dwell within the town, but to their aid
 Bold warriors come from all the cities round,
 Who greatly lauiss me, and render vain
 My hope to storm the strong built walls of Troy
 Already now nine weary years have pass'd,
 The timbers of our ships are all decay'd,
 The cordage rotted, in our houses the while
 Our wives and helpless children sit, in vain
 Expecting our return, and still the work,

120

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150

The Argive Helen leave, on whose account
 Far from their homes so many valiant Greeks
 Have cast their lives away? Go quickly thou
 Among the multitude, and man by man
 Address with words persuasive, nor permit
 To launch them all tripp'd vessels on the deep.'

She said, the hoar old voice Ulus to knew
 straight, springing to the course, he cast aside,
 And to Eurybates of Ithaca,

220

His herald and attendant threw his robe,
 Then in Atrides bidden d, and by him
 Arm'd with his royal staff ancestral, pass'd
 With rapid step amid the ships of Greece
 Each King or leader whom he found he thus
 Wrth cheering words encouraging and restrain'd
 ' O gallant friend, 'tis not for thee to yield,
 Like meaner men, to panic but thyself
 Sit cool, and the common herd restrain
 Thou know'st not yet Atrides secret mind
 He tries us now, and may reprove us soon
 His words in council reach'd not all our ears.
 See that he work us not some ill, for fierce
 His anger, and the Lord of counsel, Jove,
 From whom proceeds all honour, loves him well

220

But of the common herd whome'er he found
 Clam'ring, he check'd with staff and threatening word.
 " Good friend, keep still, and hear what others say,
 Thy better far for than art good for nought,
 Of small account in counsel or in fight
 All are not now regis here, ill fares the state
 Who many masters rule, let me be Lord,
 One King supreme, to whom the Saturn's son
 In token of his son regis power hath given it
 The sceptre's sway and minstry of law."

230

Such were his words, as through the ranks he pass'd
 Thro' from the vessels and the tents again
 Through d to th As amably with such rush of sound,
 As when the many-dashing ocean's wave
 Breaks on the shore, and foam, the frothing sea
 The others all were stilled in their seats
 Ouh! There shee, with unmeasured word,
 Of which he had great store, to raze the chief,
 Not o'er-seen, but wherewith he thought

230

To move the crowd to laughter, baw'd aloud
 The ugliest man was he who came to Troy
 With squinting eyes, and one distorted foot,
 His shoulders round, and bowed in his breast
 His narrow head, with scanty growth of hair
 Against Achilles and Ulysses most

250

His hate was turn'd, on them his venom pour'd,
 Amon, at Agamemnon's self he launch'd
 His loud tongued ribaldry, th' indignant Greeks
 With anger hear'd, as now with scowl words,
 Bawling aloud, he thus address'd the King

'What more, thou son of Atreus, wouldest thou have?

The tents are full of brass, and in those tents
 Many fair women, whom, from all the spoil,
 We Greeks, when 'er some wealthy town we take,
 Choose first of all, and set apart for thee

260

Or dost thou thirst for gold, which here perchance
 Some Trojan brings, the ransom of his son
 Captur'd by me, or by some other Greek?

Or some new girl, to gratify thy lust,
 Kept for thyself apart? a leader, thou

Shouldst not to evil lead the sons of Greece

Ye slaves! ye coward souls! Women of Greece!

I will not call you men! why go we not

Home with our ships, and leave this mighty chief
 To gleat upon his treasures, and find out

270

Whether in truth he need our aid, or no,

Who on Achilles, his superior far,

Foul scorn hath cast, and rebuff'd him of his pride,

Which for himself he keeps? Achilles, sure,

Is not intemperate, but mild of mood;

Else, Atreus' son, this insult were thy last!"

On Agamemnon, leader of the host,

With words like these Theritus pour'd his hate,

But straight Ulysses at his side appear'd.

And spoke, with scornful glance, in stern rebuke

280

"Thou babbling fool, Theritus, prompt of speech,

Restrain thy tongue, nor thus revile the kings

Of all the men that with th' Atridae came

To Troy, I hold thee for the meanest far

Ill it beseems, that such an one as thou

Should lift thy voice against the King, and rail

With scurril ribaldry, and pride of home

And soon to come one of th' immortal Gods
His off ring made, that in the coming fight
He might escape the bitter doom of death
Bk. 2. 6. br. o' ruing son of Saturn, Jove,
A sturdy ox, well fatten'd, five years old,
Abides here and to th' banquet call'd
The aged che's and counsellors of Greece
'Neath the first, the base Idomeneus,
The two heroes next, and Tho' is son,
Thl. 6. with us Jove in council were
But Lamech 'leaves his seat'

longer what care upon his brother o' t., &
Around the o' them stood and on he hinc
The salt o' e sprinled then are a ta' all
The mazurk Agamemnon pray'd do &

No' gree no' gloom Jove! who d sell it in high
In cloud, and darkness we d, grant Then that t.
This sun shall rise, and night o' e spread th' earth,
I may see haughty walls of Priam's house
Le. p extra'e in the dust, and burn with fire
Hs lo th' gates, and strip from Hector b. es.
He wond rent tunic, while around h. corp e
Mazurk o' e corinches poor brue, b' e the dust

Tous he, but Saturn's son his pray'r denied,
Recent d his off ring, but his tools increased
Their war're concluded and the salt cal'd even'd
Loos the victim's head, then dire' burn back,
And d're and fair d, then ca' sing from th' lugs
The chariot pece, and in double layers

O' spreading, when wi' fat above them plaid
To' the meat-off' rings, these th' burn, with lugs
O' feathers twirr, and the inward parts,
Firs to be ta'ed, o'er the fire then held

The th' be corinched with fire the inward parts
They taken first, th' rest upon he 'pus
Roasted with care, and from the fire 'thd ev
Their labour ended and the feast prepar'd
Th', shad'd the social meal, nor lack'd there sucht
The rage of Jove and hunger ent'fied
Grettian Vener du, his speech began

" Most mazurk Agamemnon, King of men
Great arms you no longer be u' pale,
Th' work destroyng which the powers of Ilia n

Have trusted to our hands, do thou forthwith
Bid that the heraldic proclamation make
And summon through the camp the brass-clad Greeks,
While, in a body, through the wide spread ranks
We pass, and stimulate their warlike zeal

He said, and Agamemnon King of men
Obedient to his counsel gave command
That in the war the clear voiced heralds call 510
The long hair'd Greeks: they gave the word, and straight
Lance in a quiver throng'd the eager crowd
The Horse, a born kinsman encircling Atreus' son,
The troops inspected. Pillars blued and dyed,
Before the chiefs her glorious raiment bore
By time untouched immortal all around
A hundred jewels hung, rare works of art,
All gold each one a hundred oxen's price
With this the Goddess press'd along the ranks,
Exulting all, and fixed in every breast
The firm resolve to wage unsworn war
And dearer to their hearts than thy gifts of home
Or wished return, became the battle field

As when a wasting fire, on mountain top,
Seizes the blazing woods that is seen
The gleaming light, so as the mail'd to Helen n.
Flash'd the bright glitter of their burnish'd arms
As when anum'rous flock of birds or geese,
Or cranes, or long neck'd storks, on Asian mead,
Beside Cayster's stream, now here, now there, 530
Disporting, fly their wings, then settle down
With clamorous noise, that all the mead resounds,
So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,
Pour'd forth the countless tribes, the firm earth green'd
Beneath the tramp of steeds and winded men
Upon Scamander's flower'd mead they stood,
Unnumber'd as the vernal leaves and flow'rs
Or as the melotomous swarms of flies,
That round the cattle-sheds in spring tide pour,
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail, 540
So numberless upon the plain, many'd
For Troy's destruction, stood the long hair'd Greeks
And as capercross'd goat herds, when their flocks
Are mingled in the pasture, portion out
Their several charges, so the chiefs array'd

How these affairs may end, we know not yet,
Nor how, or well or ill, we may return
Cease then against Atreus, King of men,
To poor thy spite, for that the valiant Greeks
To him, despite thy ruling, us of right
An ample portion of the spoils assign
But this I tell thee, and will make it good,
If e'er I find thee play the fool, as now,
Then may these shoulders cease this head to bear,
And may my son Telemachus no more
Own me his father, if I strip not off
Thy mantle and thy garments, ay, & expose
Thy nakedness, and fling thee to the ships
Howling and scourg'd with ignominious stripes.¹¹

Thus as he spoke, Ulysses on his neck
And back let fall his heavy staff, the wretch
Shrank from the blow, and scalding tears let fall
Where struck the golden studded staff, appear'd
A bloody seal. Thersites quail'd, and down,
Quiv'ring with pain, he sat, and wip'd away,
With horrible grimace, the trickling tears
The Greeks, though all indignant, laugh'd aloud,
And one to other said, "Good futh, of all
The many works Ulysses well hath done,
Wise in the council, foremost in the fight,
He ne'er hath done a better, than when now
He makes this scuril babbler hold his peace
Mellimiks his headstrong spirit will not soon
Lead him again to vify the Knights."

Thus spoke the gen'lal voice—but, staff in hand,
Ulysses rose, Minerva by his side,
In likeness of a herald, bade the crowd
Keep silence, that the Greeks, from first to last,
Might hear his words, and ponder his advice
He thus with prudent phrase his speech began
"Great son of Atreus, on thy name, O King,
Throughout the world will foul reproach be cast,
If Greeks forget their promise, nor make good
The vow they took to thee, when inward
We sail'd from Argos' grassy plains, to raze,
Ere our return, the well built walls of Troy
But now, like helpless widows, or like babes,
They mourn their cruel fate, and pine for home

290

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'Tis hard indeed delected to return,
The season mournes, if from wife and home,
D^r. n for one month, his well found bark be stay'd
Toss'd by the wintry blrights and stormy sea,
But us the ninth revolving year beholds
Still long ring here. I cannot therefore blame
Our valiant Greeks, if by the ships I hear
Their murrays yet were surely worst of all
Long to remain, and bootless to return
Bear up, my friends, remain awhile, and see
If Calchas truly prophecy, or no

For this ye all have seen, and can yourselves
Bear witness, all who yet are spar'd by fate,
Not long ago, when ships of Greece were met
At Aulis charg'd with evil freight for Troy,
And we around a fountain, to the Gods
Our altars rear'd with faultless hecatombs,
Near a fair plane tree, where bright water flow'd,
Behold a wonder! by Olympian Jove
Sent forth to light, a snake, with burnish'd scales
Of aspect fearful, issuing from beneath

The altar, glued to the plane tree straight
There, on the topmost bough, beneath the leaves
Cow ring a sparrow's callow nestlings lay,
Eight fledglings, and the parent bird the ninth
All the eight nestlings utt'ring piercing cries,
The snake devour'd, and as the mother flew,
Lamenting o'er her offspring, round and round
Uncouling, caught her, shrieking, by the wing
Then, when the sparrow's nestlings had herself
The snake had swallow'd, by the God, who first
Sent him to light a miracle was wrought

For Jove the deep designing Salmus's son,
Turn'd him to stone, we stood, and wond ring gaz'd
But when this prodigy betell our woes,
Calchas, inspir'd of Heaven, took up his speech

Ye long hair'd sons of Greece, why stand ye thus
In mute amaze? to us Olympian Jove,
To whom b^r endless praise vouches this sign,
Late sent, of late fulfilment, as ye saw
The snake devour the sparrow and her young
Eight nestlings, and the parent bird the ninth
So, for so many years, are we condemn'd

340

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360

370

To wage a fruitless war—but in the tenth
 The wide built city shall at last be ours;
 Thus he foretold; and now the time is come
 He bethen, we well-gread d Greeks let all remain
 Till Paris's wealthin cit be cut own

He said and loud cheer d the G oaks—and loud
 From all the holler shaps came back the cheer— 380
 In admiration of Ulises speech
 Grecian Nestor next took up the word

Like children Grecian warriors ye delecte,
 Like babes to whose undown are seats of arms
 Who athen are you ou solemn covenants,
 Our plighted oaths? Go on we to the fire
 Our council held our warrior plans mstard
 Our absolute pledges and our hand plght giv'n,
 In which our trust was plac'd, since thus in vain
 In words we wrangle, and box long soever 390

We here remain, solution none we find
 Atrides whos as is thy went, maintain
 Laching d the counsel, for the stubborn sight
 Let us the Greeks, and let perdition seat
 Those few, tho' two or three among the host,
 Who hold their separate counsel—(not on them
 Depride the name)—rather than return
 To Argos, ere we prove if Jove indeed

Will falsify this prouid word or no 400
 For well I wren that on the day when first

We Grecians hitherward our course address'd,
 To Troy the messengers of blood and death,
 Th' o'er ruling son of Saturn, on our right
 His lightning basking, with impious sign
 Assurd us of his favour, let not then

The thoughts of home be bresth d, ere Trojan wives
 Given to our warneis, retribution pay

For wrongs by us, as Eclen's cause, sublana d
 But who so long, if such an one there be,
 To make his homeward voyge, let him take
 His well reg'd bark, and go, before the rest

To meet the doom of death! But thou, O King!
 Be well advis'd thereof, and others lead
 B wholesome councl, for the word, I speak
 Are not to be despis'd, by tribes and clans,
 O Agamemnon! range thy troops, that so

Tribes may to tribe give aid, and clan to clan.
 If thus thou do, and Greeks thy works obey,
 Then shalt thou see, of chiefs and troops alike,
 The good and bad, for on their own behalf
 They all shall fight, and if thou fail, shalt know
 Whether the failure be of Heaven's decree,
 Or man's default and ignorance of war.

422

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus
 "Father, in council, of the sons of Greece,
 None can compare with thee, and would to Jove,
 To Palms, and Apollo, at my side
 I had but ten such counsellors as thee!
 Then soon should royal Priam's city fall,
 Till n^t and destroy'd by our victorious hands
 But now on me both gods bearing Jove,
 The son of Saturn, fruitless tool impes'd,
 And hurtful quarrels, for in wavy war
 About a girl, Achilles and myself
 Engag'd, and I, alas! the strife began
 Could we be friends again, delay were none,
 How short so'er, of Ilion's final doom
 But now to breakfast, ere we wage the fight
 Each sharpen well his spear, his shield prepare,
 Each to his fiery steeds their lances give,

430

Each look his chariot o'er, that through the day
 We may unscared stem the tide of war,
 For respite none, how short so'er, shall be
 Till night shall bid the storm of battle cease
 With sweat shall reek upon each warrior's breast
 The leather'n belt beneath the coat'ring shield,
 And hands shall ache that wield the pondrous spear
 With sweat shall reek the fiery steeds that draw
 Each warrior's car, but whosoever I find
 Lost ring beside the beaked ships, for him

440

"T'were hard to 'scape the vultures and the dogs.

450

He said, and from th' applauding ranks of Greece
 Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave,
 Driv'n by the south wind on some lofty beach,
 Dashes against a prominent crag, expos'd
 To blasts from ev'ry storm that roars around
 Uprising then, and through the camp dispers'd
 They took their several ways, and by their tents
 The fires they lighted, and the meal prepared.

I hear squadrons for the fight, while in the midst
 The mighty monarch Agamemnon mov'd
 His eye, and lofty brow, the counterpart
 Of Jove, the Lord of thunder, in his girth
 Another Mars, with Neptune's ample chest
 As 'mid the thronging heroes in a herd
 Stands, proudly eminent, the lordly bull,
 So, by Jove's will, stood eminent that day,
 'Mid many heroes, Atreus' godlike son

550

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
 Muses (for ye are Goddesses, and ye
 Were present, and know all things we ourselves
 But hear from Rumour's voice, and nothing know),
 Who were the chiefs and mighty Lords of Greece
 But should I seek the multitude to name,
 Not if ten tongues were mine, ten mouths to speak,
 Voice inexhaustible, and heart of brass,
 Should I succeed, unless, Oh impudent mards,
 The progeny of dogs bearing Jove,
 Ye should their names record, who came to Troy
 The chiefs, and all the ships, I now rehearse

560

Boreba's troops by Peneleus were led,
 And Leitus, and Prothenor bold,
 Arcesilas and Clonias they who dwelt
 In Hyria, and on Aulis' rocky coast,
 Scenius, and Scelus, and the highland range
 Of Littenes, in Thespeia's vale,
 Grax, and Mycalessus' wide spread plains
 And who in Harsia and Eulenum dwelt,
 And in Erythese, and in Eleon,
 Hyle, and Peton, and Ocalea
 In Copae, and in Medeon's well built fort,
 Eutresis, Thisbe's dove-frequented woods,
 And Coronae, and the grassy meads
 Of Haliartus, and Plataea's plain,
 In Gissae, and the foot of Lower Thebes
 And in Anchestras, Neptune's sacred grove,
 And who in very cluster'd Aine dwelt
 And in Midea, and the lovely site
 Of Nissa, and Anthedon's utmost bounds
 With these came fifty vessels, and in each
 Were six score youths, Boeotia's noblest flower
 Who in Aspidaea dwelt, and Myrra's realm

570

580

Orchomenus, two sons of Mars abey'd,
Ascalaphus, and bold Ilmenus,
In Actor's house, the son of Ares, born
Of fair Astyache, a maiden pure,
Till in the upper chamber, where she slept,
Stout Mars by stealth her virgin bed assai'd
Of these crunc thirty ships in order due

By Schedius and Epistrophus, the sons
Of great Iphates, son of Haebolus,
Were led the Phœcian forces, these were they
Who dwelt in Cyparissus, and the rock
Of Python, and on Crisa's lovely plain,
And who in Deake, and in Panope,
Anemone and Hyampolis,
And by Cephissus sacred waters dwelt,
Or in Lidea by Cephissus' springs
In their command came forty dark nipp'd ships
These were the leaders of the Phœcian bands,
And on Beotia's leat their camp was pitch'd

Ajax, Oileus' son, the Locrians led,
Sait foxtail, less than Ajax Telamon,
Of stature low, with burn breastplate arm'd
But skill'd to throw the spear o'er all who dwelt
In Hellas or Achaea these were they
From Cyzic, Opus, and Callaris,
Bessa, and Scarpia, and Augra fair,
Tarphi, and Thronium, by Baugrus' stream
Hm from beyond Eubœa's sacred isle,
Of Locrians follow'd forty dark nipp'd ships

Breathing firm courage high, th' Abantian host,
Who from Eubœa and from Chalcis came,
Or who in vine clad Ilium dwelt,
Eriste, and Corinthus maritime,
And who the holly fort of Diana held,
And in Carystus and in Styra dwelt
These Elephenor led, true plant of Mars,
Chalcedon's son, the brave Abantian chief
Him, all conspicuous with their long black hair,
The bold Abantians follow'd, specimen skill'd,
Who through the foemen's breastplates knew full well,
Hold in firm grasp, to drove the ashen spear
In his command came forty dark nipp'd ships

Those who in Athens' well built city dwelt,

590

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630

The noble soul'd Ereuthæus' heritage,
Child of the fertile soil, by Pallas rear'd,
Daughter of Jove, who here in Athens plac'd
In her own wealthy temple, there with blood
Of bulls and lambs, at each revolving year,
The youth of Athens do him sacrifice,
These by Menestheus, Petæn's son, were led
With him might none of mortal men compare,

In order due of battle to array
Chariots and boulder'd men, Hector alone
Perchance might rival him, his elder far
In his command came fifty dark ribb'd ships

Twelve ships from Salamis with Ajax came,
And these beside th' Athenian troops were rang'd
Those who from Argos, and the well wall'd town
Of Tyrras came, and from Hermooe,
And Asine, deep-bosom'd in the bay,
And from Trosene and Eione,

And vine-clad Epidaurus, and the youth
Who dwelt in Mases, and Aegina's isle,
O'er all of these the valiant Diomed
Held rule, and Sthenelus, th' illustrious son
Of far fam'd Capaneus, with these, the third,
A godlike warrior came, Euryalus,
Son of Meleagrus, Talaus' royal son
Supreme o'er all was valiant Diomed
In their command came eighty dark ribb'd ships

Who in Mycenæ's well built fortres dwelt,
And wealthy Corinth and Creone fair,
Ocnœa, and divine Arethæa,
And Scyros, where Admetus reign'd of old,
And Gomera's promontory steep,
And Hyperæa, and Pelleæ's rock,
Aegina, and the scatter'd towns that lie
Along the beach, and wide-spread Helice,
Of these a hundred ships obey'd the rule
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreas' son
The largest and the bravest host we've,
And he himself, in dazzling armour clad,
O'er all the heroes proudly exultant,
Went forth evading in his high estate,
Lord of the largest host, and chief of chiefs

These who in Lacedæmon's lowland plains,

640

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670

And who in Sparta and in Phare dwelt,
 And who on Messi's dove frequented cliffs,
 Bryseia, and *Ægea*'s lovely vale,
 And in Amycke, and the sea-hath'd fort
 Of Helos, Etylus and Lass dwelt,
 His val'nt brother Menelaus led,
 With sixty ships, but rong'd apart they lay
 Their chieft himself in martial ardour bold,
 Inspiring others, fill'd with fierce desire
 The rape of Helen and his wrongs to avenge.

680

Thus who in Pylos and Areæa dwelt,
 And Thryom by the ford of Alpheus' stream,
 In Cyparissus and Amphyrene,
 Pteleon, and lofty Opos' well built fort,
 Helos, and Dorum, where the Muses meet,
 And put to silence Thracian Thamyris,
 As from Ochala from the royal house
 Of Eurynus he came, he, over bold,
 Boasted himself pre-eminent in song.

690

Even though the daughters of Olympian Jove,
 The Muses, were his rivals they in wrath
 Him of his sight at once and posse of song
 Amerc'd, and bade his hand forget the lyre
 There by Geremian Nestus all were led,
 In fourscore ships and ten in order due

700

They of Arcadia, and the realm that lies
 Beneath Cyllene's mountain high, around
 The tomb of *Ægyptus*, a warlike race,
 The men of Phocæus and Orchomenus
 In flocks abounding, who in Rapi dwelt,
 In Strata, and Eoëspe's breezy height,
 Or Tegen held, and sweet Mantinea,
 Stymphalus and Parrhasia, these were led
 By Agapenor brave, Anchises' son,
 In sixty ships, in each a sum'rous crew
 Of stout Atticidion youths, to war induc'd
 The ships, wherewith they cross'd the dark blue sea,
 Were giv'n by Agamemnon, King of men,
 The son of Atreus, for th' Arcadian youth
 Had ne'er to maritime pursuits been train'd

710

Who in Buprasium and in Ehs dwelt.
 Far as Hyrcania, and th' extremest bounds
 Of Mæotius, and all the realm that lies

Between Alcyon and th' Olenian rock,
These by four chiefs were led, and ten swift ships,
By bold Epeus, mean'd each chief obey'd
Arphneachus and Thalpius were the first,
Sons of two brothers, Cteatus the one.
The other Eurytus, to Icton born,
Next Amazzoneus' son, Diomed bold,
The fourth Polydorus, the godlike son
Of Auges royal bair, Agasthenes.

They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles,
Th' Echinades, wherof fact, from o'er the sea,
The coast of Ida, were by Neoptolemus led,
The sea of Phyleus, dear to Jove, in arms
Valiant as Mars who, with his son at lead,
Had left his home, and to Dulichium come
In his command were forty dark ribb'd ships.

Those who from a wild & Cephalous came,
And Ithaca, and Isaf, Aenetus,
And Cocylium rugged Asphippus,
And Samos, and Tremitis, and the coast
Of the mainland with its opposing isles,
These in twelve ships, with scarlet painted bows,
Ulysses led in council cage to Jove

These, Andromeda's son, th' Etolians led,
From Pleuron, and Pylone, Oknos,
Chalcis by sea, and rocks Calydon
The race of Enos & as no more, himself
And fair hurn'd Melenger, both were dead
Whence all Atossa's rule on him was laid
In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships.

The King Idomeneus, th' Cretans led,
From Coressus, and Corinth's well wall'd town,
Miletus, and Laestris white stone cliffs,
Lyctus and Pireus, Rhygium, and the rest
Whom Crete from all her hundred cities sent
These all Idomeneus, a spearman skil'd,
Thru' long, commanded, and Menaeus,
In battle terrible as blood-stain'd Mars
In their command came fourteen dark ribb'd ship
Valiant and tall, the son of Hesicles
Telephus, nine ready brought from Rhodes,
The gallant Rhodians mean'd, who tripartite
Were called, and in Ialysus dwelt,

720

730

740

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760

In Lanius, and Camirus' white stone hills
 These all renown'd Tlepolemus obey'd,
 Who to the right of Hercules was born
 Of fair Alcyone, his captive she,
 When many a goodly town his arms had raz'd,
 Was brought from Ephyra, by Selles' stream
 Rear'd in the royal house, Tlepolemus,
 In early youth, his father's uncle slew,
 A warrior once, but now in his decline
 Lycimnus, then in baste a fleet he built,
 Muster'd a num'rous host, and fled, by sea,
 The threaten'd vengeance of the other sons
 And grandsons of the right of Hercules
 Long wands past, and toils and perils borne,
 To Rhodes he came, his followers, by their tribes,
 Three districts form'd, and so dwelt,
 Behov'd of Jove the King of Gods and men,
 Who show'r'd upon them boundless store of wealth

770

Nireus three well trimm'd ships from Syrie brought,
 Nireus, to Charon whom Agam' bore,
 Nireus, the goodliest man of all the Greeks,
 Who came to Troy, save Peleus' matchless son
 But scant his lance, and few the troops he led
 Who in Nisyrus dwelt, and Carpathus,
 And Cos, the fortress of Euryalus,
 And in the Cossan and Colydian Isles,
 Who by Phidippus led, and Antiphates,
 Two sons of Thessalus, Alcides' son,
 With them came thirty ships in order due

780

Next those who in Pelasgian Argos dwelt,
 And who in Alos, and in Alepe,
 Trichys, and Pitthea, and in Helles sum'd
 For women fair, of these, by various names,
 Achaeans, Myrmidons, Hesione, I know
 In fifty ships, Achilles was the chief
 But from the battle strife these all abstain'd,
 Since none there was to manful these array
 For Peleus' godlike son, swift footed chief,
 Lay idly in his tent, the loss resenting
 Of Brises' fair bairn'd daughter, whom himself
 Had chosen, prize of all his warlike toil,
 When he Lymessus and the walls of Thebes
 O'erthrew, and Hynes and Epistrophus

790

800

Struck down, bold warrio're both, Evans' sons,
Selapus' royal heir, for her in wrath,
He held aloof, but soon again to appear

Those in the flow'ry plain of Pythasus,
To Ceres dear, who dwelt, in Phylace,
In Iliu, rich in flocks, and, by the sea,
In Antro, and in Pteleon's grass clad meads,

830

These led Protesilas, renown'd in arms,

While yet he liv'd, now laid beneath the sod

In Phylace were left his weeping wife,

And half built house, him, springing to the shore,

First of the Greeks a Dardan warrior slew

Nor were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,

Left leaderless, the post of high command

Podarces claim'd of right, true plant of Mars,

Iphiclus' son, the rich Phylacides,

The brother he of brave Protesilas,

840

Younger in years, nor equal in renown,

Yet of a chief no want the forces felt,

Though much they mourn'd their valiant leader slain

In his command came forty dark ribb'd ships

Those who from Pieria came, beside the lake
Barbea, and who dwelt in Glaophyse,
In Barbe, and Dolos' well built fort,
These in eleven ships Eumeus led,

Whom Pebas' daughter, fairest of her race,

Divine Alcestis to Admetus bore

850

Who in Methone and Thaumacia dwelt,

In Melibaea and Oineus' rock,

These Philoctetes, skilful archer, led

Sev'n ships were theirs, and ev'ry ship was man'd

By fifty rowers, skilful archers all

But he, their chief, was lying, rack'd with pain,

On Lemnos' rotted isle, there left perfour'd

In torture from a venomous serpent's wound

There he in anguish lay, nor long ere Greek,

Of royal Philoctetes felt their need

860

Yet were his troops, their leader though they mourn'd,

Not leaderless Oineus' bastard son,

Medon, of Rhene born, their ranks array'd

Who in Echalia, Dervitus' domain,

In Trica, and in rough Ilione dwelt,

These Podalirius and Machaon led,

'Two skilful leeches, *Aesculapius'* sons
Of these came thirt; ships in order due
Who in Othomum and Asterium dwelt,
By Hyperia's fount, and on the heights
Of Titanum's white peaks, of these was chief
Euryppylus Eumeus' gallant son,
In his command came forty dark-rabb'd ships

850

Who in Argessa and Cyrtona dwelt,
Ortha, Elone, and the white wall'd town
Of Olveston, Polyptetes led,
Son of Panthous, progeny of Jove,
A warrior bold, Hippodamus far
Him to Panthous bore, what time he slew
The sluggish Cretians, and from Pelion's heights
For refuge 'mid the rude Alburnes drove
Nor he alone, with him to Troy there came
A son true of Murs, Leonteus, heir
Of nobly born Conarus, Castor's son
In their command came forty dark-rabb'd ships

860

With two and twenty vessels Gouneus came
From Cyprus, he the Enyades' lad,
And the Persianas' warlike tribes, and those
Who dwelt around Dodona's wintry heights,
Or till'd the soil upon the lovely banks
Of Titaresius, who to Peneus pours
The tribute of his clearly flowing stream,
Yet mingles not with Peneus' silver wave,
But on the surface floats like oil, his source
From Styx deriving, in whose awful name
Both Gods and men by holiest oaths are bound

870

Magnesia's troops, who dwelt by Peneus' stream,
Or beneath Pelion's leafy quarr'ring shades,
Swift-footed Prothous led, Tanithredon's son
In his command came forty dark-rabb'd ships

880

These were the leaders and the chiefs of Greece
Say Muse, of these, who with th' Atridae came,
Horses and men, who claim'd the highest prize
Of steeds, the bravest and the noblest far
Went those Eumeus dwelt, Admetus' son
Both swift as birds, in age and colour match'd,
Alike in height, as measured o'er the back,
Both mares, by Phœbus of the silver bow
Rear'd in Pieria, thunderbolts of war

Of men, while yet Achilles held his wrath,
The mightiest far was Ajax Telamon
For with Achilles, and the steeds that bore
The matchless son of Peleus, none might vie
But 'mid his beaked oceas going shuns
He lay, with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Indignant, while his troops upon the beach
With quarts and jay has whil'd away the day,
And scats of arberry, their steeds the while
The lotus-grass and marsh grown parley, cropp'd,
Each standing near their car, the well wrought cars 900
Lay all uncared in the warriors' tents.
They, unly gazing for their godlike chief
Roam'd fistless up and down, nor joyn'd the fray.

Such was the host, which, like devouing fire,
O'erprend the land, the earth beneath them groan'd
As when the Lord of thunder, in his wrath,
The earth's foundations shakes, in Aornu,
Where, buried deep, 'tis said, Typhoeus lies,
So at their coming, groan'd beneath their feet
The earth, as quickly o'er the plain they spread 910

To Troy, cast down by rage bearing Jove,
With direful tidings storm swift Iris came
At Priam's gate, as solemn concave met,
Were gather'd all the Trojans, young and old
Swift Iris stood amidst them, and, the voice
Assuring of Polites, Priam's son,
The Trojan scout, who, trusting to his speed,
Was posted on the summit of the mound
Of ancient Læucus, there to watch
Till from their ships the Grecian troops should land, 920
His voice assuring, thus the Goddess spoke

" Old man, as erst in peace, so still thou lov'st
The strife of words, but fearful war is nigh
Full many a host in line of battle rung'd
My eyes have seen, but such a force as this,
So mighty and so vast, I ne'er beheld
In number as the leaves, or as the sand,
Against the city o'er the plain they come
Then, Hector, far to thee I chiefly speak,
This do, thou know'st how various our allies,
Of diff'rent nations and discordant tongues
Let each then those command o'er whom he reigns,
And his own countrymen in arms array "

She said, and Hector knew the voice divine,
And all, dissolv'd the council, flew to arms
The gates were open'd wide, forth pour'd the crowd,
Both foot and horse, and loud the tumult rose

Before the city stand a lofty mound,
In the mid plain, by open space enclos'd,
Men call it Ilium, but the Gods
The tomb of swift Myrrhe, myster'd there
The Trojans and Allies their troops array'd

940

The mighty Hector of the gleaming helm,
The son of Peam, led the Trojan host
The largest and the bravest band were they,
Bold spearmen all, who follow'd him in arms

Anchises' valiant son Aeneas, led
The Dardans, here, mid Ida'sutting peaks,
Immortal Venus to Anchises bore,
A Goddess yielding to a mortal's love
With him, well skill'd in war, Archileucus
And Acamas, Antenor's gallant sons

950

Who in Zeleia abode at Ida's foot,
Of Trojan race, a wealthy tribe, who drank
Of dark Alpheus' waters, these were led
By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,
Taught by Apollo's self to draw the bow

Who from Adrastis, and Aresus' realm,
From Pityenia, and the lofty hill
Terean came, with lion corslets girt,
Adrestes and Amphion led, two sons
Of Merops of Percote, deeply vers'd
Was he in prophecy, and from the war
Would fain have kept his sons, but they, by fate
Desir'd to impending death, his caution scorn'd

960

Those who from Fractua and Percote came,
And who in Sestos and Abydos dwelt,
And in Arisba fair, those Asius led,
The son of Hyrtacus, of heroes chief,
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, who came
From fair Arisba, borne by fiery steeds
Of matchless size and strength, from Selles' stream

970

Hippothous led the bold Pelasgian tribes,
Who dwell in rich Lampsacus' fertile soil,
Hippothous and Pylens, Letheus' sons,
The son of Teutamus, Pelasgian chief

The Thracians, by fast flowing Helle-pont
Encompass'd, Aeacans and Perrōns brave,
The spear-skull'd Grecs. Euphemus led,
Son of Trozenus, Cess' highborn son

980

From distant Idaion Pyramenes brought
The Paeon archers from broad Axios' banks,
Axios, the brightest stream on earth that flows

The hairy strength of great Polympenes
The Paphlagonians led from Enebi
(Whence first appear'd the stubborn race of mules),
Who in Cytorus and in Scamnum,
And round Parthenius waters had their home,
Who dwelt in Cromae, and Algyalus,
And on the lofty Erythraean rock.

990

By Hades and Epistrophus were brought
From distant Alyre, the wealthy source
Of silver ore, the Aleanian bands

Chromis the Myrmeces led, and Ennomos,
A skillful augur, but his aspav.
From gloomy death to save him nought avai'd
Slain by the son of Peleus, in the stream,
Where many another Trojan felt his arm

From far Ascania's lake, with Phorcys join'd,
The godlike presence of Ascanius brought
The Thrygians, dauntless in the standing fight

1000

From Lydia came Pykemenes' two sons,
Born of the lake Gygean, Antiphus,
And Mechiles, these Miconia's forces led,
Who dwelt around the foot of Tmolus' hill

In charge of Nestor came the Carian troop,
Of barbarous speech, who in Miletus dwelt,
And in the dense entangled forest shade
Of Phœbus' hill, and on the lofty ridge
Of Mycale, and by Menander's stream,
These came with Nestor, and Amphimachus,
Amphimachus and Nestor, Homer's sons,
With childish folly to the war he came,
Laden with store of gold, yet nought avail'd
His gold to save him from the doom of death,
Slain by the son of Peleus in the stream,
And all his wealth Achille bore away

1010

Sarpedon last, and valiant Glaucon led
The Lycaon band, from distant Lycaon's shore,
Beside the banks of Xanthus' eddying stream

1020

BOOK III

ARGUMENT

In arms met Paris (concerning challenge to the Grecian Prince) Menelaus accepted it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greeks, and by Paris on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is conquer'd, when val' Venus rescues Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

When by their several chiefs the troops were rang'd,
With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanc'd, as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storme, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamours, while o'er th' ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmean race

On th' other side the Greeks in silence mov'd,
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid
As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops
Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherd's bane,
And friendly to the mighty chief alone,
That a stone's throw the ring'd of virgin hounds,
So rose the dust cloud, as in scimed ranks
With rapid step they mov'd across the plain
But when th' opposing forces near were sett,
A panther's skin across his shoulders stung,
Arm'd with his bow and sword, in front of all
Advanc'd the godlike Paris, in his head
He pos'd two brase-tipp'd jav'lins, and defied
To mortal combat all the chiefs of Greece

20

20

Him when the warlike Menelaus saw
With haughty strides advancing from the crowd,
As when a lion, hunger-pinch'd, espes
Some mighty beast of chase, or antler'd stag,
Or mountain goat, and with exulting spring
Strikes down his prey, and on the carcass feeds,
Unscar'd by baying hounds and eager youths
So Menelaus saw with fierce delight

The godlike Paris, for he deserv'd that now
 His vengeance was at hand, and from his arm,
 Arm'd as he was, he leap'd upon the plain
 But when the godlike Paris saw him spring
 Defiant from the ranks, with quailing heart,
 Back to his comrades' sheltering crowd he sprang,
 In fear of death, as when some trou'ler spurs,
 Coil'd in his path upon the mountain side,
 A deadly snake, back he recoil'd in haste,
 His limbs all trembling, and his cheek all pale,
 So back recoil'd, in fear of Atreus' son,
 The godlike Paris 'mid the Trojan host

30

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60

To whom in stern rebuke thus Hector spoke
 "Thou wretched Paris, though in form so fair,
 Thou slave of woman war-hood's counterfeit!
 Wouldest thou hadst ne'er been born, or died at least
 Unvalued, so 'twere better far for all,
 Than thus to live a scandal and reproach
 Well may the long hair'd Greeks triumphant boast,
 Who think thee, from thine outward show, a chief
 Among our warriors, but thou hast in truth
 Nor strength of mind, nor courage in the fight,
 How wan't that such as thou could e'er induce
 A noble band, in o'er-an-going ships
 To cross the main, with men of other lands
 Mixing in strife, and bearing thence
 A woman, fair of face, by marriage ties
 Bound to a race of warriors, to thy sun,
 Thy state, thy people, cause of countless grief,
 Of triumph to thy foes, contempt to thee!
 Durst thou the warlike Menelaus meet,
 Thou to thy cost shouldst learn the might of him
 Whose bride thou didst not fear to bear away
 Then shouldest thou find of small avail thy lyre,
 Or Venus' gifts of beauty and of grace,
 Or, trampled in the dust, thy flowing hair
 But too forbearing are the men of Troy,
 Else for the ill that thou hast wrought the state,
 Ere now thy body had in stone been cas'd."

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied

"Hector, I needs must own thy censure just,
 Nor without cause, thy dauntless courage knows
 Nor pause nor taintness, but as an axe,

70

That in a strong man's hand, who fashions out
 Some naval timber, with unbated edge
 Crows the firm wood, and aids the striker's force,
 Ev'n so unweared is thy warlike soul
 Yet blame not me for golden Venus' gifts
 The gifts of Heav'n are not to be despis'd,
 Which Heav'n may give, but man could not command
 But if thou wilt that I should dare the fight, 80
 Bid that the Trojans and the Grecians all
 Be scat'd on the ground, and in the midst
 The warlike Menelaus and myself
 Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils
 Of war to combat, and who'er shall prove
 The better man in conflict, let him bear
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home,
 While we, the rest in peace and friend-ship sworn,
 Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy,
 And to their native Argos, they return, 90
 For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd'

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words.
 Farth in the midst he stapp'd, and with his spear
 Grasp'd by the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks
 At him the long hair'd Grecians bent their bows,
 Prompt to assail with arrows and with stones,
 But loud the monarch Agamemnon's voice
 Was heard, " Hold, Argives, hold! ye sons of Greece,
 Shoot not! for Hector of the glancing helm
 Hath, as it seems, some message to impart" 100

He said, they held their hands, and silent stood
 Expectant, till to break thus Hector spoke
 " Hear now, ye Trojans, and ye well grav'd Greeks,
 The words of Paris, cause of all this war
 He asks through me that all the host of Troy
 And Grecian warriors shall upon the ground
 Lay down their glutting arms, while in the midst
 The warlike Menelaus and himself
 Stand front to front, for Helen and the spoils
 Of war to combat, and who'er shall prove 110
 The better man in conflict, let him bear
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home.
 While we, the rest, firm peace and friend-ship swear"

Thus Hector spoke, the rest in silence heard,
 But Menelaus, bold in fight, replied

" Hear now my answer, in this quarrel I
 May claim the chiefest share, and now I hope
 Trojans and Greeks may see the final close
 Of all the labours ye so long have borne
 To avenge my wrong, at Paris' hand sustain'd
 And of us two whiche'er is doom'd to death,
 So let him die! the rest, depart in peace
 Bring then two lambs, one white, the other black,
 For Tellus and for Sol, we on our part
 Will bring another, for Saturnian Jove
 And let the majesty of Pniam too
 Appear, himself to consecrate our oaths,
 (For red less are his sons, and void of birth,) 120
 That none Jove's will may dare to violate
 For young men's spirits are too quickly stirr'd,
 But in the councils check'd by rev'rend age,
 Ah! we weigh'd the future and the past,
 And for all interests due provision made."

He said, and Greeks and Trojans gladly heard,
 In hopes of respite from the weary war
 They rang'd the cars in ranks, and they themselves
 Descending doff'd their arms, and laid them down
 Close each by each, with narrow space between
 Two heralds to the city Hector sent
 To bring the lambs, and aged Pniam call,
 While Agamemnon to the hollow ships,
 Their lamb to bring, in haste Talithibon sent
 He heard, and straight the monarch's voice obey'd

Meantime to white arm'd Helen Iris sped,
 The heav'nly messenger in form she stem'd
 Her husband's sister, whom Antenor's son
 The valiant Helenus had to wife,
 Ladice, of Pniam's daughters all
 Loveliest of face she in her chamber found
 Her whom she sought a mighty web she wove,
 Of double wool and brilliant hues, wherein
 Was interwoven many a toilsome strife
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks,
 For her encounter'd at the hand of Mars
 Beside her Iris stand, and thus she spoke
 " Come, sister dear, and see the glorious deeds
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks
 They who even hitherto impatient for the fight,

Roll'd o'er the plain the woful tide of war,
Now silent sit, the storm of battle hush'd,
Reckning on their shields, their lances bright
Pil'd by their sides while Paris in the midst,
And warlike Menelaus, stand prepar'd
With the long spear for thee to fight, thy self
The prize of conquest and the victor's wife.

Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose
Fond recollection of her former Lord,
Her home, and parents o'er her head she threw
A snowy veil, and shedding tender tears
She issue forth, not unaccompanied,
For with her went fair Ethraeus' child,
And stag ey'd Clytene, her maidens twain
They quickly at the Scaen gate arriv'd

170

Attending there an aged Priam, sat
The Elders of the city Panthous
And Lampus, and Thymetes Cyrtius
Bold Leptoch and Ucileon
With sage Antenor wise in council both
All these were gather'd at the Scaen gate,
By age exempt from war, but in discourse
Abundant, as the cricket, that on high
From topmost booughs of forest tree tends forth
His delicate music, so on Ilium's tow'rs
Sat the sage chiefs and counsellors of Troy
Helen they say, as to the tow'r she came
And, "tis no marvel, one to other said

The valiant Trojans and the well grown'li Greeks
For beauty such as this should long endure
The toils of war for godless like she seems,
And yet despite her beauty, let her go
Nor bring on us and on our sons a curse!

190

Thus then, but aged Priam Helen call'd
Come here, my child, and sitting by thy side
From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,
His kindred and thy friends (not then I blame,
But to the Gods I owe this woful war),
Tell me the name of wonder night; chief
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong;
Others in height surpass him, but not eyes
I form so noble never set beheld
Nor so august, he moves like a ruler!

200

To whom in answer, Helen, heav'ly fair
 "With rev'rence, dearest father, and with shame
 I look on thee: who could that I had died
 That day when hither with thy son I came,
 And left my husband, friends, and darling child,
 And all the lov'd companions of my youth
 That I died not, with grief I pine away
 But to thy question I will tell thee true,
 You chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 210
 Wide reapping, mighty monarch, ruler good,
 And valiant warrior, in my husband's name,
 Lost as I am, I call'd him brother once."

She spoke: th' old man admiring gas'd, and cried,
 "Oh blessed Atreus, child of happy fate,
 Favour'd of Heav'n! how many noble Greeks
 Obey thy rule! In vine clad Phrygia once
 I saw the hosts of Phrygian warriors wheel
 Their rapid steeds, and with them, all the bands
 Of Otreus, and of Mygdon, godlike King, 220
 Who lay encamp'd beside Sangamus' stream
 I too with them was numbered, in the day
 When met them in the field the Amazons,
 The woman warriors, but their forces all
 Reach'd not the number of the keen ey'd Greeks

Ulysses next the old man saw, and ask'd,
 "Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,
 In stature less than Atreus' royal son,
 But broader shoulder'd, and of stouter chest
 His arms are laid upon the fertile plain,
 But he himself is moving through the ranks, 230
 Inspecting, like a full fleurd' raih, that riuers
 Majestic through a flock of snow & late ewes."

To whom Jove's visspring, Helen, thus replied
 "The wise Ulysses, that Laertes' son
 Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet vers'd
 In ev'ry stratagem, and deep device
 "O woman, ' then the sage Antenor said,
 "Of these thy words I can the truth avouch,
 For hither when on these account to treat,
 These ' went'less ash Ulysses came,
 I lodg'd them in our house, and lov'd them both
 And studied well the form and mind of each
 As they with Trojans mix'd in social guesse,

When both were standing, o'er his comrade high
With broad-set shoulders Menelaus stood.
Seated, Ulysses was the nobler long
Then, in the great Assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they fram'd,
In fluent language Menelaus spoke, 250
In words though few, yet clear, though young in years,
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech
But when the skill'd Ulysses rose to speak,
With down-cast visage would he stand, his eyes
Pent on the ground, the staff he bore nor back
He wav'd, nor forward, but like one untaught
He held it motionless, who only now
Would say that he was mad, or void of sense
But when his chest its deep ton'd voice sent forth,
With words that fell like flakes of winter snow, 300
No mortal with Ulysses could compare
Then little reck'd we of his outward show
At sight of Ajax next th' old man enquir'd,
"Who is you other warrior, brave and strong,
Tow'ring o'er all with head and shoulders broad? "
To whom, in answer, Helen, hear my fair
"Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece,
And by his side Idomenus of Crete
Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs
The warlike Menelaus we'ren't him 350
O'er in our palace, when from Læke he came
Now all the other keen-cy'd Greeks I see,
Whom once I knew, and now could call by name.
But two I miss, two captains of the host,
My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,
Castor and Pollux, Castor, horseman bold,
Pollux, unmatched in pugilistic skill
In Lacedæmon have they stay'd behind?
Or can it be, in ocean going ships
That they have come indeed, but shun to join
The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame,
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"
Thus she, unconscious that in Sparta they,
Their native land, beneath the sod were laid
Meanwhile the heralds through the city bore
The treaty off rings to the Gods, the lambs,
And genial wine, the produce of the soil,

In goat-skin flasks therewith a flagon bright,
 And cups of gold, Idas brought, and stood
 Beside the aged King, as thus he spoke
 ' Son of Laomedon, arise! the chiefs
 Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks
 Call for thy presence on the battle-plain
 To swear a truce, where Paris is the midst
 And warlike Menelaus stand prepar'd
 With the long spear for Helen and the spoils
 Of war to combat that whot'er may prove
 The better man in fight, may bear away
 The woman and the spoils in triumph home,
 While we, the rest, in peace and friendship sworn,
 Shall still possess the fertile plains of Troy,
 And to their native Argos they return,
 For noble steeds and lovely women fam'd "

290

300

He said, the old man shudder'd at his words
 But to his comrades gave command forthwith
 To yoke his car, and they his word obey'd
 Priam, ascending, gather'd up the reins,
 And with Antenor by his side, the train
 Drove through the Scam gate their flying steeds

But when between th' opposing ranks they came,
 Alighting from the car, they mov'd on foot
 Between the Trojan and the Grecian hosts
 Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,
 Uprose the sage Ulysses, to the front
 The heralds brought the off rings to the Gods,
 And in the flagon mix'd the wine, and pour'd
 The hallowing water on the monarchs' hands
 His dagger then the son of Atreus drew,
 Suspended, as was wont, beside the hilt
 Of his great sword, and from the victim's head
 He cut the sacred lock, which to the chiefs
 Of Troy and Greece the heralds portion'd out
 Then with uplifted hands he pray'd aloud

310

320

' O Father Jove! who sul st from Ida's height,
 Most great! most glorious! and thou Sun, who art
 And bearest all things! Rivers! and thou Earth!
 And ye, who after death beneath the earth
 Your vengeance wreak on souls of men foreworn,
 Be witness ye, and that our o'er Neal guard
 If Menelaus fall by Paris' hand,

330

Let him retain both Helen and the spoil,
While in our ships we take our homeward way,
If Paris be by Menelaus slain.
Troy shall surrender Helen and the spoil,
With compensation due to Greece, that so
A record may to future days remain
But, Paris slain, if Paris and his sons
The promis'd compensation shall withhold,
Then here, my rights in battle to assert,
Will I remain, till I the end achieve'

340

Thus as he spoke, across the victims' throats
He drew the proudest blade, and on the ground
He laid them gasping, as the stream of life
Pour'd forth, their vigour by the blade subdued
Then, from the flagon drawn, from out the cups
The wine they pour'd, and to th' eternal Gods
They pray'd, and thus from Trojans and from Greeks
Across the point petition, "Grant, O Jove!"
Most great! most glorious! grant, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
That whoso'er this solemn truce shall break, 350
Ev'n as this wine we pour, their hearts' best blood,
Theirs and their children's, on the earth be pour'd,
And strangers in subjection take their wives!"

Thus then, but Jove, unyielding, heard their pray'r:
The rites perform'd, then aged Priam spoke
"Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks!"
To Ilium's breezy heights I now withdraw,
For that mine eyes will not endure the sight
Of warlike Menelaus and my son
Engag'd in deadly combat, of the two 360
Which may be doom'd to death, is only known
To Jove, and to th' immortal pow'rs of Heav'n"

Thus spoke the godlike King, and on the car
He plac'd the consecrated hands, himself
Assuming then, he gather'd up the reins,
And with Antenor by his side, the taurian
To Ilium's walls retrac'd their homeward way

Then Hector, son of Priam, measur'd out,
With sage Ulysses join'd, th' allotted space,
Next, in the brass bound helmet cast the lots,
Which of the two the first should throw the spear
The crowd, with hands uplifted, to the Gods,
Trojans and Greeks alike, address'd their pray'r

370

" O Father Jove ! who rulest from Ida's height,
Most great ! most glorious ! grant that whoso'er
On both our armies hath this turmoil brought
May undergo the doom of death, and we,
The rest, firm peace and lasting friendship swear ! "

Thus they , great Hector of the glancing helm,
With eyes averted, shook the casque, and forth : 380
Was cast the lot of Paris, on the ground
The rest lay down by ranks, where near to each
Were ranged his active steeds, and glistening arms
Then o'er his shoulders don'd his armour bright
The godlike Paris, fair-hant'd Helen's Lord
First on his legs, the well wrought greaves he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps, his ample chest
A breastplate girded, by Lycian leat,
His brother, but which fitted well his form
Around his shoulders stung his sword he bore,
Pans-bladed, silver-studded, then his shield 390
Weighty and strong, and on his firm set head
A helm he wore, well wrought, with horsehair plume
That needed, fearful, e'er his bron , his hand
Grasp'd the firm spear, familiar to his bold
Prepar'd while the adverse warrior stood.

They, from the crowd apart their armour don d,
Came forth, and each, with eyes of mutual hate,
Regarded each admiring wonder seaz'd
The Trojan warriors and the well-greav'd Greeks 400
As in the centre of the measur'd ground
They stood oppos'd, and pos'd their quivering spears
First Paris thon his weighty spear, and struck
Fair in the midst Atrides' buckler round,
But broke not through, upon the stubborn target
Was bent the lance's point, then thus to Jove,
His weapon hurling, Menelius pray'd

" Great King, or him who wrought me countless wrong,
On Paris, grant that retribution due
My arm may bring, that men in days to come 410
May fear their host to injure, and repay
With treach'rous wile his hospitable cares "

He said, and pausing, hurl'd his weighty spear
Full in the midst it struck the buckler round,
Right through the buckler pass'd the sturdy spear,
And through the gorgeous breastplate, and within

Cut through the linen vest, but Paris, back
Inclining, stoop'd, and shun'd the doom of death

Atrides then his silver studded sword

Rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall

On Paris' helm, but shiv ring in his hand

In countless fragments flew the faithless blade

Then thus to Jove, with eyes uplift to Heav'n,

Atrides made his moan. "O Father Jove!

Of all the Gods, the most unfriendly thou!

"On Paris' heel I hop'd for all his crimes

To wreak my vengeance due, but in my grasp

My faithless sword is shattered and my spear

Hath heedless left my hand, nor reach'd my foe."

Then onward rushing by the horsehair plume

He seiz'd his foeman's helm, and wounding round

Dragg'd by main force amid the well gear'd Greeks

The broader'd strap, that, pass'd beneath his beard,

The helmet held, the warrior's throat compress'd

Then had Atrides dragg'd him from the field,

And endlesse fame acquir'd, but Venus, child

Of Jove, her fair rite's poll quickly saw,

And broke the thrutting strap of tough bull's hide

In the broad hand the empty helm remain'd

The trophy, by their champion whid' won

The well gear'd Greeks, his eager comrades seiz'd,

While he, infurate, rush'd with mard'rous worm

On Priam's son, but him, the Queen of Love

(As Gods can only) from the field convey'd,

Wrept in a misty cloud, and on a couch,

Sweet perfume breathing, gently laid him down,

Then went in search of Helen, her she found,

Circled with Trojan dames, on Ilum's tow'r

Her by her airy robe the Goddess held,

And in the likeness of an aged dame

Who oft for her, in Sparta when she dwelt,

Many a fair fledge had wrought, and lov'd her well,

Address'd her thus. "Come, Helen, to thy house,

Come, Paris calls thee, in his chamber he

Expects thee, resting on luxurios couch,

In costly garb, with manly beauty grac'd

Not from the fight of warriors wouldest thou deem

He late had come, but for the dance prepar'd,

Or resting from the dance's pleasureng tol."

420

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She said, and Helen's spirit within her moan'd,
And when she saw the Goddess' beauteous neck,
Her lovely bosom, and her glowing eyes,
She gaz'd in wonder, and address'd her thus
" Oh wh', great Goddess make me thus thy sport?
Seek st thou to bear me far away from hence
To some fair Ptry, gion or Meannen town,
If there some mortal have thy favour gain'd?
Or, for that Menelaus in the field
Hath vanquish'd Paris and is willing yet
That I, his bane, should to his home return
Here art thou found, to weave again thy toiles!
Go then thyself! thy godship abdicate!
Renounce Olympus! lavish here on him
Thy pity and thy care! he may perchance
Make thee his wife—at least his paramour!
But thither go not I! foul shame it were
Again to share his bed, the dames of Troy
Will for a byword hold me, and e'en now
My soul with endless sorrow is possess'd!"

To whom in anger hear my Venus spoke
" Incuse me not, poor fool! lest I in wrath
Desert thee quite, and as I heretofore
Have lov'd, so make thee object of my hate,
And kindle, 'twixt the Trojans and the Greeks,
Such bitter feuds, as both shall wreathe on thee!"

She said, and trembled Helen, child of Jove
She rose in silence, in a snow white veil
All glitt'ring, shrouded, by the Goddess led
She pass'd, unscold'd by the Trojan dames
But when to Paris' splendid house they came,
Thronging around her, her attendants gave
Their dutious service, through the lofty hall
With queenly grace the godlike woman pass'd
A seat the laughter loving Goddess plac'd
By Paris' side, there Helen sat, the child
Of zeus bearing Jove, with downcast eyes,
Yrt with sharp words she thus address'd her Lord

" Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died
Beneath a warrior's arm, whom once I call'd
My husband! vainly didst thou boast erewhile
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear
The warlike Menelaus should subdue!"

460

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500

Go now again, and challenge to the fight
 The warlike Menelaus. Be thou ware!
 I warn thee, paust, ere madly thou presume
 With fair-hair'd Menelaus to contend!
 Soon shouldst thou fall beneath his conqu'ring spear!

"To whom thus Paris. "Wring not thus my soul

With keen reproaches now, with Pallas' aid,

Hath Menelaus conquer'd, but my day

510

Will come. I too can boast my guardian Gods

But turn we now to love, and love's delights,

For never did thy beauty so inflame

My sense, not when from Lacedemon first

I bore thee in my ocean-going ships,

And revell'd in thy love on Creusa's isle,

As now it fills my soul with fond desire."

He said, and led her to the nuptial couch,

Her Lord she follow'd, and while there reclin'd

Upon the richly inlaid couch they lay,

Aloud, like a hen baffled, quik'd

Amid the crowd, if haply he might find

The godlike Paris, but not one of all

The Trojans and their brave allies could aid

The warlike Menelaus in his search:

Not that, for love, would any one that knew

Have screen'd him from his anger, for they all

Abhor'd him as the shade of death. Then thus

Outspoke great Agamemnon, King of men

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Harsians, and Allies!"

520

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Harsians, and Allies!"

With warlike Menelaus rests, 'tis plain,

The prize of vict'ry; then surrender ye

The Argive Helen and the spoils of war,

With compensation due to Greece, that so

A record may to future days remain."

Thus he, the Greeks, assenting, cheer'd his word.

530

BOOK IV

ARGUMENT

In a council of the God, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised. Juno consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to make some Trojans to a violation of the truce Minerva demands, for that purpose, and in the form of Landacus, a son of Priam, enters Pandarus in their aid. Venus, who, however, succeeds Minerva in wounding, and Agamemnon having come to the care of Helenus, goes forth to recruit the forces of commandeer in short in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

On golden pavement, round the board of Jove,
The Gods were gather'd, Hebe in the midst
Pour'd the sweet nectar, they, in golden cups,
Each other plaid'd, as down they look'd on Troy.
Then Jove, with cutting words and taunting tone,
Began the wrath of Juno to provoke
" Two Goddesses for Menelaeus fight,
Thou, Juno, Queen of Argos, and with thee
Minerva, shield of warriors, but we two
Look idly on, in vain delights absorb'd,
While laughter loving Venus, at the side
Of Paris standing, still averts his fate,
And rescues, when, as now, expecting death
To warlike Menelaus we decree,
Of right, the victory, but consult we now
What may the issue be if we shall light
Again the flame of war and discord fierce,
Or the two sides in peace and friendship join
For me, if thus your general voice incline,
Let Paris's city stand, and Helen back.
To warlike Menelaus be restor'd "

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So spoke the God, but seated side by side,
Juno and Pallas glances interchanging'd
Of all portent for Troy, Pallas indeed
Sat silent, and, though milv' wrath with Jove,
Yet answer'd not a word, but Juno's breast
Could not restrain her rage, and thus she spoke

" What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speal ?
 How wouldest thou render vain, and void of smart,
 My weary labour and my horses' toil,
 To stir the people, and on Priam's self,
 And Priam's offspring, bring disastrous fate?
 Do as thou wilst ; yet not with our consent "

10

To whom, in wrath, the Cloud compeller thus
 " Revengeful ! now have Priam and his sons
 So deeply injur'd thee, that thus thou seek'st
 With unshamed anger to pursue,
 Till time a'vorthen, the strong built walls of Troy ?

I verily believe that till thou force

The gates, and rive the lofty walls, and send
 On the raw flesh of Priam and his sons,

Thy vengeance never will be satisfied

But have thy will, lest this in future times

" Twixt me and thee be cause of strife renew'd.

Yet hear my words, and ponder what I say

If e'er, in times to come, no! will should be

Some city to destroy, uninhabited

By men belov'd of thee, thou shalt not setl.

To turn aside my wrath, but give it way

Spontaneous, yet with most unwilling mind

So much I grant thee : for beneath the sun

And stilly Heaven, of all the cities four,

By mortal men inhabited, not one

Was dearer to my soul than sacred Troy.

And Priam's self, and Priam's warrior race

For with drunk off rings due, and fat of lambs,

My altar still hath at their hands been fed,

Such honour hath to us been ever paid "

50

To whom the stag ey'd Jove thus replied

" Three cities are there dearest to my heart,

Argos, and Sparta, and the ample streets

Of rich Mycenæ, work on them thy will,

Desirous them, if thine anger they merit,

I will not interpose, nor hinder thee,

Burn them I shall, reluctant see their fall,

But not least, for sov reign is thy will

Yet should my labours not be fruitless all,

For I too am a God, my blood is lime,

Worthy of honour, as the eldest born

Of deep-designing Saturn, and thy wife,

60

70

Thine, who o'er all th' Immortals reign'st supreme
 But yield we each to other, I to thee,
 And thou to me, the other Gods will all
 By us be rul'd. On Pallas then expon
 That to the battle field of Greece and Troy
 She haste, and so contrive that Trojans first
 May break the treaty, and the Greeks assail."

She said the Sure of Gods and men compiled,
 And thus with winged words to Pallas spoke
 " Go to the battle field of Greece and Troy 50
 In haste, and so contrive that Trojans first
 May break the treaty, and the Greeks assail."

The words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,
 And from Olympus heights in haste she sped,
 Like to a meteor, that, of grave portent
 To warring arm'd or sea-faring men,
 The son of deep designing Saturn tends,
 Bright flashing, scatt'ring fiery sparks around,
 The blue ey'd Goddess darted down to earth,
 And lighted in the midst, amazement held
 The Trojan warriors and the well-greav'd Greeks
 And one to other look'd and said, " What means
 This sign? Most fearful battle rage again,
 Or may v a hope for gentle peace from Jove,
 Who to mankind dispenses peace and war?"
 Such was the converse Greeks and Trojans held
 Pallas meanwhile, amid the Trojan host,
 Clad in the likeness of Antenor's son,
 Eudocus, a spearman stout and brave,
 Search'd here and there, if haply she might find
 The godlike Pandarus, Lycam's son,
 Strong and of courage unreprov'd, she found
 Standing, by boulder'd warwoves bold begirt,
 Who follow'd him from far Aesopus' stream
 She stood beside him, and address'd him thus
 100

" Wait thou by me be rul'd, Lycam's son?
 For durst thou but at Menelaus shoot
 Thy wing'd arrow, great would be thy fame,
 And great the favour with the men of Troy,
 And most of all with Paris, at his hand
 Thou shalt receive rich guerdon, when he hears
 That warlike Menelaus, by thy shaft
 Subdu'd, is laid upon the han'ral pyre

Bend then thy bow at Atreus' glorious son,
Vowing to Phœbus, Lyca's guardian God,
The Archer-King, to pay of firstling lambs
An ample hecatomb when home return'd
In safety to Zelæt's sacred town."

But she, and, fain, he listen'd to her words
Straight he unloos'd his polish'd bow, his spoil
Won from a mountain ibex, which himself,
In unmatch'd lurking, through the breast had shot,
True to his aim, as from behind a crag
He came in sight, prone on the rock he fell,
With horns of sixteen palms his head was crown'd,
These deitly wrought a skilful workman's hand,
And polish'd smooth, and tipp'd the ends with gold
He bent, and resting on the ground his bow,
String it anew, his faithful comrades hold
Their shields before him, lest the sons of Greece
Should make their onset ere his shaft could reach
The warlike Menelaus Atreus son
His quiver then withdrawing from its case,
With care a shaft he chose, ne'er shot before,
Well-feather'd, messenger of pains and death,
The stinging arrow fitted to the string,
And vow'd to Phœbus, Lyca's guardian God,
The Archer King, to pay of firstling lambs
An ample hecatomb, when home return'd
In safety to Zelæt's sacred town.

At once the snow and the nock he drew,
The snow to his breast, and to the bow
The iron head, then, when the mighty bow
Was to a circle strain'd, sharp rang the horn,
And loud the snow twang'd, as tow'r'd the crowd
With death speed the eager arrow spring.

Nor, Menelaus, was thy safety then
Uncar'd for of the Gods, Jove's daughter first,
Pallas before thee stood, and turn'd aside
The pointed arrow, turn'd it so aside

As when a mother from her infant's cheek,
Wipt in sweet slumber, brushes off a fly,
Its course she so directed that 't struck
Just where the golden chev' the belt restrain'd,
And where the breastplate, doubled, check'd its force
On the close-fitting belt the iron struck,

120

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150

Right through the belt of curious workmanship
It drove, and through the breastplate richly wrought,
And through the coat of mail he wore beneath,
The best defence his body to protect

160

From hostile jav'ins, that too pierc'd it through,
And passing onwards graz'd the hero's flesh.
Forth issued from the wound the crimson blood
Thus haply when the hand of some fair maid,
Like Cressa or Canace, stands with crimson dye
The r'ry cheet piece of a warrior's steed,
By many a valiant horseman coveted,
As in the house at Ices, a monarch's boast,
The horse adorning, and the horseman's pride
Son, Menelaus, then thy gracefull thoughts,
And Iaces, and ankles, with thy blood were dy'd

170

Great Agamemnon shudder'd as he saw
The crimson blood drop issuing from the wound,
Shudder'd the warlike Menelaus' self,
But when the smoke and the arrow head
He saw projecting, back his spirit came

Then deeply groaning, Agamemnon spoke,
As Menelaus by the hand he held,
And with him groan'd his comrades "Brother dear,
Fatal to thee hath been the oath I swore,
When thou shouldest forth about for Greece to fight,
Wounded by Trojans, who their plighted faith
Have trodden under foot, but not in vain
Shall be the cowrants and the blood of lambs,
The absolute pledges, and the hand plight given,
In which our trust was plac'd, if not at once,
Hereafter Jove shall vindicate their claim,
And heavy penalties shall Trojans pay
With their own blood, their children's, and their wives'
For in thy innocent soul full well I know

180

The day shall come when this imperial Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown,
And Saturn's son himself, high throned Jove,
Who dwells in Heav'n, shall in their faces flash
His aegis dark and dread, this treach'rous deed
Avenging, thus shall surely come to pass
But, Menelaus, deep will be my grief,
If thou shouldest perish, meeting thus thy fate

190

To th'rst; Agges should I then return
By foul disgrace o'erwhelm'd, for, with thy fall,
The Greeks will mind them of their native land,
And as a trophy to the sons of Troy

The brave Helen leave, thy bones meanwhile
Shall moulder here beneath a foreign soil,
Thy work undone, and with insulting scorn
Some vaunting Trojan, leaping on the tomb
Of noble Menelaus, thus shall say

' On all his foes my Agamemnon so
His wrath accomplish'd, who hath hither led
Of Greeks a mighty army, all in vain,
And bootless home with empty ships hath gone,
And valiant Menelaus left behind '

Thus when men speak, gape earth, and hide my shame "

To whom the fair heir'd Menelaus thus
With cheering words ' Fear not thyself, nor cause
The troops to faint the arrow brith not touch'd
A vital part, the sp'ling bolt hath fust
Turn'd it aside, the doublet next beneath,
And coat of mail, the work of arm'ter's bands "

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus
" Dear Menelaus, may thy words be true!
The leech shall bind thy wound, and spread it o'er
With healing ointments to assuage the pain "

He said, and to the sacred herald call'd
' Haste thee, Talthybius! summon with all speed
The son of Aesculapius, matchless leech,
Machon, bid him hither haste to see
The warrlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,
Who by an arrow from some peacock'd hand,
Trojan or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound,
A curse of boast to them, to us of grief "

He said, nor did the herald not obey,
But through the bravest ranks of Greeks he pass'd,
In search of brave Machon, soon he found
Standing, by buckler'd warriors bold begirt,
Who follow'd him from Trica's grassy plains
He stood beside him, and address'd him thus
' Up, son of Aesculapius! Atreas' son,
The mighty monarch, summon thee to see
The warrlike Menelaus, chief of Greeks,
Who by an arrow from some peacock'd hand,

Troyes or Lycian, hath receiv'd a wound,
A cause of boast to them, to us of grief."

Thus he, and not unprov'd Machaon heard
They through the crowd, and through the wide spread
host,

Together took their way, but when they came
Where fair-hair'd Menelaus, wounded, stood,
Around him in a ring the best of Greece,
And in the midst the godlike chief himself,
From the close fitting belt the shaft he drew,
With sharp return of pain, the sparkling belt
He loosen'd, and the doublet underneath,
And coat of mail, the work of another's hand
But when the wound appear'd in sight, where struck
The stinging arrow, from the clotted blood
He clean'd it, and applied with skilful hand
The healing ointments, which, in friendly guns,
The learned Chiron to his father gave

While round the valiant Menelaus they
Were thus engag'd, advanc'd the Trojan hosts
They donn'd their arms, and for the fight prepar'd
In Agamemnon then no trace was seen

Of laggard sloth, no shrinking from the fight,
But full of ardour to the field he rush'd
He left his horses and brayc mounted car
(The champing horses by Erymedon,
The sea of Ptolemy, Peleus' son,
Were held aboof), but with repeated charge
Still to be near at hand, lest faint with toil
His limbs should fail him in his proud career
Himself on foot the warrior ranks approach'd,
With cheanning words addressing whom he found
With zeal preparing for the battle-field

" Relax not, valiant friends, your warlike tool,
For Jove to falsehood ne'er will give his aid,
And they who first, regardless of their oaths,
Have broken tract, shall with their flesh themselves
The vultures feed, while we, their city raz'd,
Their wives and helpless children bear away"

But whom removes and shrinking from the war
He found, with lone rebuke he thus assaid
" Ye wretched Greeks, your country's foul reproach,
Have ye no sense of shame? Why stand ye thus

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Like timid fawns, that in the chase run down,
Stand all bewild'red, speechless and tame?
So stand ye now, nor dare to face the fight
What' will ye wait the Trojans' near approach,
Where on the beach, beside the hoary deep,
Our goodly ships are drawn, and see if Jove
Will o'er you his protecting hand extend?"

As thus the King the senned ranks review'd,
He came where thronging round their stately chief
Idomeneus, the warlike bands of Crete
Were arming for the fight, Idomeneus,
Of courage stubborn as the forest boar,
The foremost ranks arm'd, Meriones
The rearmost squadrons had in charge, with joy
The monarch Agamemnon saw, and thus
In flatt ring terms Idomeneus address'd

"Idomeneus, above all other Greeks
In battle mid' th' enemy, I honour thee,
And in the banquet, where the noblest Greeks
In lordly goblets mix the ruddy wine,
Though others drink their share, yet by thy side
Thy cup, like mine, still ne'er replenish'd stands
To drink at pleasure. Up then to the fight,
And show thyself the warrior that thou art."

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus
"In me Atreus, thou shalt ever find,
As 't the first I promis'd, comrade true,
But go, and stir the other long-hair'd Grecs
To speedy battle, since the Trojans now
The truce have broken, and defeat and death
Must wait on those who have their oaths forsworn."

He said, and Agamemnon went his way
Rejoicing, through the crowd he pass'd, and came
Where stood th' Ajaes, there, in act to arm,
Amid a cloud of infantry he found,
And as a goat-herd from his watch tow'r emg
Beholds a cloud advancing o'er the sea,
By Zephyr's breath impell'd, as from afar
He gazes, black as pitch, it sweeps along
O'er the dark ocean's face, and with it brings
A hurricane of rain, he, shudd'ring, sees,
And drives his flock beneath the sheltering cave,
So thick and dark, about th' Ajaes stur'd,

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Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths,
Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield

Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw,
And thus address'd them. " Valiant chiefs, to you,
The leaders of the brass clad Greeks, I give
(I were needless and unseemly) no commands,
For well ye understand your troops to rouse
To deeds of dauntless courage, would to Jove,
To Pallas and Apollo, that such mind
As is in you, in all the camp were found,
Then soon should Priam's lofty city fall,
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands "

Thus saying, them he left, and onward mov'd
Nestor, the smooth tongu'd Pylian chief, he found

The troops arraying, and to valiant deeds
His friends encouraging, stout Pelepon,
Alacter, Chromnes, Hyrcus, warlike Prince,
And Eua beld, his people's sure defence
In the front rank, with chariot and with horse,
He plac'd the mounted warriors, in the rear,
Num'rous and brave, a cloud of infantry,
Compactly mass'd, to stem the tide of war
Betwixn the two he plac'd th' inferior troops,
That e'en against them till they needs must fight
The horseman first he charg'd, and bade them "Keep
Their horses well in hand, not wildly rash
Amid the tumult. ' See,' he said, "that none,
In skill or valor over confident,
Advance before his comrades, nor alone
Retire, for so your hosts were easier forc'd,
But ranging each beside a hostile car,
Thrust with your spears, for such the better way,
By men so disciplin'd, in older days
Were lofty walls and fenced towns destroy'd "

Thus he, experenc'd in the wars of old,
Well pleas'd, the monarch Agamemnon saw,
And thus address'd him. " Would to Heaven, old man
That, as thy spent, such too were thy strength
And vigour of thy limbs, but now old age,
The common lot of mortals, weighs thee down,
Would I could see some others in thy place,
And thou the vigour of thy youth retain!"

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied

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' Atreus, I too fain would see restor'd
 The strength I once possess'd, what time I slew
 The godlike Ereuthalion, but the Gods
 On man bestow not all their gifts at once,
 I then was young, and now am bow'd with age.
 Yet with the chariots can I still go forth,
 And aid with sage advice: for such the right
 And privilege of age, to hurl the spear
 Belongs to younger men, who after me
 Were born, who boast their vigour unimpar'd "

380

He said, and Agamemnon went his way,
 Rejoining to Menestheus next he came,
 The son of Peteus, champion renown'd,
 Him found he, circled by th' Athenian bands,
 The ravers of the war cry, close beside
 The sage Ulysses stood around him rang'd.
 Not unrenoun'd, the Cephallenian troops
 The sound of battle had not reach'd their ears,
 For but of late the Greek and Trojan hosts
 Were set in motion they expecting stood,
 Till other Grecian columns should advance,
 And the Trojans had renew'd the war

390

Atreus said, and thus, reproofful, spoke
 " O son of Peteus, Hear'n-descended King!
 And thou too, master of all tricks art,
 Why, long ring, stand ye thus aloof, and wait
 For others coming? ye should be the first
 The hot assault of battle to confront
 For we are first in summons to receive,
 Whene'er the honour'd banquet we prepare
 And well we like to eat the vi'n meat
 And at your will, the lucious wine cups drawn
 You stand we here and unconcern'd would see
 Ten columns pass before you to the fight "

400

To whom, with stern regard Ulysses thus
 " What words have pass'd the barker of the lip,
 Mind? how with want of warlike zeal
 Caust thou reproach us? when the Greeks attain
 The fires of war shall Unde thou shalt see
 (If that thou care to see) amid the ranks
 Of Troy the father of Telemachus
 In the fore front the word-are empty wind?"

412

Atreus smil'd to see him chafe, and thus

Again took up the word " Ulysses sage,
 Laertes' high born son, not ever-much
 I give thee blame, or orders, for I know
 Thy mind to gentle counsels is inclin'd,
 Thy thoughts are one with mine: then come, henceforth
 Shall all be well, and if a hasty word
 Have pass'd, Heaven grant no ill may thence ensue " 420

Thus saying, than he left, and onward mov'd
 The son of Tydus, valiant Diomed,
 Standing he found amid his warlike steeds
 And well-built cars, beside him, Stenelus,
 The son of Capaneus, Atreus son,
 And thus address'd him with reproachful words
 " Alas! thou son of Tydeus, wise and bold,
 Why crouch with fear? why thus appall'd survey
 The pass of war? not so had Tydeus crouch'd,
 His hand was ever ready from their foes 430
 To guard his comrades, so, at least, they say
 Whose eyes beheld his labours, I my self
 Nor met him e'er, nor saw, but, by report,
 Thy father was the foremost man of men
 A stranger to Mycenæ once he came,
 With godlike Pallas, not at war,
 But seeking succour for the troops that lay
 Encamp'd before the sacred walls of Thebes,
 For reinforcements earnestly they sued,
 The boon they ask'd was granted them, but Jove 440
 With unpropitious oaths turn'd them back
 Advancing on their journey, when they reach'd
 Asopus' grassy banks and rushes deep,
 The Greeks upon a mission Tydeus sent
 He went, and many Thessans there he found
 Feasting in Eteocles' royal hall
 Amid them all, a stranger and alone,
 He stood unarm'd, and challeng'd all
 To wrestle with him, and with ease o'erthrew
 So mighty was the god that Pallas gave 450
 Whereat indignant, they, on his return,
 An ambush set, of fair chosen youths,
 Two were their leaders, Helenor's godlike son,
 Marion, and Leophaestus, warrior brave,
 Son of Autophonus, and these too far'd
 But ill at Tydeus' hand, he slew them all

Morn alone, absent from the Gods,
He spied, and bethou bear the tidings home.
Such 't, thus w^s though greater in debate,
His son will never nail him in arms!"

100

He said, bethou Dismed in silence heard,
Submission to the monarch's stern rebuke,
Then answer'd thus the son of Capaneus
"Aimba, w^s it not falsehood well thou know st
The truth, that we our fathers far surpass.
The seven gated city, Ihaba, we took,
With weaker force beneath the wall of Mar,
Trusting to hear nly signs, w^s fr^t ring Jore,
When they by blind, presumptuous folly ful d,
Then equal not our fathers' deeds with ours!"

170

To whom thus Dismed, with stern regard
"Father, be silent, hearken to my words
I blame not Agamemnon King of men,
Who thus to battle stirs the well gear'd Greeks
Great will his glory be if we o'ername
The valiant Trojans, and their city take,
Great too his loss, if they o'er us prevail
Then come, let us too for the fight prepare!"

He said, and from the car leap'd down in arms
Fierce rang the armour on the warrior's breast,
That ev'n the stoutest heart might quail with fear

480

As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the far resounding shore,
Wave upon wave, first curl the ruffled sea
With whit'ning crests, soon with thund'ring roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Revolv'ing flings its giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-sprite
Column on column, as the hosts of Greece
Pour'd, countless, to the war, to each the chiefs
Their orders gave, the rest in silence now'd
Nor would ye deem that such a mighty mass,
So passing, could restrain their tongues, in awe
Of their great captains far around them flash'd
The glitt'ring armour they were girt withal

490

On th' other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks
That in the court yard of some wealthy Lord
In countless numbers stand, at malling time,
Incessant bleating, as their lambs they hear,

Whose mother gave him birth on Scamander's banks,
 When with her parents down from Ida's heights
 She drove her flock thence Scamander usen'd
 Not destin'd he his parents to repay
 Their early care, for short his term of life,
 By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued
 Him, to the frost advancing, in the breast,
 By the right nipple, Ajax struck, right through, 550
 From front to back, the brass opp'd spear was driv'n,
 Out through the shoulder, prone in dust he fell
 As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,
 Smooth stemm'd, with boughs up springing tow'rds the
 head,
 Which with the biting axe the wheelwright hels,
 To bend the felloes of his well built car
 Sapless, beside the river, lies the tree,
 So lay the youthful demoneus fell'd
 By godlike Ajax' hand At him in turn,
 The son of Priam Antiphates enceas'd 560
 In radiant armour, from amid the crowd
 His jav'lin threw, his mark, indeed, he miss'd,
 But through the gross Ulysses' faithful friend
 Laertes, he stuck, in act to bear away
 The youthful dead, down on the corpse he fell,
 And, dying, cl the dead relax'd his grasp
 Fierce anger, at his comrade's slaughter, fill'd
 Ulysses' breast, in burnish'd armour clad
 Forward he rush'd, and standing near, around 570
 He look'd, and pour'd on high his glaz'ring lance
 Beside his arm the Trojans back recoil'd,
 Nor vainly flew the spear, Diomedon,
 A basius son of Priam, met the blow
 He, on a chariot drawn by speedy mares,
 Came from Ibydos, him Ulysses, fill'd
 With fury at his lov'd companion's death,
 Smot on the head, through either temple pass'd
 The pointed spear, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang
 At this the Trojan chiefs, and Hector's self, 580
 Gave to give ground the Greeks with joyful shouts
 Seiz'd on the dead, and forward urg'd their course
 From Ilium's heights Apollo, fill'd with wrath,
 Look'd down, and to the Trojans shouted loud

So rose their mingled charoes through the camp, 500
 For not one language nor one speech was there,
 But many nations call'd from distant lands.
 These Mars inspir'd and those the blue-ey'd Maid,
 And Fear and Flight, and Discord unappear'd,
 Of blood stain'd Mars the sister and the friend
 With humble crest at first upon her head,
 While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies
 The rage of battle in the midst she threw,
 Stride through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought
 When to the midst they came, together rush'd 510
 Buckler, and lance, and the furious might
 Of mail-clad armor, bosky sheld on sheld
 Clatter'd in conflict loud the clamour rose
 Then rose too mingled shout, and groans of men
 Slaving and stain'd the earth ran red with blood
 't when descending from the mountain's brow,
 Two wint'ry torrents from their copious source
 Pour down'd to the narrow pass, where meet
 Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
 Their weight of flood on the far mountain's side 520
 The shepherd hear'd the roar, so loud arose
 The shouts and yells of those commengling hosts

First mid the issues took Antiochus,
 A Trojan warrior Ecbatenus, slow,
 A crested chief, Thalesius' noble son
 Beneath his horn-hair plumed helmet's peak
 The sharp spear struck, deep in his forehead fix'd
 It pierc'd the bone, then darkness veil'd his eyes,
 And like a tower amid the press he fell

Him Elephenor, bear'd Ibanian churl 530
 Son of Chalcedon, coming by the feet
 Drawn from beneath the dark, in haste to strip
 His armour off, bat short liv'd was his attempt,
 For bold Elephenor mark'd him as he drew
 The corse aside and with his spearipp'd spear
 Pierc'd through his flank, unguarded to he stoop'd,
 Beside his shield and slack'd his limbs to death
 The spirit left him, but hardly o'er him roll'd
 The sons of Greeks and Trojans fierce to val'ys
 Then, might man staving hand to hand with man 540
 The true Telamon left down a son,
 A still just simpler, nobilis alien

Whose mother gave him birth on Simois' banks,
 When with her parents down from Ida's heights
 She drove her flock, thence Simonus born'd
 Not destin'd he his parents to repay
 Their early care, for short his term of life,
 By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued
 Him, to the front advancing, in the breast,
 By the right nipple, Ajax struck, right through, 550
 From front to back, the brass tipp'd spear was driv'n,
 Out through the shoulder, prone in dust he fell
 As some tall poplar, grown i' the marshy ground,
 Smooth stemm'd, with boughs up sprunging tow'rds the
 head
 Which with the biting eve the whedwright left,
 To bend the fellow of his well built car,
 Sapless, beside the river, by the tree,
 So lay the youthful Simonus fell'd
 By godlike Ajax hand At him, in turn, 560
 The son of Priam Antaphus encar'd
 In radiant armour, from amid the crowd
 His jowlin threw, his mark indeed, he miss'd,
 But through the green Ulysses' faithful friend
 Leucus, he struck, in act to bear away
 The youthful dead, down on the corpse he fell,
 And, dying, of the dead relax'd his grasp
 Fierce anger, at his comrade's slaugter, fill'd
 Ulysses' bosom, in burnish'd armour clad
 Forward he rush'd, and standing near, around 570
 He look'd, and pos'd on high his glitt'ring lance
 Beneath his arm the Trojans brack recoil'd,
 Nor vainly flew the spear, Demosoon,
 A bastard son of Icumen, met the blow
 He, on a chariot drawn by speed's horses,
 Came from Abdos, him Ulysses, fill'd
 With fury at his lov'd companion's death,
 Smote on the head, through either temple pass'd
 The pointed spear, and darkness veil'd his eyes
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang
 't thus the Trojan clutch, and Hector's self, 580
 Can to give ground the Grecs with joyful shouts
 Seiz'd on the dead and forward urg'd their course
 From Ilium's heights Apollo, fill'd with wrath,
 Look'd down, and to the Trojan shouting land

" Uprouse ye, valiant Trojans! give not way
Before the Greeks, their bodies are not stone,
Nor iron, to dell your trenchant swords,
And great Achilles, fair ha'rd Thetis' son,
Fights not, but o'er his anger broods apart."
So from the city call'd the heav'ly voice,
The Greeks, meanwhile, all glorious Pallas fur'd,
Mov'd 'mid the tumult, and the laggards cou'd

Then fell Diomedes, Amaruscoëus' son
A rugged fragment of a rock had crush'd
His ankle and right knee, from Aeson came
The Thracian chief who hurl'd it, Peirous, son
Of Imbeatus, the tendons both, and bone,
The huge mass shatter'd, backward in the dust
He fell, both hands extending to his friends,
Gasping his life away, then quick up ran
He to the blow'd back, and with a spear
Thrust through him, by the navel, from the wound
His bowels gush'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes

But he, advancing, through the breast was strick'd
Above the nipple, by th' Aetolian chief,
Thoas, and through his lungs the spear was driv'n
Thoas approach'd, and from his breast withdrew
The sturdy spear, and with his sharp edg'd sword
Across his waistband gave the mortal stroke
Yet could not touch his arms, for all around
The Thracian warriors, with their tufted crowns,
Their long spears held before them, him, though stout,
And strong, and valiant, kept at bay, perforce
He yielded, and thus side by side were laid
The two, the Thracian and th' Epeian chief,
And round them many a valiant soldier lay

Then well might he his favoring fortune bless
Who in that bloody field took part, and pass'd
By sword or spear unbound'd, by the hand
Of Pallas guard'd from the weapon's flight,
For many a Trojan, many a Greek, that day
Pone in the dust, and side by side, were laid

590

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BOOK V

ARGUMENT

Drezen is extricably distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds both Venus and Mars. Ius.

Such strength and courage then to Drezen,
The son of Tydtes, Pallas gave, as fars'd,
Did all the Greeks, the glory of his name
Forth from his helm and shield a fiery light
There flash'd the autumn's star, that brightest shone
When newl' riven from his ocean bath
So from the warden's head and shoulder, flash'd
That fiery light, as to the midst he urg'd
His furious course, where dullest enemies fought

There as one Dares mid the Trojan host,
The priest of Vulcan, rich of blameless life,
Two gallant sons he had. Idæus nam'd,
And Phœbus still'd in all the points of war
These parted from the throng, the warlike met,
They on their car, while he on foot advanc'd
When near they came, first Phœbus threw his spear,
O'er the left shoulder of Iufileus pass'd

The strong weapon - point, and mass'd its mark
His pond rose spear in turn Tydides threw,
And not in vain on Phœbus' breast it struck,
Fall in the midst, and hurl'd him from the car
Idæus iron, the well wrought chanter sprang,
And fled, nor durst his brother a corpse defend
Nor had he so escap'd the doom of death,
But Vulcan bore him safe from the field,

In darkness shrouded, that his aged sire
Might not be witness of his fall, herein 'd
The car Tydides to his comrade gave,
And hied them to the ship the horses drove

Now when the Trojan Dares' sons beheld,
The one in flight, the other stretch'd in death,
Their spines within them quail'd, but Pallas cool

to

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The hand of Mars, and thus address'd the God
 'I Mars, Mars, thou bane of mortals, blood stain'd Lord,
 Razer of cities, wherefore leave we not
 The Greeks and Trojans to contend, and see
 To which the sire of all will victory give,
 While we retire and shun the wrath of Jove?'

Thus saying, from the battle Mars she led,
 And plac'd him on Scamander's sleepy banks

40

The Greeks drove back the Trojan host, the chiefs
 Show each his victim Agamemnon first,
 The mighty monarch from his chariot hurl'd
 Hodrus the sturdy Hakaonian chief,
 Hymn, as he turn'd, between the shoulder blades
 The jav'lin struck, and through his chest was driv'n,
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang
 On Phœstus, Eoros' son, Maeonian chief,
 Who from the fertile plains of Farmia came,
 Then sprang Idomeneus, and as he sought
 To mount upon his car, the Cretian King
 Through his right shoulder drove the pointed spear,
 He fell, the shades of death his eyes o'erpread,
 And of his arms the followers stripp'd his corpse
 The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew
 Scamandrius, son of Strophus, sportsman keen,
 In woodcraft skilful, for his practis'd hand
 Had by Diana's self been taught to slay
 Each beast of chase the mountain forest holds
 But sought avail'd him then the Archer-Queen
 Diana's counsels, nor his boasted art
 Of distant aim, for as he fled, the lance
 Of Menelaus, Atreus' warlike son,
 Befou'l his neck, between the shoulder blades,
 His flight arresting, through his chest was driv'n
 Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang

50

Pheecidas by Venetia was slain,
 Son of Harmonides, whose practis'd hand
 Knew well to fashion many a work of art,
 By Pallas highly favour'd, he the ships
 For Paris built, first origin of all,
 Freighted with evil to the men of Troy,
 And to himself, who knew not Heav'n's decrees
 Hymn, in his headlong flight, in hot pursuit
 Menelaus overtook, and thrust his lance

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70

With threefold fury now he sought the fray
As when a hungry lion from o'er leap'd
The sheepfold, him the guardian of the flock
Has wounded not disabled, by his wound
To rage excited, but not forc'd to fly,
Th' bold hr. enters, scaring the trembling sheep,
That, closely huddled each on other press,
Then pounces on his prey, and leaps the fence
So pound'd Tydides on the Trojan host
Isay now and Hyphasis then he slew,
His people's guardian, through the br'wt of one
He drove his spear, and with his mighty sword
He smote the other on the collar bone,
The shoulder sov. rang from the neck and back
Them left he then to be, of these then
And Polides went in hot pursuit

170

Through all her wide spread plains, a truer man,
I then raise to you thy limb, and with thy shaft
Strike down this chief who'er he be, that thus
Is making fearful havoc in our host,
Relaxing many a warrior's limbs in death
If he be not indeed a God, mortal
Against the Trojans for neglected me,
For fearful is the vengeance of a God."

210

"Whom answer'd thus Lycaon's noble son
Atreus, chief and counsellor of Troy,
Most like in all respects to Tydeus' son
He seems, but shield I know, and visor'd helm,
And horses—whether he himself be God,
I cannot tell, but if he be indeed
The man I think him, Tydeus' valiant son,
He fights not thus without the aid of Heaven,
But by his side, his shoulders void in cloud,
Some God attends his steps, and turns away
The shaft that just hath reach'd him, for even now
A shaft I shot, which by the breastplate's joint
Pierc'd his right shoulder through—full sure I dream'd
That shaft had sent him to the shades, and yet
It slew him not, 'tis sure some angry God
Nor horse have I, nor car on which to mount,
But in my sire Lycaon's wealthy house
Elev'n fair chariots stand, all newly built,
Each with its cover, by the side of each
Two steeds on rye and barley white are fed,
And in his well built house, when here I came,
Lycaon, aged warrior, urg'd me oft,
With horses and with chariots high upborne,
To lead the Trojans in the stubborn fight,
I hearken'd not—"twere better if I had—
Yet fear'd I lest my horses, wont to feed
In plenty unstinted, by the soldiers' wants
Might of their custom'd forage be depriv'd
I left them there, and hither came on foot,
And trusting to my bow—wan trust, it seem'd,
Two chiefs already have I struck, the sons
Of Tydeus and of Atreus, with true aim
Drawn blood from both, yet but increas'd their rage
So I was the hour when down from where it hung
I took my bow, and hastening to the aid

220

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240

To whom brave Diomed with stern regard
 "Talk not to me of flight! I heed thee not!
 It is not in my nature so to fight
 With shaming artifice and faint retreat,
 My strength is yet unbroken, I should shame
 To mount the car, but forward will I go
 To meet these chiefs encounter, for my soul
 Pallas forbids the touch of fear to know
 Nor shall their horses speed procure for both
 A safe return though one escape my arm.
 This too I say, and bear my words in mind,
 By Pallas' counsel if my hap should be
 To slay them both, leave thou thy horses here,
 The reins attaching to the chariot rail,
 And seize, and from the Trojans to the ships
 Drive off the horses in *Aeneas'* car,
 From those descended, which all seeing Jove
 On Troy, for Ganymede his son, beseach'd
 With these may none beneath the sun compare
 Anchises, King of men, the breed obtain'd
 By cunning, to the horses sending maces
 Without the knowledge of Laomedon
 Six colts were thus engender'd four of these
 In his own stalls he rear'd, the other two
 Gave to *Aeneas*, fear inspiring chief
 These could we win, our praise were great indeed

Such converse while they held, the twain approach'd,
 Their horses urg'd to speed, then thro' began,
 To Diomed, Lycamon's noble son

"Great son of Tydeus, warrior brave and skill'd
 My shaft, it seems, has fail'd to reach thy life
 Try we then now what hap attends my spear!"
 He said, and, pausing, hurl'd his pondrous spear,
 And struck Tydides shield, right through the shield
 Drove the keen weapon, and the ironplate reach'd
 Then shouted loud Lycamon's noble son

"Thou hast it through the flank, nor canst thou long
 Survive the blow, great glory now is mine

To whom, unmov'd, the valiant Diomed

"Thine arm has fail'd, I am not touch'd, and now
 I deem we part not hence till one of ye
 Glut with his blood th insatiate Lord of War
 He said the spear by Pallas guided, struck

313

310

320

330

Beside the nostril underneath the eye,
 Crush'd through the brain, and cutting through the tongue
 Beneath the high of the jaw came forth
 Down from the ear he fell and loudly ran
 His glistening arms and all the startled started stood
 Sprung like bolts from his hands the spirit fled
 Down heipp'd like a spear or indeed in hand
 As went the Greek to guard the vibrant dead,
 And like a lion when in his strength,
 Around the corpse he stood, all this way and thic,
 His spear and buckler round before him held
 To all who durst approach him that it may death
 With fearful shrieks a mighty fragment then
 Tydides lifted up i mightier arms
 Which scarce two men could raise so men are now
 But he unruled lifted it with ease
 With this he made Furor over the ground,
 Where the stepph bone inserted in the hip,
 Burns in the socket joint the rugged mass
 The socket crush'd and both the tendons broke
 And soon lay the flesh down on his knees,
 Yet resting on his hand the hero fell
 And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread
 Then bid Aeneas, king of men, but slain
 Had not his mother, Venus child of Jove
 Who to Anchises where he fed his Rock
 The hero bade his peri quickly seen
 Around her son she threw her snowy arms,
 And with a veil, thick folded, wraught her round,
 From hostile spears to guard him, lest some Greek
 Should pierce his breast, and rob him of his life
 She from the battle thus her son remov'd.
 Nor did the son of Capaneus neglect
 The strict injunction by Tydides given
 His coursing attatching to the chariot rail,
 Far from the battle then he check'd, and left,
 His own fast steeds, then rushing forward, sets off
 And from the Trojans tow'rd the camp drove off
 The sleek stevn'd horses of Aeneas' car
 There to Deiphobus his chosen friend,
 He gave, of all his comrades best esteem'd,
 Of soundest judgment, tow'rd the ships to drive
 Then, his own car remouingg near'd the reins,

350
360
370

And urg'd with eager haste his fiery steeds,
Seeking Tydides, he, meanwhile, press'd on
In keen pursuit of Venus, her he knew
A weak, unwarlike Goddess, not of those
That like Bellona fierce, or Pallas, range
Evilung through the blood stain'd fields of war

380

Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand

Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear graz'd her palm below the wrist
Forth from the wound th' immortal current flow'd,
Pure ichor, his stream of the blessed Gods,
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become
The Goddess shrivel'd abroad, and dropp'd her son,
But in his arms Apollo bore him off

390

In a thick cloud envelop'd, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life
Loud shouted brave Tydides, as he fled

" Daughter of Jove, from battle fields retire,
Enough for thee weak women to delude,
If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it name'd "
Thus he, but ill at ease, and sorely pain'd,
The Goddess fled her, Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bare away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin stain'd with blood

400

Wear on the left hand of the battle field
She found, his spear reeking by his side,
And, veil'd in cloud, his car and flying steeds
Kneeling, her brother she besought to lend

The flying steeds, with golden frontlets crown'd
" Dear brother, aid me hence, and lend thy car
To bear me to Olympus, seat of Gods,
Great is the pain I suffer from a wound
Receiv'd from Diomed, a mortal man,
Who now would dare with Jove himself to fight "

410

He kn't the steeds with golden frontlets crown'd.,
In deep distress she mounted on the car
Beside her Iris stood, and took the reins,
And urg'd the coursers, nothing loth, they flew,
And soon to high Olympus, seat of Gods,

They came wait ins there the courses stay'd,
Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plie'd
Ambrosial forage on her mother's lap,
Dione, Venus tell she in her arms
Embrac'd, and sooth'd her with her hand, and said
" Which of the heavenly pow'rs hath wrong'd thus thus,
My child, as guilty of some open shame? "

Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen
" The haughty son of Tydus, Diomed,
Hath wounded me, because my dearest son,
Aeneas, from the field I bare away

No more 'twixt Greeks and Trojans is the fight,
But with the Gods themselves the Greeks contend
To whom Dione, bea'ny Goddess, thus

" Have patience, dearest child, though much affronted,
Restrain thine anger we, in Heav'n who dwell,
Have much to bear from mortals, and ourselves
Too oft upon each other's sul' rings lay

Mars had his sul' rings, by Alouet's ~~saga~~,
Otus and Ephalites, strongly bound,

He thirteen months in brassen fetters lay
And there had pin'd away the God of War,
Institute Mars, had not their step mother,

The beauteous Eribora, sought the aid
Of Hermes, he by stealth releas'd the God,
Sore worn and wasted by his galling chains

Juno too suffer'd, when Amphitryon's son
Through her right breast a three-barb'd arrow sent
Dire, and unheard of, were the pangs she bore
Great Pluto's self the stinging arrow felt.

When that same son of zeus-bearing Jove
Assail'd him in the very gates of hell,
And wrought him keenest anguish, pierc'd with pain

To high Olympus, to the courts of Jove,
Groaning, he cruse, the bitter shaft remov'd
Deep in his shoulder fix'd, and greev'd his soul

But soon with soothing entreats Pheas's hand
(For death on him was pow'rless) heal'd the wound.
Accur's'd as he, of dallying over bold,

Reckless of evil deeds, who with his bow
Assail'd the Gods who on Olympus dwell.

The blue-ey'd Pallas, well I know, has urg'd
Tydides to assail thee, fool and blind!

130

430

440

450

460

Unknowing he how short his term of life
 Who fights against the Gods! for him no child
 Upon his knees shall lisp a father's name,
 Safe from the war and battle field return'd
 Brave as he is, let Diomed beware
 He meet not with a mightier than himself
 Then fair *Egiale*, Adrastus' child,
 The noble wife of valiant Diomed,
 Shall long, with lamentations loud, distract
 The chambers of her house, and vainly mourn
 Her youthful Lord, the bravest of the Greeks!"
 She said, and wip'd the snot from the wound,
 The hand was heal'd, the grievous pains allay'd
 But Juno and Minerva, looking on,
 With words of bitter mock ry Saturn's son
 Provok'd and thus the blue ey'd Goddess spoke
 "O Father! may I speak without offence?
 Venus, it seems, has sought to lead astray
 Some Grecian woman, and persuade to join
 These Trojans, whom she holds in high esteem,
 And as her hand the gentle dame caress'd,
 A golden clasp has scratch'd her slender arm!"

470

Thus she and smil'd the Son of Gods and men,
 He call'd the golden Venus to his side,
 And, "Not to thee, my child," he said, "belong
 The deeds of war, do thou bestow thy care
 On deeds of love, and tender marriage ties,
 But leave to Mars and Pallas feats of arms!"

480

Such converse while they held, brave Diomed
 Again assail'd *Ajax*, well he knew
 Apollo's guardian hand around him thrown,
 Yet by the God undaunted, on he press'd
 To slay *Ajax*, and his arms obtain
 Thrice was his onset made, with murd'rous aim,
 And thrice Apollo struck his glitt'ring shield,
 But when, with godlike force, he sought to make
 His fourth attempt, the Far destroyer spoke
 In terms of awful menace. "Be advis'd,
 Tydides, and retire, nor as a God
 Thyself esteem, since not alike the race
 Of Gods immortal and of earth born men!"

490

He said, and Diomed a little way
 Before the Far destroyer's wrath retir'd

500

Apollo then: *Aeneas bore away
Far from the tumult, and in Pergamus,
Where stood his sacred shrine, bestow'd him safe
Latona there, and Diana, Archer Queen,*

510

*In the great temple's innermost recess,
Gave to his wounds their cure, and sooth'd his pride
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow*

A phantom form prepar'd, the countercraft

Of great Aeneas, and alike in arms

Around the form, of Trojans and of Greeks,
Loud was the din of battle: fierce the strokes
That fell on rounded shield of tough bull's hide,
And lighter targe, before each warrior's breast
Then thus Apollo to the God of War

"Mars! Mars! thou bane of mortals, blood stain'd Lord,

Razer of cities, were I not well thyself" 520

To interpose; and from the battle field

With-knew the chief, Tyndarus' son: his pride,
He now would dare with Jove himself to fight
Venus, of late, he wounded in the wrist,
And like a God, but now confronted me"

He said, and sat on Ilium's topmost height

While Mars, in likeness of the Thracian chief,

Swift Acamas, amid the Trojan ranks

Mov'd to und fro, and urg'd them to the fight

530

To Pluto's Heav'n a descended son he call'd,

"Ye sons of Troy, hear a descended King,

How long will ye behold your people slain?

Till to your very doors the war be brought?

Aeneas, noble soul'd Anchises' son,

In like esteem with Hector held, is down,

On to his aid our gallant captains save!"

He said, his words fresh courage gave to all

Then thus Sarpedon, in reproachful tone,

Address'd the godlike Hector. "Where is now,"

540

Hector, the spirit that heretofore was thine?"

"Thas once thy boast that ev a without allies

Thyself, thy brethren, and thy house, alone

The city could defend: for all of these

Block in wan, and see not ope, they all,

As curs around a lion, can't und couch

We, strangers and allies, in sustain the fight

I to your aid, from lands afar remote,

From Lyca came, by Xanthus eddying stream,
There left a cherish'd wife, and infant sun,
And rich possessions, which might envy move,
Yet I my troops encourage, and myself
Have play'd my part, though nought have I to lose,
Nought that the Greeks could drive or bear away,
But thou stand'st idly by, nor bidd'st the rest
Maintain their ground, and guard their wives and homes
Beware lest ye, as in the meshes caught
Of some wide sweeping net, become the prey
And booty at your foes, who soon shall lay
Your prosperous city level with the dust
By day and night should this thy thoughts engage,
With constant pray'r to all thy brave allies
Firmly to stand, and wipe this shame away."

He said, and Hector felt the biting speech,
Down from his car he leap'd, and through the ranks,
Two javelins brandishing, he pass'd, to arms
Exciting all, and rous'd his battle cry.

The tide was turn'd, again they fac'd the Greeks
In seem'd ranks the Greeks, undaunted, stood
As when the wind from off a threshing floor,
Where men are winnowing, blows the chaff away,
When yellow厄es with the breeze divides

The corn and chaff, which lies in whit'ning heaps,
So thick the Greeks were whiten'd o'er with dust,
Which to the brazen vault of Heav'n arose
Beneath the horses' feet, that with the crowd
Were mangled by their drivers turn'd to flight
Unscared still, they bore the brunt, but Vas.
The Trojans succouring the battle field

Vest'd in thick clouds, from every quarter brought
Thus he of Phœbus of the golden sword
Obey'd th' injunction, bidding him arouse
The courage of the Trojans, when he saw
Pallas approaching to support the Greeks

Then from the wealthy shrine Apollo's self
Aneas brought, and vigorous fresh infus'd
Amid his comrades once again he stood,
They joy'd to see him yet alive, and sound,
And full of vigour, yet no question ask'd
No time for que...no then, amid the ranks
Impos'd by Phœbus of the silver bow,

550

560

570

580

590

And blood stain'd Mars, and Discord unappear'd
 Meanwhile Ulysses, and th' Ajaes both,
 And Diomed, with courage for the fight
 The Grecian force inspir'd, they endur'd
 Struck not before the Trojans rush and charge,
 In masses firm they stood, as when the clouds
 Are gather'd round the misty mountain top
 By Saturn's son, in breathless calm, while sleep
 The force of Boreas and the stormy winds, 600
 That with their breath the shadowy clouds disperse,
 So stood the Greeks, nor shun'd the Trojans' charge
 Through all the army Agamemnon pass'd,
 And cried ' Brave comrades, quit ye now like men,
 Bear a stout heart, and in the stubborn fight,
 Let each to other mutual succour giv'e,
 By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall,
 In徒ful flight nor knoe nor safety lies '

Thus he and straight his jrr him threw, and struck
 A man of mark, Alcaeus' faithful friend, 610
 Deacon, the son of Pergamus,
 By Troy, as ever foremost in the field,
 In equal honour held with Phœbus' sons
 His shield the monarch Agamemnon struck,
 The shield's defence was vain, the spear pass'd through
 Beneath the belt, and in his groin was lodg'd,
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour ring

On th' other side, Alcaeus slew two chiefs,
 The bravest of the Greeks, Oenochus
 And Crethon, sons of Druclæs, who dwelt
 In thriving Phœcia rich in substance he,
 And from the mighty River Alpheus trac'd
 His high descent, who through the Pylian land
 His copious waters pour'd, to him was born
 Oenochus, of whom comes Iulus the chief,
 To him succeeded valiant Druclæs,
 To whom were born twin sons, Oenochus
 And Crethon, skill'd in ev'ry point of war
 They, in the vigour of their youth, to Troy
 Had sail'd amid the dark ribb'd ships of Greece, 630
 Of Atreus' sons the quarrel to uphold,
 But o'er them both the shades of death were spread
 As two young lions, by their tawny dam
 Nurs'd in the mountain's fo'ld's deep recess,

On beds and beds their yonial fury pour,
With nerve to the sheepfolds, till charnel es
succumb, smother'd by the arms of man:
So fell those two beneath Agamemnon;
And like two larks, pines in death they lay

The noble Virgilus near fell

640

With pitying eye and through the foremost ranks
With iron and spear and shield, Mars impell'd,
Who bop'd his earth by great horses' hind
From Nestor to Achilles, beheld,
And blear'd to his aid so much he year'd
Let ill omens the encounter, and his doom
Desire them o' th' twillie hours, fruit
They two were both combain'd of head and neck,
Proud of care to the fight. Achilles

His steed keeping close before the King
Before the two combatants, stood 'twixt 'em,
Ro'd neither as he was to hold his ground.
The lances they drew within the Cæcina lines,
Plac'd in their comander'd hands, and turning back
Are the tenacious singlets in the heat
Then, brave as Mars, Polyxenes they saw,
The wonder'd Paphlygians' white chief,
Him Nestor, hand on hand engag'd,
Pierce'd with a spear-thrust through the collar-bone
While, with a loud roar still, Achilles

650

Fell at the blow, smote Agamemnon.
Myrm, his comrade, in set to war
His fury stirs to fight, come from his hands
Fall to the ground the stricken host
On nob'l Achilles, and with his sword
Across the temples strike him, gazing, he
Upon his neck and shoulders wore the ox
Prick'd by hawking, and (for there the sand was deep)
Achilles stand before it, all the horses' feet
Dash'd o'er upon the ground, Achilles,
The horses running drove them to the ships

660

Hector bethold smirkt the ranks, and rais'd,
Lo, a stout, to th' encounter as his horse
Follow'd the tumbling bands of Troy, by Mars
And here Bellona left she by the hand
With Lycian held, while Mars a great spear
Brandish'd aloft, and rolling o'er his eye,

670

Now following after Hector, urg'd them on
 Quail'd at the sight the valiant Diomed
 As when a man, long journeying o'er the plain,
 All unprepar'd, stands sudden on the brink
 Of a swift stream, down rushing to the sea,
 Boiling with foam, and back reculs, so then
 Recal'd Tydides, and address'd the crowd
 "O friends, we marvel at the mighty display'd
 By Hector, spearman skill'd and warrior bold,
 But still some guardian God his steps attends,
 And shields from danger, now beside him stand,
 In likeness of a mortal, Mars himself
 Then turning still your faces to your foes,
 Retro, nor venture with the Gods to fight" 680

He said, the Trojans now were close at hand,
 And mounted both upon a single car,
 Two chiefs, Menelaus and Anchalus,
 Well skill'd in war by Hector's hand were slain

With pitying eyes giv'n Ajax Telamon
 Beheld their fall advancing close he threw
 His glistening spear, the son of Telus
 It struck, Aeneas, who in Pallas dwelt,
 In hand and substance rich by evil fate
 Layell'd, to Pallas' house he brought his soul
 Below the belt the spear of Ajax struck,
 And in his groins the point was buried deep,
 Thund'reing he fell, then forward Ajax sprang
 To seize the spoils of war, but fast and fierce
 The Trojans shov'd their weapons bright and keen,
 And many a lance the mighty shield receiv'd
 Ajax, his foot firm planted on the plain,
 Withdrawn the brazen spear, yet could not strip
 His armour off, so galling flew the shafts,
 And much he fear'd the foes might hem him in,
 Who closely press'd upon him, many and brave,
 And, valiant as he was, and tall, and strong,
 Still drove him backward, he perforce retir'd

Thus labour'd they, amid the stubborn fight
 Then evil fate induc'd Teopolemus,
 Valiant and strong, the son of Hercules,
 Heav'n-born Sarpedon to confront in fight
 When near they came, of cloud compelling Jove
 Grandson and son, Teopolemus began 710

Sarpedon, I can see, what brings thee here,
Trembling and couching; all we kill'd in war.
False, too, speaketh he who calleth the son
Of Earth-boring Jove, o'er art thou
Beneath these mists, — no claim of mine older do I.
That so at length such my father was,
Or cause to re-knight, or lost heart
When but no hope, and with a heavy load,
The hero in Lomedon withheld
Avenger, he a citizen of Troy, Then,
And made her streets a desert, but the soul
Is poor the troops are marching fast away
Nor down I cast to Troy's wall in thee
(Ev'n were thine valour now e) and Ulysses said
The long-ward fire but smoulder'd by my hand,
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."

132

To whom the Lycean chieftain Sarpedon, thus,
Theropelorus, the sacred wall of Troy,
Thou art a villain, b'olly of one man,
Lomedon, who with injurious words
His noble service recompen'd, nor gave
The promise due, for which he came from far.
For this, I deem than no' shall meet th' doom,
Here, at my hand, on thee my spear shall win
Reno r' or me, thy soul to Hades lead

143

Troy as Sarpedon spoke. Theropelorus,

Lopul'd his keen spear, from both their hands
The ponderous weapons simultaneous flew
Full in the throat Theropelorus went d
Sarpedon's spear, right through the neck it pass'd,
And o'er his eyes the shades of death were spread
On to' other side his spear Sarpedon struck
On the left thigh, the eager weapon pass'd
Right through the flesh, and in the bone was fix'd,
The stroke of death his other turn'd aside
Sarpedon from the field his comrades bore,
By pain o'erpow'r'd, as at the spear that wagg'd,
None had so well his weapon to withstand,
Which buried all their efforts on the car
To place him there they labour'd but in vain

150

The Greeks too from the battle-field convey'd
The slain Theropelorus, Ulysses saw,
Painful of spirit, but deeply mov'd at heart,

160

And with conflicting thoughts his breast was torn,
If first he should pursue the Thund'rer's son,
Or deal destruction on the Lycan host
But fate had not deposed the valiant son
Of Jove to fall beneath Ulysses' hand,
So on the Lycans Palus turn'd his wrath
Alister then, and Cestus he slew,
Chromus, Alcander, Halus, Pytaxis,
Noemon, nor had ended then the list
Of Lycan warriors by Clytus slain,
But Hector at the glancing helm beheld,
Through the front ranks he rush'd, with burnish'd crest
Reckless, rushing terror on the Greeks,
With joy Sarpedon saw his near approach,
And with imploring tones address'd him thus

' Hector thou son of Priam, leave me not
A victim to the Greeks but lend these aid
Thus in your city let me end my days
For not to me is given again to see
My native land, or, safe returning home,
To glad my sorrowing wife and infant child'

Thus he bat Hector, answer'ng not a word,
Prest' on in silence, hastening to pursue
The Greeks, and pour destruction on their host

Beneath the oak of Igea bearing Jove
His faithful comrades had Sarpedon down,
And from his thigh the valiant Pelagon,
His lov'd companion, drew the when spear
He swoon'd, and giddy mists o'erspread his eyes
But soon reviv'd, as on his forehead bled,
While yet he gasp'd for breath, the cooling breeze

By Mars and Hector of the beauteous helm
The Greeks hard press'd yet fled not to their ships,
Nor yet sustain'd the fight, but back retir'd
Soon as they knew'd the presence of the God
Say then who first, who last, the prowess felt
Of Hector, Priam's son, and mad chul Var,²
The godlike Teuthras first, Crestes next,
Ebolus champion, th' Aolian spearman still'd,
Trechus, Chromus, and Helenus,
The son of Menelaus, and Orestes, girt
With sparkling gaule, he in Illyria dwelt,
The careful Lord of boundless wealth, beside

770

780

790

800

Cephalus' marsh, banks, Boeotia, &c.
Around him dwelt on fat and sunlit soil
Juno, the white-arm'd Queen who saw these things
The Greeks destroying in the sunborn light,
To Pallas thus her winged words address'd
"O Hero! brave child of zeus-bearing Jove,
Vain was our word to Menelaus given,
That he the well-built walls of Troy should raze,
And safe return, if unscarm'd we leave
Ferocious Mars to urge his mad career
Come then, let us too rumble in the fray."

She said and Pallas blenched, and Maid, completed
Offspring of Jovum, Juno, hear me, Queen,
Herself th immortal steeds expansion'd,
Adorn'd with golden bracelets to the car
Hebe the circling wheel of brass attach'd,
Eight-spoke'd, that on an iron axle turn'd,
The felloes were of gold, and fitted round
With brassy tires, a marvel to behold,
The horses were whiter, rounded on a way
The chariot board on gold and silver band,
Was hung, and round it ran a double rail
The pole was all of silver, as the end
A golden yoke, with golden yoke-bands fair
And Juno, all on fire to join the tray,
Beneath the yoke the flying courser led

Pallas, the child of zeus-bearing Jove
Within her father's unresolute cropp'd her hair,
Of airy texture, work of her own hands,
The curles down'd of cloud-compelling Jove,
And soon accoutred for the bloody fray
Her tawny d zeus round her shoulders next
She threw, with Terror crouched all around,
And on its face were figur'd deeds of arms,
And States, and Courage high, and panic Rout,
There too a Gorgon's head, of monstrosity,
Frown'd terrible, portent of anger Jove
And on her head a golden helm she plac'd,
Four crested, double-peal'd, whose ample verge
A hundred chosen champions might suffice
Her very car she mounted in her hand
A spear she bore long, weighty, tough, wherewith
The mighty daughter of a mighty sire

810

820

830

840

Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues.

Then Jove sharply touch'd the flying steeds,
Forthwith the gates of Hell in their portals wide
Spontaneous open'd guard'd by the Hounds,
Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge
To roll aside, or driv in the veil of cloud
Through these th' excited horses held their way.
They found the son of Saturn, from the Gods
Sitting apart, upon the highest crest

Of many ridg'd Olympus, there arm'd,
The white arm'd Goddess Juno stay'd her steeds,
And thus address'd the Sov'reign Lord of Heav'n

O Father Jove! canst thou behold unmot'd
The violence of Mars? how many Greeks,
Reckless and uncontroll'd, he hath destroy'd,
To me a source of bitter grief meanwhile.
Venus and Phœbus of the silver bow
Look on, will plis'd who sent this madman forth,
To whom both law and justice are unknown
Say, Father Jove! shall I thine anger move,
If with disgrace I drive him from the field?

To whom the Quad compeller thus replied
"Co, stand against him Pallas, she I know,
Hath oft inflicted on her grievous pain

He said the white arm'd Queen with joy obey'd
She urg'd her horses, nothing loth they flew
Midway between the earth and starry Heav'n
For 'tis his sight extends, who from on high
Looks from his watch tow'rd o'er the dark blue sea,
So far it were the neighing horses bound
But when to Troy they came, beside the streams
Where Scamander and Simois waters meet,
The white arm'd Goddess stay'd her flying steeds,
Loos'd from the car and veil'd in deepest cloud
For them, at bidding of the river God,
Ambrosial fragrance grew the Goddess.
Swift as the wild wood pigeon's rapid flight,
Sped to the battle field to aid the Greeks
But when they reach'd the thickest of the fray,
Where throng'd around the might of Diomed
The bravest and the best, as lions fierce,
Or forest boars the mightiest of their kind,
There stood the white arm'd Queen and call'd aloud,

350

360

370

380

390

In form of Struter, of the beazin voice,
 Whose shout was as the shout of fifty men
 "Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards! brave alone
 In outward semblance, while Achilles yet
 Went forth to battle, from the Dardan gates
 The Trojans never ventur'd to advance,
 So dreaded they his pond'rous spear, but now
 Far from the walls, beside your ships, they fight" 900

She said her words their drooping courage rous'd
 Meanwhile the blue ey'd Valkyrie went in haste
 In search of Tydeus son, beside his car
 She found the King, in act to cool the wound
 Inflicted by the shaft of Pandarus
 Beneath his shield's broad belt the clogging steel
 Oppress'd him, and his arm was faint with toil,
 The belt was lifted up, and from the wound
 He wip'd the clotted blood beside the car
 The Goddess stood, and touch'd the yoke, and said. 910

"Little like Tydeus' self is Tydeus son
 Low was his stature, but his spirit was high
 And ev'n when I from combat rashly wag'd
 Would fain have kept him back, what time in Thebes
 He founid himself, an envoy and alone,
 Without support, among the Thebans all,
 I counsell'd him in peace to share the feast
 But by his own impetuous courage led,
 He challeng'd all the Thebans to contend
 With him in wrestling, and o'erthrew them all 920
 With ease, so mighty was the aid I gave
 Thee now I stand beside, and guard from harm,
 And bid thee boldly with the Trojans fight
 But, if the labours of the battle-field
 O'ertask thy limbs, or heartless fear restrain,
 No issue thou of valiant Tydeus' sons"

Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed
 "I know thee, Goddess, who thou art, the child
 Of Jove bearing Jove to thee my mind
 I freely speak, nor aught will I conceal
 Nor heartless fear, nor dead-taking doubt;
 Restrain me, but I bear thy words in mind,
 With other of th' Immortals not to fight
 But should Jove's daughter, Venus, dare the fray,
 At her I need not shun to throw my spear

As if nine thousand or ten thousand men
Should simultaneous raise their battle-cry
Trojans and Greeks alike in terror stand,
Trembling, so fearful was the cry of war,
As black with clouds appears the darken'd air,
When after heat the blust'ring winds arise,
So low to valiant Diomed appear'd,
As in thick clouds he took his heav'nward flight
With speed he came to great Olympus' heights,
Th' abode of Gods, and sitting by the throns
Of Saturn's son, with anguish torn, he shew'd
Th' immortal stream that trickled from the wound, 990
And thus to Jove his pitous words address'd

' O Father Jove! canst thou beheld unmov'd
These acts of violence? the greatest ills
We Gods endure, we each to other owe
Who still in human quarrels interpose
Of these ye all complain, thy scionless child
Is ever to some evl' steel intent
The other Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Are all to thee obedient and submit,
But thy perfidious, daughter, nor by word
Nor deed dost thou restrain, who now excites
Th' acherneing son of Telus, Diomed,
Upon th' immortal Gods to vent his rage
Venus of love he wounded in the wrist,
And, as a God, but now encounter'd me
Barely I 'scap'd by swiftness of my feet,
Else, 'mid a ghastly heap of corpos sluo,
In anguish had I lain, and, if alive,
'Yet liv'd disabled by his weapon's stroke'

Where answer'd thus the Cloud-compeller, Jove, 1030
With look indignant ' Come no more to me,
Thou wayfaring varcoast, with thy whining pray'r's
Of all the Gods who on Olympus dwell
I hate thee most, for thou delight'st in wrought
But strife and war, thou hast inherited
Thy mother, Juno, proud, unbending mood,
Whom I can scarce control, and thou methinks
To her suggestions on st thy present plight
Yet since thou art my offspring, and to me
Thy mother be e that, I must not persist
That thou shouldst long be doom'd to suffer pain,

980

1000

1030

1050

BOOK VI

ARGUMENT

THE battle is continued. The Trojans have, doily pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus taken from and recommends it to Hector to go to a certain place near to the temple of Minerva, where with the minstrel goes accordingly. Here he takes the upper vanity to find of Paris and entreats him in return to the field of battle. In the mean while between Hector and Andromache and Paris he is, would himself in the meantime come up with Hector at the close of it when they sail from the gate to their

THE Gods had left the field, and o'er the plain
Hither and thither surg'd the tide of war,
As couch'd th' opposing chiefs their brass upp'd spears,
Midway 'twixt Simus' and Scamander's streams

First through the Trojan phalanx broke his way
The son of Telamon, the prop of Greece,
The mighty Ajax, on his friends the light
Of triumph shedding, as Eosorus' son
He smote, the noblest of the Thracian bands.
Valiant and strong, the gallant Aeolus
Full in the front, beneath the plumed helm,
The sharp spear struck, and crashing through the bone,
The warrior's eyes were clos'd in endless night.

Next valiant Iliomedes slew,
The son of Teuthras, who had his home
In fair Arisba, rich in substance he,
And lov'd of all, for, dwelling near the road,
He op'd to all his hospitable gate,
But none of all he entertain'd was there
To ward aside the bitter doom of death
There fell they both, he and his charioteer,
Calesus, who abhorr'd the battle field
His chariot drove, one fate o'ertook them both

Then Druess and Opheltes of their arms
Euryalus despoil'd, his hot pursuit
Aegeus next, and Pedasus assai'd,
Brother, whom Abarbaces, Naus nymph,

To bold Eucalion bore, Eucalion, son
Of great Laomedon, his eldest born,
Though bastard he upon the mountain side,
On which his flocks he tended, met the nymph,
And of their secret loves twin sons were born,
Whom now at once Euryalus of strength
And his deprav'd, and of their armour stripp'd
By Polypetes' hand, in battle strong.

30

Was slain Astyalus, Pidotes fell
Chief of Pericote, by Ulysses' spear,
And Taurer godlike Aretor slew
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, smote
With gleaming lances Alceus, Elatus
By Agamemnon, King of men, was slain,
Who dwelt by Salmona wately flowing stream.
Upon the lofty heights of Pedasus
By Lantus was Priam's in flight
Certhus Erypylus Melanthus abw

40

Then Menelaus, good in battle, took
Adrastus captive, for his horses, scar'd
And rushing wildly o'er the plain, timid.
The tangled tamarisk strub his chariot broke,
Snapping the pole, they with the flying crowd
Held ev'ryward their course, he from the car
Hurld headlong, prostrate lay beside the wheel,
Prone on his face in dust, and at his side,
Pusing his mighty spear, Andromedus stood
Adrastus clasp'd his knees, and suppliant cried,
" Spare me, great son of Atreus! for my life
Accept a price, my wealthy father's house
A goodly store contains of brass, and gold,
And well wrought iron, and of these he fain
Would pay a noble ransom, could he bear
That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd "

50

His words to pity mov'd the warrior's breast,
Then had he bade his follower to the ships
The captive bear, but running up in haste,
Fierce Agamemnon cried in stern rebuke,

60

" Soft hearted Menelaus, why of life
So tender? Hath thy house recey'd indeed
Nothing but benefits at Trojan hands?
Of that abhorred race, let not a man
Escape the deadly vengeance of our arms,

70

So she have pity on the Trojan state,
 Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away
 The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,
 The Minister of Terror, bravest he,
 In my esteem, of all the Grecian chiefs,
 For not Achilles' self, the prince of men,
 Though Goddess-born, such dread inspir'd, so fierce 120
 His rage, and with his prowess none may vie."

He said, nor uncomplying, Hector heard
 His brother's counsel, from his car he leapt
 In arms upon the plain, and brandish'd a high
 His jav'lin keen, and moving to and fro
 The troops encourag'd, and rastor'd the fight
 Rallying they turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks
 These caus'd how slaughter, and in turn given way,
 Deeming that from the stars Heav'n some God
 Had in the rescue come, so fierce they turn'd 130
 Then to the Trojans Hector call'd aloud
 "Ye valiant Trojans, and renowned Allies,
 Quit you like men, remember now, brave friends,
 Your wonted valour. I to them go
 To bid our wives and yet rend Elders come
 To Heav'n their pray'r, with wron's of hecatombs."

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
 Turn'd to depart, and as he mov'd along,
 The black bull's hide his neck and ankles smote,
 The outer circle of his boar's shield 140

"Then Tydeus' son, and Glauclus, in the midst,
 Son of Hippolochus, stood forth to fight,
 But when they fair wist that, to Glauclus first
 The shart Diomed her speech address'd
 "Who art thou, boldest man of mortal birth?
 For in the glorious conflict heretofore
 I ne'er have seen thee but in danger now
 Thou far surpassest all, who hast not fear'd
 To face my spear, of most unhappy sires
 The children they, who my encounter met
 But it from Heav'n thou com'st, and art indeed 150
 A God, I fight not with the beauteous powers
 Not long did Drusus son, Lucreius leave,
 Survive, who dur'd th' Immortals to defy
 He, 'mid their frantic orgies, in the groves
 Of lovely Nyssa, put to shameful rout.

The youthful Bacchus' nurses, they, in fear,
Dropp'd each her thyrsus, scatter'd by the hand
Of fierce Lycurgus, with an ev' goad arm'd
Bacchus himself beneath the ocean wave

160

In terror plung'd, and, trembling, refuge found
In Thetis' bosom from a mortal's threats

The Gods malignant saw, and Saturn's son
Smote him with blindness, nor surviv'd he long,
Hated alike by all th' immortal Gods

I dare not then the blessed Gods oppose,
But be thou mortal, and the fruits of earth
The food, approach, and quickly meet thy doom!"

To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied

"Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquires?"

170

The race of man is as the race of leaves

Of leaves, one generation by the wind
Is scatter'd on the earth, another soon
In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light
So with our race, these flourish, those decay
But if thou wouldest in truth enquire and learn
The race I spring from, not unknown of men,
There is a city, in the deep recess

Of pastoral Argos, Ephyte by name

There Sisyphus of old his dwelling had,
Of mortal men the craftiest, Sisyphus,
The son of *Aeacus*, to him was born
Glaucus, and Glaucus in his turn begot
Bellerophon, on whom the Gods bestow'd
The gifts of beauty and of manly grace
But Peleus sought his death, and, mightier far,
From all the coasts of Argos drove him forth,

180

To Peleus subjected by Jove's decree

For him the monarch's wife, *Uttara*, merr'd
A madd'ning passion, and to guilty love
Would fain have tempted him, but fain'd to move
The upright soul of chaste Bellerophon

190

With lying words she then address'd the King

"Die, Peleus, thou, or slay Bellerophon,
Whn basely sought my honour to assail"
The King with anger listen'd to her words,
Slay him he would not, that his soul abhor'd,
But to the father of his wife, the King
Of Lycia, sent him forth, with tokens charg'd

Of dire import, on folded tablets trac'd,
Poisning the monarch's mind, to work his death
To Lycus, guarded by the Gods, he went,
But when he came to Lycia, and the stream,
Of Xanthus, there with hospitable rites
The King of wide-spread Lycia welcomed him
Nine days he feasted him, nine even slew,
But with the tenth return of frosty morn
He question'd him, and for the tokens ask'd
He from his son in law, from Peleus, bore
The tokens' fatal import understood,
He bade him first the dread Chimera shew,
A monster, sent from Heav'n, not human born,
With head of lion, and a serpent's tail,
And body of a goat, and from her mouth
There issued flames of fierce burning fire
Yet her, confiding in the Gods, he slew
Next with the valiant Solyms he fought,
The fiercest fight that e'er he undertook
Thirdly, the women & wives he o'erthrew,
The Amazons, from whom returning home,
The King another strategem devis'd,
For, choosing out the best of Lycus sons,
He set an ambush, they return'd not home,
For all by brave Bellerophon were slain
But, by his valour when the King perceiv'd
His heav'nly birth, he entertain'd him well,
Gave him his daughter, and with her the half
Of all his royal honours he bestow'd
A portion too the Lydians meted out,
Fertile in corn and wine, of all the state
The choicest land, to be his heritage
Three children thence to brave Bellerophon
Were born: Isander, and Hippodochus,
Laodamia last, belov'd of Jove,
The Lord of counsels, and to him she bore
Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helm
Bellerophon at length the wrath incur'd
Of all the Gods, and to thy' Alean plain
Alone he wander'd, there he wroth abode
His soul, and shun'd the busy haunts of men
Instantane Mars his son Isander slew
In battle with the valiant Solyms

200

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240

H. daughter perish'd by Diana, wrath
 I from Hippelochus my birth derive
 To Troy he sent me, and enjoin'd me oft
 To aim at highest honours, and surpass
 My comrades all, so on my father's name
 Discredit bring who held the foremost place
 In Ephyre, and Lachis wide domain
 Such is my race, and such the blood I boast

250

He said, and Damed rejoicing heard
 His spear he planted in the fruitful ground,
 And thus with friendly words the chief address'd

By ancient ties of friendship are we bound

For godlike Eneas in his house receiv'd

For twenty days he bore Bellerophon,

They made a gift of friendship interchang'd

A belt, with crimson glowing, Eneas gave

Bellerophon a double cup of gold,

Which in my house I left when here I came

Of T deus no remembrance I retain,

For yet a child he left me, when he fell

With us Achaeans at the gate of Thebes

So I in Argos am thy friendly host,

Thou come in Lyce, when I thither come

Then shun we, ev'n amid the thickest figs,

Each other's lance, enough there are for me

Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,

As Heav'n may aid me, and my speed on foot,

And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,

It is indeed thou canst, but let us now

Our armour interchange, that these may know

What friendly bonds of old our houses join

Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car

Clasp'd hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith

Then Glauco of no judgment Jove depriv'd,

His arrow no exchanging, gold for brass,

A hundred oxen's worth for that or mine

Meantime, when Hector reach'd the oak beside

The Scian gate, around him throng'd the wives

Of Troy, and daughters, anxious to enquire

The fate of children, manners, husband, friends,

He to the Gods extorted all to pray,

For deep the sorrow, that so many hung

But where to Pallas' splended house he came,

260

270

280

With polish'd cornices adorn'd—within
 Were fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,
 Plac'd each by other, there the fifty sons
 Of Priam with their wedded wives repos'd,
 On th' other side, within the court were built 290
 Twelve chambers, near the roof, of polish'd stone,
 Plac'd each by other, there the sons in law
 Of Priam with their spouses chaste repos'd,
 So meet him there his tender mother came,
 And with her led the young Laodice, 300
 Fairest of all her daughters, clasping then
 His hand, she thus address'd him ' Why, my son,
 Why com'st thou here, and leave st the battle-field?
 Are Trojans by those hateful sons of Greece,
 Fighting around the city, soothly press'd? 310
 And com'st thou, by thy spirit mov'd, to cease,
 Or Ilium's heights, thy hands in pray'r to Jove?
 But tarry till I bring the precious wine,
 That first to Jove, and to th' Immortals all,
 Thou mayst thine off ring pour, then with the draught 320
 Thyself thou mayst refresh, for great the strength
 Which gen'rous wine imparts to men who toil,
 As thou hast toil'd, thy comrades to protect'
 To whom great Hector of the glancing helm
 " No, not for me, mine honour'd mother, pour 330
 The luscious wine, lest thou unserve my hands,
 And make me all my wonted prowess lose
 The ruddy wine I dare not pour to Jove
 With hands unwash'd, nor to the cloud-girt son
 Of Saturn may the vota of pray'r ascend
 From one with blood bespatter'd and defil'd
 Thou, with the elder women, seek the shrine
 Of Pallas, bring your gifts, and on the knees
 Of fair-hair'd Pallas place the fairest robe
 In all the house, the amplest, best esteem'd,
 And at her altar vow to sacrifice 340
 Twelve yearling kids, that never felt the goad,
 So she have pity on the Trojan state,
 Our wives, and helpless babes, and turn away
 The fiery son of Tydeus, spearman fierce,
 The Minister of Terror, to the shrone
 Of Pallas thou, to Paris I, to call
 If haply he will hear, would that the earth

Would gape and swallow him! for great the curse
 That Jove through law hath brought on men of Troy, 330
 On noble Priam, and on Priam's sons.
 Could I but know that he were in his grave,
 Methinks my sorrow I could half forget!"

He said she, to the house returning, sent
 Th' attendants through the city, to collect
 The train of aged suppliants, she meanwhile
 Her fragrant chamber sought, wherein were stor'd
 Rich garments, by Sidonian women work'd,
 Whom godlike Pens had from Sidon brought,
 Sailing the broad sea o'er, the selfsame path 340
 By which the high born Helen he convey'd
 On th're, the richest in embroidery,
 The amplest, and the brightest, as a star
 Religent, plac'd with care beneath the rest,
 The Queen her offering bore to Pallas' shrine
 She went, and with her many an ancient dame
 But when the shrine they reach'd on Ilium's height,
 Theano, fair of face, the gates unlock'd,
 Daughter of Cassos, sage Antenor's wife,
 By Trojan nam'd at Pallas' shrine to serve 350
 They with deep meane to Pallas rais'd their hands,
 But fair Theano took the robe, and plac'd
 On Pallas' knees, and to the heav'nly Maid,
 Daughter of Jove, she thus address'd her pray'r
 "Guardian of cruse, Pallas, mortal Queen,
 Goddess of Goddesses, break thou the spear
 Of Tydeus' son, and grant that he himself
 Prostrate before the Sccean gate, may fall,
 So at thine altar will we sacrifice 360
 Twelv^e yearling kine, that never felt the goad,
 If thou have pity on the state of Troy,
 The wife of Trojans, and their helpless babes."
 Thus she, but Pallas answer'd not her pray'r
 While thus they call'd upon the heav'nly Maid,
 Hector to Paris' mansion beat his way,
 A noble structure, which himself had built
 Assisted by all the best artificers
 Who in the fertile realm of Troy were known,
 With chambers, hall, and court, on Ilum's height,
 Near to where Priam's self and Hector dwelt 370
 There enter'd Hector, well belov'd of Jove,

And in his hand his pondrous spear he bore,
 Twelve cubits long, bright fresh'd the weapon's point
 Of polish'd brass, with crackling hoop of gold
 There in his chamber found he whom he sought,
 About his armour busied, polishing
 His shield, his breastplate, and his beaded bow
 While Argive Helen, and her maidens plac'd,
 The skilful labours of their hands, o'erlook'd
 To him thus Hector with reprehendful words,

380
 Thou dost not well these anger to indulge,
 In battle round the city's lofty wall
 The people first are falling, thou the cause
 That fiercely thus around the city burn
 The fires of war and battle, and thyself
 Wouldest others blame, who from the fight should shrink
 Up, ere the town be wrapp'd in hostile fires !

To whom in answer godlike Paris thus
 Hector, I own not causeless thy rebuke,
 Yet will I speak, hear thou and understand, 390
 'Twas less from anger with the Trojan host,
 And fierce resentment that I here remain'd,
 Than that I sought my sorrow to undudge,
 Yet hath my wife, ev'n now, with soothing words
 Urg'd me to join the battle: so I win,
 Twere best, and Victory charges all her woe
 Then stay, while I my amour don, or thou
 Go first. I, following, will a while thee soon

He said, but Hector of the glancing helm
 Made answer none, then thus with gentle tones
 Helen arrested him. Dear brother must,
 (Of me degraded, sonn, bringing, vile!)
 Oh that the day my mother gave me birth
 Some storm had on the mountain cast me forth!
 Or that the many-dashing ocean's waves
 Had sweep't me off, ere all this woe were wrought!
 Yet if these evils were of Heaven ordain'd
 Would that a better man had call'd me aif,
 A sounder judge of honour and disgrace
 For he, thou know'st, an felonious bath of mind,
 Nor ever will, a want he well may not
 But come thou in, and rest thee here awhile,
 Dear brother, on this couch for travail sort
 Encompassed by soft, by me impow'd,

400

Degraded as I am, and Paris' guilt,
On whom this burthen Heav'n hath laid, that shame
On both our names through years to come shall rest ?

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm
" Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not
To sit or rest, I cannot yield to thee
Far to the succour of our friends I hasten,
When feel my loins, and sorely need my aid
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,
That he may find me still within the walls
For I too homeward go, to see once more
My household, and my wife, and infant child
For whether I may e'er again return,
I know not or if Heav'n have so decreed,
That I this day by Grecian hands should fall "

420

Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turn'd to depart, with rapid step he reach'd
His own well furnish'd house but found not there
His white arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache
She with her infant child and maid the while
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,
On Ilum's topmost tower but when her Lord
Found not within the house his peerless wife,
Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spake
" Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way
Your mistress went, the fair Andromache,
Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives?
Or to the temple where the fair bair'd dame
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name? "

430

To whom the matron of his bower replied
" Hector, if truly we must answer thee,
Not to thy sisters, nor the brothers' wives,
Nor to the temple where the fair bair'd dame
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name,
But to the height of Ilum's topmost tow'r
Andromache is gone, since tidings came
The Trojan force was overmatch'd, and great
The Grecian strength, wherat, like one distract,
She hurried to the walls, and with her toof,
Burst in the nurse's arms, her infant child "

440

So spoke the accents dire and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid step retrac'd
But when at last the mighty city's length

450

Was travers'd, and the Scaean gates were reach'd
 Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
 Running to meet him came his proclivous wife,
 Eetion's daughter, fair Andromache,
 Lelona, who from Thebes Chalcis sway'd,
 Thebes, at the foot of Places' wooded heights
 His child to Hector of the brazen helm
 Was giv'n in marriage - she it was who now
 Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
 Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconsecious child,
 Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star,
 Whom Hector call'd Scamandrus, but the rest
 Astyianax, in honour of his sire.
460

The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy
 Silent he stood as on his boy he gaz'd
 But at his side Andromache, in tears,
 Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd

"Dear Lord, thy daughter's spirit will work thy doom
 Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
 Or me forsorn, to be thy widow soon
 For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
 Assail and slay - for me, 'twere better far,
 Of thou bereft, to be beneath the soul,
 Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
 But endless grief, to me no succor left,
 Nor honour'd mother, fell Achilles' bane
 My sire Eamon slew, what time his arms
 The populous city of Chalcis raz'd,
 The lofty gated Thebes, he slew indeed,
 But stripp'd him not, he reverenc'd the dead,
 And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
 A mound erected, and the mountain nymphs,
 The progeny of zeus bearing Jove,
480
 Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
 There were sev. 'n brethren in my father's house,
 All in one day they fell, and their herds
 And fleasy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand
 My mother, Queen of Places' wooded height,
 Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd
 For costly ransom, but by Dein's shafts
 She, in her father's house, was stricken down
 But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
 See, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
490
500

Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,
 Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
 A hapless widow, by the fig-tree here
 Array thy troops, for here the city wall,
 Easiest of access, most invites assault
 Thrice have their boldest chiefs this peint assail'd,
 The two Ajaes, brave Idomeneus,
 Th' Atreid both, and Tydus' warlike son,
 Or by the prompting of some Heav'n taught soer,
 Or by their own advent'rous courage led "

510

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm
 " Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
 My heart has ne'er been wrung, but I should blush
 To face the men and long rob'd dames of Troy,
 If, like a coward, I could shun the fight
 Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
 So far forgot, whose bosom it still has been
 In the fore-front of battle to be found,
 Charg'd with my Father's glory and mine own
 Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
 The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
 And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
 Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
 But not the thoughts of Troy's impending late,
 Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
 Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
 By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
 So deeply wrung my heart as thoughts of thee,
 Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
 A weeping captive by some brass clad Greek,
 Haply in Argos, at a mistress' bick,
 Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
 From Hyperion's or Messene's fount,
 Heart wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd
 Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
 ' Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
 On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief '
 Thus may they speak, and thus thy grief renew
 For loss of her, who might have been thy shield
 To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour
 Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
 To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away ! "

520

530

540

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms

To take his child, but back the infant shrank,
 Crying, and sought his nurse's shelf-ring breast,
 Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
 That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest
 Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
 Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
 All glitt'ring, on the ground, then kiss'd his child. 550
 And danc'd him in his arms, then thus to Jove
 And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r
 " Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
 May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
 For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King,
 That men may say, ' The youth surpasses far
 His father,' when they see him from the fight,
 From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
 Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
 His child, abe to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,
 Weeping through tears, with eyes of pitying love
 Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
 Address'd her — ' Darest, wrong not thus my heart!
 or till my day of destiny is come,
 No man may take my life, and when it comes,
 No brave nor coward can escape that day
 Let go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
 The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
 Their sever'al tasks, and leave to men of Troy 570
 And, chief of all to me, the tools of war'
 Then, as he spoke, his horsehair plumed helm
 Great Hector took, and homeward turn'd his wile
 With fast'ring steps, and shedding scalding tears
 Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well built house,
 Her maidens press'd around her, and in all
 Arose at once the sympathetic grief
 For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
 Deeming he never would again return,
 Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharmed 580

Nor linger'd Paris in his lofty hall,
 But don'd his armour, glitt'ring o'er with brass,
 And through the city pass'd with bounding steps
 As some proud steed, at well fill'd manger fed,
 His blunter broken, weighing, scours the plain,
 And revels in the widely flowing stream

To bathe his sides, then towering high his head,
 While o'er his shoulder streams his ample mane,
 Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,
 To the wide pastures of the wastes he flies,
 So Paris, Priam's son from Ilium's height,
 His bright arms flashing like the gorgeous sun,
 Hasted, with boar-tusk men, and rapid step
 Hector he found, as from the spot he turn'd
 Where with his wife he late had converse held,
 Whom thus the godlike Paris first address'd
 ' Too long, good brother, art thou here detain'd,
 Impatient for the fight, by my delay,
 Nor have I timely, as thou bad'st me, come '
 To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm
 ' My gallant brother, ne'er who thinks aright
 Can cowl at thy prowess in the field,
 For thou art very valiant, but thy will
 Is weak and sluggish, and it grieves my heart,
 When from the Trojans, who in thy behalf
 Such labours undergo, I hear thy name
 Coupled with foul reproach ! But go we now !
 Henceforth shall all be well, if Jove permit
 That from our shore we chase th' invading Greeks,
 And to the ever living Gods of Heav'n
 In peaceful homes our free libations pour '

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BOOK VII

ARGUMENT

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. *The Greeks in their camp*

Thus as he spoke, from out the city gates
The noble Hector pass'd, and by his side
His brother Paris, in the breast of both
Burnt the fierce ardour of the battle-field
As when some God a fav'ring breeze bestows
On summer fanning at the well worn ear,
Faint with excess of toil, ev'n so appear'd
These brethren twin in Troy's o'erlabour'd host.

Then to their parents tell, by Paris' hand
Menestheus, royal Attoneus' son, 10
Whom to the King, in Arms, where he dwelt,
The stag ey'd dame Phylomedusa bore,
While Hector smote, with well-directed spear,
Beneath the brass-bound headpiece, through the throat,
Eneas, and slack'd his limb, to death,
And Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands,
Son of Hippolochus, amid the fray
Iphinoe, son of Eumeus, borne on high
By two fleet mares upon a lofty car,
 Pier'd through the shoulder, from the car he fell 20
Prone to the earth, his limbs relax'd in death
But them when Pallas saw, amid the fray
Dealing destruction on the hosts of Greece,
From high Olympus to the walls of Troy
She came in haste, Apollo there she found,
As down he look'd from Ida's topmost top,
Devising victory to the arms of Troy
Beside the oak they met, Apollo first,
The son of Jove, the colloquy began
" Daughter of Jove, from great Olympus' height, 30
Why com'st thou here, by angry passion led?
Wouldst thou the victory, surveying here and there,

Give to the Greeks? since pitiless thou see'st
 The Trojans slaughter'd? Be advis'd by me,
 For so 'twere better, cause we for to day
 The rage of battle and of war to cease,
 To morrow morn shall set the fight renew'd,
 Until the close of Ilion's destiny,
 For so ye Goddesses have wrought your will,
 That this fair city should in ruin fall."

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess thus replied
 "So be it, Archer King, with like intent
 I from Olympus came—but say, what means
 Wilt thou devise to bid the conflict cease?"

To whom Apollo, royal son of Jove
 "The night of woe!—Hector let us move
 To challenge to the combat, man to man,
 Some Grecian warrior, while the brass clad Greeks
 Their champion urge the challenge to accept,
 And godlike Hector meet in single fight."

He said, nor did Minerva not assent,
 But Helenus, the son of Priam, knew
 The secret counsel by the Gods devis'd,
 And drawing near to Hector, thus he spoke
 "Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove
 In council hearken to a brother's words.
 Bid that the Greeks and Trojans all sit down,
 And thou defy the boldest of the Greeks
 With thee in single combat to contend,
 By revelation from th' eternal Gods,
 I know that here thou shalt not meet thy fate."

He said, and Hector joy'd to hear his words,
 Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear
 Grasp'd in the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks
 With one accord they sat, on th' other side
 Atreus bade the well-gear'd Greeks sit down,
 Whilk, in the likeness of two vultures, sat
 On the tall oak of rage-bearing Jove,
 Pallas, and Phœbus of the silver bow,
 With heroes' deeds delighted, dense around
 Hustled the ranks, with shield, and helmet, and spear
 As when the west wind freshly blows, and brings
 A dark'ning ripple o'er the ocean waves,
 Ev'n so appear'd upon the plain the ranks
 Of Greeks and Trojans, standing in the midst.

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Thus to both armies noble Hector spoke—

" Hear, all ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul
It hath not pleas'd high thron'd Saturnian Jove
To ratify our truce, who both afflicts

80

With labours hard, till either ye shall take
Our well-fenc'd city, or yourselves to us
succourab beside your ocean-going ships
Here have ye all the chieftest men of Greece,
Of all, let him who dares with me to fight,
Stand forth, and godlike Hector's might confront
And this I say, and call to witness Jove,

go

If with the sharp-edg'd spear he vanquish me,
He shall strip off, and to the hollow ships
In triumph bear my armour, but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and waves of Troy
May deck with honour due my funeral pyre
But, by Apollo's grace should I prevail,
I will his arms strip off and bear to Troy,
And in Apollo's temple hang on high,

But to the ships his corpse I will restore,

That so the long hair'd Greeks with solemn rites

May bury him, and to his mem'ry raise

By the broad Hellespont a lofty tomb,

And men in days to come shall say, who urge

100

Their full oar & bark across the dark-blue sea,

'Lo there a warrior's tomb of day's gone by,

A mighty chief, whom glorious Hector slew!'

Thus shall they say, and thus my fame shall live!"

Thus Hector spoke, they all in silence heard,

Sham'd to refuse, but fainful to accept

At length in anger Menelaus rose,

Creaming at spirit, and with bitter words

Reproach'd them " Shame, ye braggart cowards, shame!

Women of Greece! I cannot call you men!"

110

"Twere foul disgrace indeed, and scorn on scorn,

If Hector's challenge none of all the Greeks

Should dare accept, to dust and water turn

All ye who here inglorious, heartless sit!

I will my self confront him, for success,

Tu' immortal Gods above the issues hold!"

Thus as he spoke, he don'd his dazzling arms.

Then, Menelaus, had these end approach'd

By Hector's hand, so much the stronger he,
 Had not the King withheld thee and restrain'd
 Great Agamemnon's self, wide ruling King,
 Seizing his hand, address'd him thus by name
 "What! Heavy born Menelaus, art thou mad?
 Besoeks thee not such folk, curb thy wrath,
 Though vex'd, nor think with Hector to contend,
 Thy better far, inspiring dread in all
 From his encounter in the glorious fight,
 Superior far to thee, Achilles shrinks,
 But thou amid thy comrades rank retire,
 Some other champion will the Greeks provide,
 And, fearless as he is, end of the fight
 Instigate, yet will Hector, should he escape
 Unwounded from the deadly battle strife,
 Be fain methinks, to rest his weary limb."
 He said, and with judicious counsels sway'd
 His brother's mind, he yielded to his word,
 And gladly his attendant doff'd his arms.

Then Hector rose, and thus address'd the Greeks
 "Alas, alas! what shame is this for Greece!
 What grief would fill the aged Peleus' soul,

What grief would fill the aged Peleus' soul,
 Sage chief in council, of the Myrmidons,
 Leader approv'd, who often in his house
 Would question me, and lov'd iton me to hear
 Of all the Greeks, the race and pedigree,
 Could he but learn how Hector cow'd them all!
 He to the Gods with hands uplifted would pray
 His soul might from his body be divorc'd,
 And sink beneath the earth! Oh woul'd to Jove,
 To Pallas and Apollo, such were now
 My vigorous youth, as when beside the banks

Of wavy flowing Celadon, the men
 Of Pylos with th' Arcadian spearmen fought,
 By Phœnix' walls, around Iardan's streams
 Then from the ranks, in likeewise as a God,
 Advanc'd their champion, Ereuthalion bold!

The arms of Aخيلous he wore
 On godlike treishes, whom men
 And richly-girded women had surarm'd
 The Macebeaver, for not with sword or bow
 He went to fight, but with an iron mace
 Broke through the squadrons 'mid Lycurgus slow,

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By stealth, not brav'ry, in a narrow way,
 Where nought avail'd his iron mace from death
 To save him, for Lycus, with his spear,
 Preventing, thrust him through the midst, he fell
 Prostrate, and from his breast the victor stripp'd
 His armour off, the gift of brass clad Mars,
 And in the tug of war he wore it oft,
 But when Lycus felt th' approach of age, 170
 He to his faithful follower and friend,
 To Ereuthalion gave it, therewith arm'd,
 He now to combat challeng'd all the chiefs
 None dur'd accept, for fear had fall'n on all,
 Then I with countless spirit br. might oppos'd,
 The youngest of them all, with him I fought,
 And Palles gave the victory to my arm
 Hm there I slew, the tallest, strongest man,
 For man, another there beside him lay
 Would that my youth and strength were now the same, 180
 Then soon should Hector of the glancing helm
 A willing champion find, but ye, of Greece
 The foremost men, with Hector fear to fight.
 The foremost men, with Hector fear to fight.

The old man spoke reproachful, at his words
 Up rose nine warriors far before the rest,
 The monarch Agamemnon, King of men,
 Next Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,
 The two Ajaes, cloth'd with courage high,
 Idomeneus, and of Idomeneus
 The faithful follower, brave Menon, 190
 Equal in fight to blood stain'd Mars, with these
 Euryalus, Euaemon's noble son,
 Thoas, Andromed's son, Ulysses last
 These all with Hector offer'd to contend
 Then thus agam Cerelian Nestor spoke
 " Shake then the lots, on whomso'er it fall,
 Great profit shall be bring to Grecian arms,
 Great glory to himself, if he escape
 Unwounded front the deadly battle strife."
 He said each mark'd his sev'ral lot, and all
 Together threw in Agamemnon's bdm 200
 The crowd, with hands uplifted, pray'd the Gods,
 And looking heav'ward, said, " Grant, Father Jove,
 The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son,
 Or on Mycenae's wealthy King may fall."

Thou, then aged Nestor shook the helm,
And forth, according to their wish, was thrown
The lot of Ajax, then from left to right
A herald shov'd to all the chiefs of Greece,
In turn, the token, then who knew it not,
Declain'd it all, but when to him that came
Who mark'd, and threw it in Andromedon's helm,
The noble Ajax, he his hand put forth,
And standing near he seiz'd it, straight he kne'd
The when, and rejoin'd, before his peer
He threw it down upon the ground, and said,
"O friends, the lot is mine, great is my joy,
And hope o'er godlike Hector to prevail
But no, while I my warlike armour don,
Pray we to Saturn's son, al sov', assist
In silence, that the Trojans hear ye not,
Or ev'n aloud, for nought have we to fear
No man against my will can make me fly,
By greater force or skill, nor will, I hope,
My inexperience in the field disgrace
The teaching of my native Salamis."

Thus he, and they to Saturn's royal son
Address'd their pray'rs, and looking heav'nward, said
"O Father Jove, who rulest on Ida's height!
Most great! most glorious! grant that Ajax now
May gain the victory, and immortal praise,
Or if thy love and pow'r, Hector claim,
Give equal pow'r and equal praise to both!"

Ajax meant while of dazzling brass was clad,
And when his armour all was duly donn'd,
Forward he mov'd, as when gigantic Mars
Leads, nausse forth to war, whom Saturn's son
In life-destroying conflict hath revolv'd,
So mov'd the giant Ajax, prop of Greece,
With stately striding步, with haughty stride
He trod the plain, and pos'd his ponderous spear
The Greeks, rejoicing, on their champion gaz'd
The Trojans' limbs, beneath them shook with fear,
Even Hector's heart beat quicker in his breast,
Yet qual he trust not now, nor back retreat
"mid his comrades—be, the challenger!"
Ajax approach'd, before him, as a tow'r
His mighty shield he bore, "ev'n solid, bras-bound,

210

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The work of Typhus, best artificer
 That wrought in leather, he in Hylæ dwelt
 Of sev'n fold lodes the pond'reous shield was wrought 250
 Of lusty bulls, the eighth was glitt'ring brass
 Thus by the son of Telamon was borne
 Before his breast, to Hector close he came,
 And thus with words of haughty menace spoke

" Hector, I now shall teach thee, man to man,

The mettle of the chiefs we yet possess,

Although Achilles of the lion heart,

Mighty in battle, be not with us still,

He by his ocean going ships indeed

Against Atreides nurses still his wrath,

Yet are there those who dare encounter thee,

And not a few, then now begin the fight "

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm

" Ajax, brave leader, son of Telamon,

Deal not with me as with a feeble child,

Or woman, ignorant of the ways of war,

Of war and courage every point I know,

And well I knew to wield, now right, now left,

The tough bull's hide that forms my stubborn targ:

" Well know I too my fiery steeds to urge,

And raise the war cry in the standing fight

But not in secret ambush would I watch,

To strike, by stealth, a noble foe like thee,

But slay thee, if I may, in open fight "

He said, and, pausing, hurl'd his pond'reous spear.

The brazen cow ring of the shield it struck,

The outward fold, the eighth, above the sev'n.

Of tough bull's hide, through so it drove its way

With stubborn force, but in the sev'nth was stay'd

Then Ajax hurl'd in turn his pond'reous spear,

And struck the circle true of Hector's shield

Right through the glitt'ring shield the stout spear pass'd,

And through the well wrought breastplate drove its way,

And, underneath, the linen vest it tore,

But Hector, stooping, shunn'd the stroke of death

Withdrawing then their weapons, each on each

They fell, like hounds fierce, or tusky'd bears,

In strength the mightiest of the forest beasts.

Then Hector fairly on the centre struck

The stubborn shield, yet drove not through the spear,

For the stout bras, the blunted point repell'd
 But Ajax, with a forward bound, the shield
 Of Hector pierc'd, right through the weapon pass'd,
 Arrested with rude shock the warrior's course,
 And givn'd his neck, that spouted forth the blood
 Yet did not Hector of the glancing helm

291

Flinch from the conflict swooping to the ground,
 With his broad hand a ponderous stone he sett'd,
 That lay upon the plain dark jagg'd and huge,
 And hurl'd against the son a bold shield, and struck
 Full on the central bone loud rang the brass
 Then Ajax runn'd a weightier mass of rock
 And sent it whirling, giving to his arm

300

Unmeasur'd impul'se, with a millstone's weight
 It crush'd the buckler, Hector's knee gave way,
 Backward he stagger'd, yet upon his shield
 Sustain'd, till Phœbus rais'd him to his feet
 Now had they hand to hand with swords engag'd,
 Had not the messengers of God and men,

310

The heralds, interpos'd, the one for Troy,
 The other umpire for the brass-clad Greeks,

Talthybius and Idæus, well appear'd

Between the chiefs they held their hands, and thus
 Without both with prudent speech address'd

"No more, brave youths! no longer wage the fight
 To cloud compelling Jove ye both are dear,
 Both valiant spearmen, that, we all have seen
 Night is at hand, behovs us yield to night!"

Whom answer'd stus the son of Telamon

"Idæus, bid that Hector speak those words

320

He challeng'd all our chiefs, let him begin

If he be willing, I shall not refuse."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm

"Ajax, since God hath giv'n thee size, and strength,
 And skill, and with the spear, of all the Greeks
 None is thine equal, cease we for to day

The fight, hereafter we may meet, and Heav'n
 Decide our cause, and one with victory crown

Night is at hand, behovs us yield to night

So by the ships shalt thou rejoice the Greeks,
 And most of all, thy comrades and thy friends,
 And so shall I, in Priam's royal town,
 Rejoice the men of Troy, and long rob'd dames,

330

Who shall with grateful pray to the nymphs strong
But make we now an interchange of gifts,
That both the Trojans and the Greeks may say,
'On mortals quired did those warriors meet,
Yet parted thence in friendly bonds conjoin'd.'

This said a silver studded sword he gave,
With scabbard red with well red belt complete

340

Apx a grecian mail with crimson che.
Thus parted, Yax to the Grecian camp
And Hector to the ranks of Trojans return'd
Great was the joy when him they saw approach
Alive and safe escap'd from Yax might
And seem invincible and to the town
They led him back beyond their hope preserv'd.
While to Andromache the wail of Grecians
Laid Ajax gloriam, in his triumph gain'd

350

But when to Agamemnon & traits they came
The King of men to Saturn's royal son
A bullock slew a male of five years old
The cart set then thereon & and cutting up
Sever'd the joints then hung on the spits
Roasted with care and from the fire withdrew
Their labours ended and the feast prepar'd,
They shar'd the social meal nor lack'd there aught
To Ajax then the chace a continuous length
As honour a need the mighty monarch gave

360

The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
The aged Nestor first his mind disclos'd,
He who, before, the largest counsel gave,
Now thus with prudent speech began, and said

'Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece,
Since many a long haul'd Greek hath fallen in fight
Whose blood, besides Scamander's flowing stream,
Fierce Mars has shed, while to the voiceless shades
Their spirits are gone, behove thee with the soon

The warfare of the Greeks to intermit

370

Then we, with oars and with oars, the dead
From all the plain will draw, and, from the ships
A little space remov'd, will burn with fire
That we, returning to our native land,
May to their children bear our comrades bones
Then will we go and on the plain erect
Around the pyre one common mound for all,

Then quickly build before it forty towers
 To screen both men and mⁿ, and in the towers
 Make ample porches with well fitting gates,
 That through the midst a curtain may pass
 And a deep trench round it dig, to guard
 Both men and chariots best on our defense.
 The bairns Troy we should the harder press.

He said, and all that him his words approved.
 Meanwhile, on Ilium he fought at Prenes' gate,
 The free in council a troubled council held,
 Which o'erruled then the wise Antenor spoke.

Hear now ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,
 The words I speak, the promptings of my soul
 Back to the sons of Atreus let us give.
 The Argive Helen, and the goods she brought
 For now in breach of plighted faith we fight.
 Nor can I hope under so dire a curse
 Ye listen, that success will crown our arms.
 Thus having said, he sat, and next arose
 The godlike Paris, fair haired Helen's Lord,
 Who thus with winged words the chiefs addressed.

" Hostile to me, Antenor, is thy speech,
 Thy better judgment better counsel know,
 But if in Council such is thine advice,
 Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft.
 Now, Trojans, hear my answer. I repeat
 The council, nor the woman will restore,
 But for the goods, whatever I hither brought
 To Troy from Ilios I am well content
 To give them all and others add beside.

This said, he sat, and stood Priam next,
 A God in council, Dardan's son, arose,
 Who thus with prudent speech began, and said

" Hear now, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,
 The words I speak, the promptings of my soul
 Now through the city take your wonted meal,
 Look to your watch, let each man keep his guard.
 To morrow shall Idrus to the ships
 Of Greece, to lead the sons of Atreus, bear
 The words of Paris cause of all this war
 And ask besides, if from the deadly strife
 Such truce they will accord us as may serve
 To burn the dead before we may fight.

380

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410

For had come, and come to bring the dead
 The Greeks two from their well-manned ships went forth.
 For had come, and come to bring the dead
 The sun was newly glancing on the earth,
 From out the ocean's smoothly flowing depth,
 Climbing the Heav'ns, when on the plain they met
 Hard was it then to recognise the dead,
 But when the gory dust was wash'd away, 470
 Shedding hot tears, that plac'd them on the wain,
 Nor loud lament, by Priam's high command,
 Was heard, in silence they, with grief suppress'd,
 Heap'd up their dead upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Then burnt with fire and bark return'd to Troy
 The well-greas'd Greeks, they too, with grief suppress'd,
 Heap'd up their dead upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Then burnt with fire, and to the ship return'd

But ere 'twas done, while daylight strove with night,
 About the pyre a chosen band of Greeks 480
 Had kept their vigl, and around it rais'd
 Upon the plain one common mound for all,
 And built in front a wall, with lofty towers
 To screen both steps and men, and in the tow'r
 Made ample portals with well strong gates,
 That through the midst a carriage-way might pass
 Then dug a trench around it, deep and wide,
 And in the trench a palisade they fix'd

Thus labour'd through the night the long-hair'd Greeks
 The Gods, assembled in the court of Jove, 490
 With wonder view'd the mighty work, and thus
 Neptune, Earth-shaking King, his speech began
 " O Father Jove, in all the wide-spread earth
 Shall none be found, in council and design
 To rival us Immortal? seest thou not
 How round their ship the long-hair'd Greeks have built
 A lofty wall, and dug a trench 'round,
 Nor to the God have paid their off'rings due?
 Wide as the light extends shall be the fame
 Of this great work, and soon shall lightly die a 500
 Of that whiten I and Phœbus jointly rais'd,
 With toil and pain, for great Læomedon."

To whom in wrath the Cloud-compter thus
 Neptune, Earth-shaking King, what words are these?
 The bold design to others of the Gods,

Of feeble bands and power less great than thine
Might cause alarm but far as light extends,
Of this great work to thee shall be the sum
When with their ships the long hair'd Greeks shall take
Their homeward way to their native land, 315
This will shall by the waves be broken through,
And sink, a shipless ruin in the sea.

Over the wide shore again the winds shall spread,
And all the boasted work of Greece o'erwhelm.

Amid themselves such comruse held the Trojans
The sun was set the Grecian work was done
They slew, and shot d by tents, the evening meal
From Iompos who a numerous fleet had come
Freighted with wine and by Eumeus sent,
Whom fair Hypnos to Jason bore

For Atreus' sons apart from all the rest,
Of wine the son of Jason had despatched
A thousand measures all the other Greeks
Hasten d to purchase some with bears, and some
With gleaming iron other some with hedges
Cattle or slaves and joyous war d the feast
All night the long hair'd Greeks their revels held,
And so in Troy the Trojans and Allies

But through the night his anger Jove express'd
With awful thund'ring pale they turn'd with fear 330
To earth the wine was from the goblets shed,
Nor dur'd they drink until libations due
Had first been pour'd to Sibaris mighty son

Then lay they down, and sought the boon of sleep

BOOK VIII

ARGUMENT

Jove calls a council in which he resolves all differences of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He appears to Ida, where having consulted the omens, or drawn by Jove's lightning against the Greeks, Hector is enlightened by the death of one of his horses. Deucalion delivers him. In the council of Diomedes they both desire to engage Hector whose character is glam by Deucalion. Jove by some interposes by his thunder and the whole Greek host commanded is obliged to set up wings without the trumpet. Deucalion wins others at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer. When Hector performs great exploits but is disabled by Hee or Jove and Palus set upth new Olympus in mid of the Greeks but is stopped by Jupiter who re-ascends from Ida and in heaven trembles, the disturbance which awes the Greeks.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night and prepares his horse to an assault to be made on the Greek camp in the morning.

'Now morn, in saffron robe, the earth doth spread,
And Jove, the lightning's Lord, of all the Gods
A council held upon the highest peak.
Of many ridg'd Olympus, he himself
Address'd them, they his speech attentive heard

'Hear, all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul
Let none among you, male or female dare
To interrupt my speech, but all attend,
That to these matters I may soon conduct
It, from the rest apart, one God I find
Presuming or to Trojans or to Greeks
To give his aid, with unanimous stamp
But to Olympus, shall that God be driv'n,
Or to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
Far off, the lowest abyss beneath the earth,
With gates of iron, and with door of brass,
Beneath the shades as far as earth from Heav'n
There will I hurl him, and ye all shall know
In strength how gnath I surpass you all
Male and w^e will, that all may know
A golden cord let down from Heav'n, and all,

10

Both Gods and Goddesses, your strength apply
 Yet would ye fail to drag from Heaven to earth,
 Steepe as 't is, your mighty master, Jove,
 But if I choose to make my power known,
 The earth itself, and ocean, I could move,
 And bending round Olympus ridge the void,
 Leave them suspended so in middle air
 So far supreme my power over Gods and men.

He said, and they, confounded by his words,
 In silence sat, so sternly did he speak.

At length the blue-eyed Goddess Pallas said

O Father, Son of Jove! King of kings,
 Well do we know thy power invincible.
 Yet deeply grieve we for the wretched Greeks,
 Condemned to hopeless ruin, from the fight
 Since such is thy command we stand aloof,
 But yet some saving counsel may we give,
 Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite

To whom the Cloud compiler smiling thus

So at good cheer my child unwillingly
 I speak, yet will not thwart thee of thy wish.

He said, and straight the beaten footed steeds,
 Of swiftest flight with manes of flowing gold,
 He harness'd to his chariot all in gold
 Himself array'd, the golden lictus he grasp'd,
 Of curious work, and mounting on his car,
 Urg'd the fleet coursers nothing loth they flew
 Midway betwix the earth and starry heaven
 To Ida's spring abounding hill he came
 And to the crest of Gorgacus, wild nurse
 Of mountain beasts, a sacred plot was there,
 Wheram his incense brazier'd altar stood
 There stay'd his steeds the Site of Gods and men,
 Loos'd from the car and veild with clouds around.
 Then on the topmost ridge he sat, in pride
 Of conscious strength and looking down, survey'd
 The Trojan city, and the ships of Greece

Meantime, the long-hair'd Greeks throughout their
 tents,

With food recruited arm'd them for the fight,
 On the other side the Trojans don'd their arms,
 In numbers fewer, but with stern resolve,
 By hard necessity constrain'd, to strive,

For wives and children, in the stubborn fight
 The gates all open'd we're, forth pour'd the crowd
 Of horse and foot, and loud the clamour rose
 When in the midst they met together rank'd
 Dusky and lanteⁿ, and the famous might
 Of mail-clad warriors, boar's tusk'd on the left
 Clatter'd in conflict, loud the clamour rose.
 Then rose too mingled shouts and groans, at men
 Slain, and slain, the earth ran red with blood
 While yet 'twas noon, and waz'd the youthful day,
 Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
 On either side, but when the sun had reach'd
 The middle Heav'n, the Eternal Father hung
 His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
 The fatal death lot for the sons of Troy
 The one the other for the brass-clad Greeks.

Then held them by the midst, down sank the lot
 Of Greece down to the ground, while high aloft
 Mounted the Trojan scale and rose to Heaven.¹
 Then loud he bade the volleying thunder peal
 From Ida's heights, and mad the Grecian ranks
 He hurl'd his flashing lightning, at the sight
 Amaz'd they stood, and pale with terror shoo^d.

Then not Ilionneus, nor Achaea's son,
 The mighty Agamemnon, kept their ground,
 Nor either Ajax, minister of War,
 Geesonian Hector, aged prop of Greece,
 Alone remain'd, and he against his will,
 His but a sore wounded by an arrow shot
 By godlike Paris, fair ha'rd Helen's Lord
 Just on the crown, where close behind the head
 First springs the mane, the deadliest spot of all,
 The arrow struck him, madd'n'd with the pain
 He rear'd, then plunging forward with the shaft
 Fix'd in his brain, and rolling in the dust,
 The other stood, in due confusion thron'd
 And while old Hector with his sword smay'd

¹ See also Book xxx. L. 75.

Hector in the corresponding passage at the close of the 4th Book of *Parthen.* is in reverse the sign and represents the same of the 120 quashed as flying up and breaking the beam.

The F was look'd up and know,
 His mounted scale aloft, nor man but fled
 Meantong and with him did th' hedges of night

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To cut the reins, and free the struggling horse,
 Amid the rout down came the flying steed.
 Of Hector, guided by no timid hand,
 By Hector's self, then had the old man paid
 The forfeit of his life, but, good at need,
 The valiant Diomed his pony saw,
 And loudly shouting, on Ulysses call'd
 "Ulysses sage, Laertes' worthy son,
 Why fliest thou coward like, behind thy back
 Thy shafts at random pouring on the crowd?
 Thus as thou fliest, perchance some foeman's lance
 May pierce thy back, but stay, und here with me
 From this fierce warrior guard the good old man."

He said, but stout Ulysses heard him not,
 And to the ships pursued his hurried way
 But in the front, Tydides, though alone,
 Remain'd undistracted, by old Nestor's car
 He stood, and thus the aged chief address'd
 "Old man, these youthful warriors press thee sore,
 Thy vigorous spent, and with the weight of years
 Oppress'd, and helpless too thy character,
 And slow thy horses, mount my car, and prove
 With me the mettle of the Trojan heroes,
 How twil they wheel, or in pursuit or flight,
 The prize which I from great Alces won
 Leave to th' attendants these, while since we launch
 Againt the Trojan host, that Hector's self
 May know how strong my hand can hurl the spear."

He said, and Nestor his advice obey'd
 The two attendants valiant Sthenelus,
 And good Turnedon his horses took.
 While on Tydides was they mounted both
 The aged Nestor took the glistening reins,
 And urg'd the horses. Hector soon they met
 As on he came, his spear Tydides threw,
 Yet struck not Hector, but his chariot,
 Who held the reins, the braver Thobaeus' son,
 Eumeus, through the breast transfund,
 Beside the nipple, from the ear he fell,
 The startled horse swerving at the sound,
 And from his limbs the vital spirit fled
 Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief,
 Yet him though griev'd, perforce he left to seek.

A charioteer, nor wanted long his steed,
A guiding hand, so. Acceptable seems,
Brave son of Iphitus, be quickly found,
And bade him mount his swift flying car,
And to his hands the glittering reins transfer'd

Then fearful men had been wrought, and Jove
Untold actions did, and like a flock of lamb,
The adverse hosts been coop'd beneath the wall,
Had not the Son of Gods and men beheld,
And with as a wild peal of thunder hurl'd
His wing lightning down the firm bol.

Before Tydides' chariot plough'd the ground
Fierc'e flash'd the sulph'reous flame, and whirling round
Beneath the voice th' affrighted host qual'd

From Hector's hand escap'd the glittering scail,
And, trembling, thus in anguish he spoke

' Turn we to flight, Tydides, see st thou not,
This, Jove from us his abiding hand withhold's?
This day is Hector Saturn's son decree'd
The meed of victory, on some future day,
It will the trench now be ours,
For man, how brave soe'er, cannot o'errule
The will of Jove, so much more mightier he'

' Whom answer'd thus the valiant Diomed
Truth, old man, and weakly dost thou speak,
But then the better giv'st thou wrong, my soul
Some day, amid the counsellors of Troy,
Hector must say, Before my presence stand
Tydides' ought the shelter of the ship.
Thus shall he boasts, gape earth, and hide in v'gner'd'

To whom G. said 'Never thus touch'd
" O son of Tydides, oh what words are these!
Should Hector brand thee with a coward's name,
No credence could be gain'd from Trojan men,
Or Dardan, or from Trojan warriours wives,
Who a husband in the clift by hand hath laid?"

He said, and 'mid the gory rout, to fight
He turn'd his horses, on the living crowd,
With shout of triumph, Hector at their head,
The meed of Troy they must now weapons show'r'd.
Loud roared Hector on the glittering helm

' Tydides, here to see the terror of Greece,
Have told what is much hor'rous, set on high

130

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At banquets, and with lib'cal portions grac'd,
 And flowing cups—but thou, from this day forth,
 Shall be their scorn! a woman's soul is thine!
Out on thee, frighten'd girl! thou ne'er shalt scale
 Our Trojan tow'rs, and see me basely fly,
 Nor in thy ships our women bear away
 Ere such thy boast, my hand shall work thy doom."

190

Thus he, and greatly was Tydides mov'd
 To turn his horses, and confront his foe
 Thrice thus he doubted, thrice, at Jove's command,
 From Ida's height the thunder peal'd, in sign
 Of victory swaying to the Trojan side
 Then to the Trojans Hector call'd aloud

200

"Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans, fam'd
 In close encounter, quit ye now like men,
 Put forth your wonted valour, for I know
 That in his secret counsels Jove designs
Glory to me, disaster to the Greeks;
 Fools, in those wretched walls that put their trust,
 Scarce worthy notice hopeless to withstand
 My onset, and the trench that they have dug,
 Our horses easily can o'erleap,
 And when I reach the ships, be minded ye,
 To have at hand the fire, wherewith the ships
 We may destroy, while they themselves shall fall
 An easy prey, bewilderd by the smoke!"

210

He said and thus with cheering words address'd
 His horses—"Xanthus, and, Podargus, thou,
 Aethon and Lampus, now repay the care
 On you bestow'd by fair Andromache,
 Eetona's royal daughter, bear in mind
 How she with ample store of provender
 Your mangers still supplied, before ev'n I,
 Her husband, from her hands the wine cup took.
 Put forth your speed, that we may make our prize
 Of Nestor's shield, whose praise extends to Heav'n,
 Its handles, and itself, of solid gold,
 And from the shoulders of Tydides strip
 His gorgeous breastplate, work of Vulcan's hand
 These could we take, methinks this very night
 Would see the Greeks embarking on their ship."

220

Such was his pray'r, but Juno on her throne
 Trembled with rage, till great Olympus quak'd,

And thus to Neptune, mighty God, she spoke
 'O thou of boundless might, Earth shaking God,
 See'st thou unmov'd the ruin of the Greeks?
 Yet they in *Elys* and in *Hades*,
 With grateful offerings rich thine altars crown,
 Then give we them the victory, if we all
 Who favour Greece, together should combine
 To put to flight the Trojans, and restrain
 All seeing Jove, he might be left alone,
 On Ida's summit to digest his wrath ?'

245

To whom, in anger, Neptune thus replied
 "O June, rash of speech, what words are these!
 I dare not counsel that we all should join
 'Gainst Saturn's son, so much the stronger he."

Thus say, conversing, all the space meanwhile
 Enclos'd between the trench, and tow'r, and ships,
 Was closely throng'd with steeds and buckler'd men,
 By noble Hector, brave as Mars, and led
 By Jove to vict'ry, coop'd in narrow space,
 Who now had burnt with fire the Grecian ships, 250
 But June bade Atides haste to rouse
 Their fainting courage, through the camp he pass'd,
 On his broad hand a purple robe he bore,
 And stood upon Ulysses' lofty ship,
 The midmost, whence to shout to either side,
 Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon,
 Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,
 Considering in their strength, had moor'd their ships

Thence to the Greeks he shouted, loud and clear
 "Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards, brave alone
 In outward semblance! where are now the vaunts
 Which once (so highly of ourselves we deem'd)
 Ye made, vain glories braggarts as ye were,
 In Lemnos' Isle, when, feasting on the flesh
 Of straight horn'd men, and your flowing cups
 Crowning with tuldy wine, not one of you,
 But for a hundred Trojans in the field,
 Or for two hundred, durst'd himself a match
 Now qual ye all before a single man,
 Hector, who soon will wrap our ships in fire 260
 O Father Jove! what sor reign e'er hast thou
 So deep afflicted, of such glory robb'd?
 Yet ne'er, on this disastrous voyage bent,

270

Have I unheeded pass'd thine altar by,
The chancest off'nings burning still on each,
In hopes to raze the well built walls of Troy
Yet to this pray'r at least thine ear incline,
Grant that this coast in safety we may leave,
Nor be by Trojans utterly subdued.'

He said, and Jove, with pity, saw his tears,
And, with a sign, his people's safety vouch'd
He sent an eagle, bird of sweetest flight,
That in his talons bore a wild deer's fawn
The fawn he dropp'd beside the body shrine,
Where to the Lord of divination, Jove,

The Greeks were pourt their solemn rites to pay
The sign from Heav'n they knew, with courage fresh
Assau'd the Trojans, and the fight renew'd
Then none of all the many Greeks might boast
That he before Tydides drove his car
Across the ditch, and tangled in the fight
He was the hand that first a crested chief,
The son of Phradmon, Agelaus, struck
He turn'd his car for flight, but as he turn'd,
The lance of Diomed, behind his neck,
Between the shoulders, through his chest was driv'n,
Headlong he fell, and loud his armour rang

Next to Tydides, Agamemnon came,
And Menelaus, Atreus' godlike son,
Th' Ajaes both, in dauntless courage cloth'd,

Idomenes, with a born Menace,
His faithful comrade, terrible as Mars,
Eurypylus, Eumen a noble son,
The ninth was Teucer, who, with bended bow,

Behind the shield of Ajax Telamon
Took shelter, Ajax it's been held he shield,

Thence look'd he round, and aim'd amid the crowd,
And as he saw each Trojan, wounded, fall,
Struck by his shafts, to Ajax close he press'd,

As to its mother's shelt'reing arms a child,
Conceal'd and safe beneath the ample targe

Say then, who first of all the Trojans fell

By Teucer's arrows slain? Oroslochus,

And Ophelates, Hector, Onomaeus,

And godlike Lycophantes Chromines,

And Amopaeon, Polyaemon's son,

And valiant Melanippus all of these,
 Each after other, Teucer laid in dust
 Him Agamemnon, with his well strung bow
 Thinning the Trojan ranks, with joy beheld.
 And, standing at his side, address'd him thus
 " Teucer, good comrade, son of Telamon,
 Shoot ever thus, if thou wouldest be the light
 And glory of the Greeks, and of thy sire,
 Who nurs'd thine infancy, and in his house
 Maintain'd, though bastard born, thy fame on him,
 Though distant far, fresh glori shall reflect
 This too I say, and will make good my word
 If by the grace of eye-bearing Jove,
 And Pallas, Ilion's well built walls we rare,
 A gift of honour, second but to mine,
 I in thy hands will place, a toped bright,
 Or, with their car and harness, two brave steeds,
 Or a fair woman who thy bair may share."
320

To whom in answer valiant Teucer thus
 " Most mighty son of Atreus, why excite
 Who lacks not zeal? To th' utmost of my pow'r
 Have I unceasing, since we came to Trov,
 Watch'd for each chance to wing a deadly shaft:
 Eight barbed arrows have I shot even now,
 And in a warrior each has found its mark
 That savage hound alone defeats my aim."
330

At Hector, as he spoke, another shaft
 He shot, ambitious of so great a prize
 He miss'd his aim, but Phoen's noble son
 Gorgythaos, through the breast his arrow struck,
 Whom in chaste wedlock Castianeira, fair
 As heav'nly Goddess, in Asyne bore
 Down sank his head, as in a garden sink.
 A riptn'd poppy charg'd with vernal rains,
 So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight
 At Hector yet another arrow shot
 Teucer, ambitious of so great a prize,
 Yet this too miss'd, by Phoebus turn'd aside,
 But Archeptolemus, the charioteer
 Of Hector, onward battering, through the breast
 It struck, beside the nipple, from the car
 He fell, aside the startled horses swerv'd,
 And as he fell the vital spirit fled
340

Deep, for his comrade slain, was Hector's grief,
Yet him, though grieved at heart, pedorce he left,
And to Cebrenes, his brother, call'd,
Then ne'er at hand, the horses' teams to take,
He heard, and straight obey'd, then Hector leap'd
Down from his glitt'ning chariot to the ground,
His fearful war cry shouting, in his hand
A pond'rous stone he carried, and, intent
To strike him down at Teucer straight he rush'd
He from his quiver chose a shaft so hasty,
And fitted to the cord, but as he drew

360

The sinew, Hector of the glancing helm
Hurl'd the huge mass of rock, which Teucer struck
Near to the shoulder, where the collar bone
Juncts neck and breast, the spot most opportune,
And broke the tendon purly'd, his arm
Dropp'd helpless by his side upon his knees
He fell and from his hand let fall the bow
Not careless Ajax saw his brother's fall,
But o'er him sprang in haste his cow ring shield
Two faithful friends Vecistus, Echius son,

370

And brave Alastor, from the press withdrew,
And bare him, deep groaning to the ships

Then Jove again the Trojan courage fired,
And backward to the ditch they forc'd the Greeks
Proud of his prowess, Hector led them on,
And as a bound stag, fleet of foot, or stately
Or bear or lion, object of his chase,

380

Can we, ev'n now, in this their sorest need,
 Refuse the Greeks our aid, by one subdued,
 One single man, of pride unbeatable,
 Hector, the son of Priam, who e'en now
 Hath caus'd them endless grief?" To whom again
 The blue ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus replied
 "I too would fain behold him robb'd of life,
 In his own country slain by Grecian hands, 410
 But that my sire, by ill advice misled,
 Rages in wrath, still thwarting all my plans,
 Forgetting now how oft his son I saw'd,
 Sore wearied with the toils Eurytheus gave
 Oft would his tears ascend to Heaven, and oft
 From Heaven would Jove despatch me to his aid,
 But if I then had known what now I know,
 When to the narrow gates of Pluto's realm
 He sent him forth to bring from Erebus
 Its guardian dog, he never had return'd 420
 In safety from the marge of Styx profound
 He holds me now in hatred, and his ear
 To Thetis lends, who kiss'd his knees, and touch'd
 His beard, and pray'd him to avenge her son
 Achilles, yet the time shall come when I
 Shall be once more his own dear blue ey'd Maid
 But haste thou now, prepare for us thy car,
 While to the house of ages bearing Jove
 I go, and don thy armour for the fight.
 To prove if Hector of the glancing helm, 430
 The son of Priam, will unmov'd behold
 Us two advancing o'er the pass of war,
 Or if the flesh of Trojans, slain by Greeks,
 Shall taste the maw of rav'ning dogs and birds."

She said the white arm'd Queen her wold obey'd
 Juno, great Goddess, royal Saturn's child,
 The horses brought, with golden trunsets crown'd,
 While Pallas, child of ages-bearing Jove,
 Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil
 Of airy texture, work of her own hands, 440
 The cuirass donn'd of cloud compassing Jove,
 And stood accoutred for the blowly fray
 The fiery car she mounted, in her hand
 A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough, wherewith
 The mighty daughter of a mighty sire

Sweeps down the ranks of those her wrath pursues
 Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds,
 Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide
 Spontaneous open'd, guarded by the Hours,
 Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge,
 To roll aside or close the veil of cloud,
 Through these th' excited horses bold their way

From Ida's height the son of Saturn saw,
 And, fill'd with wrath, the heav'ly messenger,
 The golden-wing'd Iris, thus bespake
 " Haste thee, swift Iris, turn them back, and warn
 That farther they advance not 'tis not meet
 That they and I in war should be oppos'd
 This too I stay, and will make good my word.
 Their flying horses I will lame, themselves

Dash from their car, and break their chariot-wheels,
 And ten revolving years heal not the wound
 Wherr strikes my lightning so shall Pallas learn
 What 'tis against her father to contend
 Juno less moves my wonder and my wrath,
 For she is ever wont my schemes to thwart."
 Thus he from Ida to Olympus' height
 The storm-swift Iris on her errand sped
 At many-a-ridg'd Olympus' outer gate
 She met the Goddesses, and stay'd their course,

And thus convey'd the sovereign will of Jove

" Whether away? what madness fills your breasts?
 To give the Greeks your succour, Jove forbids,
 And thus he threatens, and will make it good
 Your flying horses he will lame, yourselves
 Dash from the car, and break your chariot-wheels,
 And ten revolving years heal not the wounds
 His lightning makes so, Pallas, shalt thou learn
 What 'tis against thy father to contend
 Juno less moves his wonder and his wrath,
 For she is ever wont his schemes to thwart,
 But over bold and void of shame art thou,
 It against Jove thou dare to lift thy spear."

Thus as she spoke, swift Iris disappear'd
 Then Juno thus to Pallas spoke " No more,
 Daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, can we
 For mortal men his sovereign will resist,
 Live they or die, as each man's fate may be,

While he, 'twixt Greeks and Trojans as 'twas meet,
Hi. own designs accomph'ling, decides'" 490

She said, and backward turn'd her horses' heads
The horses from the car the Hours unyok'd,
And safely bethe d in the barn 'ly stalls,
The car they rear d against the inner wall,
That brightly polish'd shone, the Goddesses.
Them eh as meanwhile, amid th' Immortals all,
With sorrowing hearts on golden seats reclin'd

Ere long, on swift rolling chariot borne,
Jove to Olympus, to th' abode of God,

From Ida's height return'd th' Earth shaking God, 500

Neptune, unyok'd his steeds, and on the stand

Secur'd the car, and spread the cov'ring o'er

Then on his golden throne all-seuring Jove

Sat down, beneath his feet Olympus shook.

Juno and Pallas only sat aloof,

No word they utter'd, no enquiry made

Jove knew their thoughts, and thus address'd them both

"Pallas and Juno, wherefore sit ye thus

In angry sleep? In the glorious fight

No lengthen'd toll have ye sustain'd, to stay

The Trojans, objects of your bitterest hate

Not all the Gods that on Olympus dwell

Could turn me from my purpose, such my might,

And such the pow'r of my resolute hand,

But ye were struck with terror ere ye saw

The battle-field, and fearful deeds of war

But this I say, and bear it in your minds,

Had I my lightning launch'd, and from your car

Had hurl'd ye down, ye ne'er had reach'd again

Olympus' height, th' immortal Gods' abode"

So spok e the God, but, seated side by side,

Juno and Pallas glace, interchang'd

Of ill portent for Troy, Pallas indeed

Sat silent, and, though sulky wrath with Jove,

Yet answer'd not a word, but Juno's breast

Could not contain her rage, and thus she spoke

"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?

Weil do we know thy pos'r invincible,

Yet deeply grieve we for the warlike Greeks,

Condemn'd to hopeless ruin from the fight,

Since such is thy command, we stand aloof," 530

But yet some saving counsel may we give,
Lest in thine anger thou destroy them quite."

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied
" Yet greater slaughter, stag-eyed Queen of Heav'n,
To-morrow shalt thou see, if so thou list,
Wrought on the warrior Greeks by Saturn's son,
For Hector's proud career shall not be check'd
Until the wrath of Peleus' godlike son
Beside the ships be kindled, in the day
When round Patroclus' corpse, in narrow space,
Ev'n by the vessels' stems, the war shall rage
Such is the voice of destiny for thee,
I reck not of thy wrath, nor should I care
Though thou wert thrust beneath the lowest deep
Of earth and ocean, where Iapetus
And Saturn lie, unheard by ray of sun
Or breath of air, in Tartarus profound
Though there thou wert to banishment consign'd,
I should not heed, but thy reprobates hear
Unmov'd, for viler thing is none than thou."
He said, but white-arm'd Juno answer'd not

540

550

The sun, now sunk beneath the ocean wave,
Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night
The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline,
But on the Greeks the shades of darkness fell
Three welcome, object of their earnest pray'r.

The noble Hector then to council call'd
The Trojan leaders, from the ships apart
He led them, by the eddying river's side,
To a clear space of ground, from corpses free
They from their cars dismounting, to the words
Of godlike Hector listen'd, in his hand
His massive spear he held, twice-a cubits long,
Whose glinting point flash'd bright, with hoop of gold
Encircled round, on this he leant, and said,
" Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies,
I hop'd that to the bretry heights of Troy,
We might ere now in triumph have return'd,
The Grecian ships and all the Greeks destroy'd,
But night hath come too soon, and as I awhile
The Grecian army and their stranded ships
Then yield we to the night, prepare the meal,
Unyoke your horses, and before them place

560

570

Their needful storage, from the city bring
 Oxen and sheep, the horses wine provide;
 Bring bread from out our houses, and collect
 Good store of fuel, that the long night,
 Ev'n till the dawn of day, may brightly blaze
 Our num'rous watchfires, and illumine the Heav'ns, 530
 Lest, ev'n by night, the long hair'd Greeks, should sail
 O'er the broad bosom of the sea to fly,
 That so not unawares they may embark,
 Nor undisturb'd, but haply some may hear,
 Ev'n to their homes, the mem'ry of a wound
 Recur'd from spear or arrow, as on board
 They keep'd in base, and others too may fear
 To tempt with hostile arms, the pow'r of Troy
 Then 'tis the sacred heralds' voice proclaim
 Throughout the city, that the strapping youths
 And manly-stedied men all fit themselves
 In sev'ral watches to the Heav'ns, built tow'rs;
 Charge we the women, in their houses each,
 To kindle blazing fires, let careful wemen
 Be set, last, in the absence of the men,
 The town by secret which be signify'd
 Soon, valiant Trojans, is th' advice I give,
 And what to-night your wisdom shall approve
 Will I, at morn, before the Trojans speak
 Hoping, to Jove I pray, and all the Gods, 550
 To chase from hence these fate-infected hounds,
 By fate sent forth on their dark, ribb'd ships
 Now keep we through the night our watchful guard,
 And with the early dawn, equipp'd in arms,
 Upon their fleet our angry battle pour
 Then shall I know if Tydias' valiant son
 Back from the ship shall dare me to the wall,
 Or I, triumphing, bear his bloody spoils
 To-morrow morn his courage will decide,
 If he indeed my onset will eschew. 600
 But ere to-morrow's sun be high in Heav'ns,
 He, 'mid the incense, if I slay him right,
 Wounded and bleeding in the dust shall lie,
 And many, a comrade round him. Would to Heav'n
 I were as sure to be from age and death
 Exempt, and held in honour as a God,
 Phobus, o' Pallas, as I am assur'd.

The coming day is fraught with ill to Greece:

Thus Hector spoke: the Trojans shouted loud

Then from the yoke the sweating steeds they loosed and 630
And tethered each beside their several cars

Next from the city speedily they brought

Oxen and sheep, the luscious wine procur'd

Brought bread from out their houses, and good store

Of fuel gather'd, wasted from the plain

The winds to Heaven the savory odours bare

Full of proud hopes, upon the pass of war

All night they camp'd, and frequent blazed their fires

As when in Heaven around the glittering moon

The stars shine bright amid the breathless air

630

And every crag and everyutting peak

Stands boldly forth, and every forest glade

Even to the gates of Heaven is open'd wide

The boundless sky, shines each particular star

Distinct joy fills the young shepherd's heart

So bright so thickly scatter'd over the plain,

Before the walls of Troy between the ships

And Xanthus stream the Trojan watchfires blaz'd

A thousand fires burnt brightly, and round each

Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glow

640

With store of provender before them laid

Barley and rye: the tether'd horses stood

Beside the cars, and waited for the man.

BOOK IX

ARGUMENT

Et adiret ex hæc Iasonem et Achæam Phoenix ad hæc
in hoc tempore Achæis cum p. opere, et transalpatione. Tunc
concreta illa concurrit, sed non sicut eorum Phoenix respondeat
cum Achæis. Ulysses et Ajax utrum

Tut. kept their watch the Trojans, but the Greeks
Dire Panic held companion of chill Fear,
Their bravest struck with grief unbearable
As when two stormy winds ruffle the sea,
Boreas and Zephyr, from the hills of Thrace
With sudden gust descending, the dark waves
Rear high their angry crest, and toss on shore
Masses of tangled weed, such stormy grief
The breast of ev'ry Grecian warrior sent

Atrides, heart-struck, wander'd to and fro,
And to the clear-voic'd heralds gave command
To call, but not with proclamation loud,
Each several man to council, he himself
Spur'd not his labour, mixing with the chief.
Sadly they sat in council, Atræus son,
Weeping, arose, as some dark water'd fount
Pours o'er a craggy steep its gloomy stream,
Then with deep groans th' assembled Greeks address'd
'O friends,' the chieft. and counsellors of Læsæ,
Grieved, and all infolded for, is the blow
Which Jove hath dealt me, by his promise led
I hop'd to rear the strong built wall of Troy,
And home return in safety, but it avails
He falsifies his word and bids me now
Return to Argos, frustrate of my hope,
Dishonour'd, and with grievous loss of men
Such now appears th' o'er ruling sov'reign will
Of Saturn's son, who oft hath sunk the head
Of many a lofty city in the dust
And yet will sink, for mighty is his hand
Hear then my counsel, let us all agree

Home to direct our course, since here in vain
We strive to take the well built walls of Troy."

The monarch spoke, they all in silence heard
In speechless sorrow long they sat at length
Rose valiant Diomed, and thus he spake
"Atrides, I thy folly must confront,
As is my right, in council, thou, O King!
Be not offended once, aiming the Greeks
Thou held'st my prowess light, and with the name
Of coward branded me, how justly so
Is known to all the Greeks, both young and old
On thee the deep-dwelling Saturn's son
In full ruy measure hath his gifts bestow'd
A throne he gives thee, higher far than all,
But valour, noblest boon of Heaven, denies
How canst thou hope the sons of Greece shall prove
Such heartless dastard, as thy words suppose?
If homeward to return thy mind be fix'd,
Depart, the way is open, and the ships,
Which from Mycenæ follow'd thee in crowds,
Are close at hand, and ready to be launch'd
Yet will the other long hair'd Greeks remain
Till Priam's city fall nay, though the rest
Detake them to their ships, and sail for home,
Yet I and Sthenelus, we two, will fight
Till Troy be ours, for Heaven is on our side!"

Thus he, the sons of Greece, with loud applause,
The speech of valiant Diomed confirm'd

Then aged Nestor rose, and thus began

Pydides, eminent thou art in war,
And in the council thy compeers in age
Must yield to thee, thy present words, no Greek
Can censure, or gainsay, and yet the end
Thou hast not reach'd, and object of debate
But thou art young, and for thine age mightist be
My latest born, yet dost thou to the Kings
Sage counsel give, and well in season speak.
But now will I, that am thine elder far,
Go fully through the whole, and none my words
May disregard, not even Andromed's self
Religious, social, and domestic tie,
Whic be violax, who willingly
Would court the horrors of internal strife

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But yield we now to th' influence of night
 Prepare the meal; and let the sev'ral guards
 Be posted by the ditch, without the wall
 This duty on the younger men I lay
 Then, Agamemnon, then thy part perform,
 For thou art King supreme, the Elders all,
 As meet and seemly, to the feast invite
 Thy tents are full of wine, which Grecian ship
 O'er the wide sea bring day by day from Thrace,
 Nor lack'st thou ought thy guests to entertain,
 And many own the sway, when all are met,
 His counsel take, who gives the best advice,
 Great need we have of counsel wise and good,
 When close beside our ships the hostile fires
 Are burning—*who can this unmov'd behold?*
 This night our ruin or our safety sees" 90

He said, and they, assenting, heard his speech
 Forth with their followers went th' appointed guards,
 The princely Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,
 Ascalaphus, and bold Laërtes,
 Two valiant sons of Menoë, Menonë,
 And Aphareus, and brave Diipyrrus,
 And godlike Lycomedes, Croon's son
 Sev'n were the leaders, and with each went forth
 A hundred gallant youths, with lances arm'd
 Between the ditch and wall they took their post,
 There lit their fires, and there the meal prepar'd 100

Then for th' assembled Elders in his tent
 An ample banquet Agamemnon spread,
 They on the viands, set before them, fell
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
 The aged Nestor first his mind disdos'd,
 He who, before, the sagest counsel gave,
 Now thus with prudent word began, and said

"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
 With thee, Atreides, my discourse shall end,
 With thee begin o'er many nations thou
 Hold'st sovereign sway, since Jove to thee hath giv'n
 The sceptre, and the high prerogative,
 To be thy people's judge and counsellor,
 'Tis thine to speak the word, 'tis thine to bear
 And to determine, when some other chief
 Suggestions offers on the general cause" 110

What counsel shall prevail, depends on thee
 Yet will I say what seems to me the best
 Sounder opinion none can hold than this,
 Which I maintain, and ever have mainten'd,
 Ev'n from the day when thou, great King, didst bear
 The fair Briséis from Achilles' tent
 Despite his anger—not by my advice
 I fain would have dissuaded thee, but thou,
 Following the dictates of thy wrathful pride,
 Dost to our bravest wrong, dishon'ring him
 Whom ev'n th' Immortals honour'd, for his prize
 Thou took'st and still retain'st, but let us now
 Consider, if ev'n yet, with earthly gifts
 And soothing words, we may his wrath appease?"

130

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus
 "Father, too truly thou recall'st my fault
 I err'd, nor will deny it, as a host
 Is he whom Jove in honour holds, as now
 Achilles has bring, he confounds the Greeks.
 But if I err'd, by evil impulse led,
 Pain would I now vindicate him, and pay
 An ample penalty, before you all
 I pledge myself rich presents to bestow
 Sev'n tripods will I give, untouched by fire,
 Of gold, ten talents, twenty cithrons bright,
 Twelva pow'ritul homes, on the course renown'd,
 Who by their speed have many prizes won
 Not empty-handed could that man be deem'd,
 Nor poor in gold, who but so much possess'd
 As by those horses has for me been won
 Sev'n women too, well stell'd in household ease,
 Lesbians, whom I selected for myself,
 That day he captur'd Lesbos' goodly isle,
 In beauty far surpassing all their sex
 These will I give, and with them will I send
 The fair Briséis, her whom from his tent
 I bore away, and o'er a solemn oath,
 I ne'er approach'd her bed, nor held with her
 Such intercourse as man with woman holds
 All these shall now be his. *But if the Gods*
 Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,
 Of gold and brass, whera we divide the spoil,
 With countless heaps he shall a vessel fraught,

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And twenty captures he himself shall choose,
All only less than Argive Helen fair
And if it be our fate to see again
The teeming soil of Argos, he shall be
My son by marriage, and in honour held
As is Orestes, who, my only son,
Is rear'd at home in luxury and ease
Three daughters fair I have, Chrysothemis,
Iphianassa, and Laodice,
Of these, whiche'er he will, to Peleus' house,
No portion ask'd for, he shall take to wife,
And with her will I add such wedding gifts,
As never man before to daughter gave
Sev'n prosperous towns besides, Cardamyle,
And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains,
And Phere, and Anthaea's pastures deep,
Epea fair, and vine clad Pedasus,
All by the sea, by sandy Pylos' bounds
The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,
And, as a God, shall honour him with gifts,
And to his sceptre ample tribute pay
This will I do, so he his wrath remit
Then let him yield (Pluto alone remains
Unbending and inexorable, and thence
Of all the Gods is most abhor'd of men),
To me submitting, as in royal pow'r
Superior far, and more advanc'd in age."

To whom Cretian Nestor thus replied
'Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Atrides, not unworthy are the gifts,
Which to Achilles thou design'st to send
Then to the tent of Peleus son in haste
Let us our chosen messengers despatch
Whom I shall choose, let them consent to go
Then first of all let Phoenix lead the way,
Belov'd of Jove, the mighty Ajax next
With them, Ulysses sage, and let them take
Of heralds, Hodrus and Eurybates
Bring now the hallowing water for our hands,
And bid be silent, while to Saturn's son,
That he have mercy, we address our pray'r."

He said, and well his counsel pleas'd them all,
The heralds pour'd the water on their hands,

The youths, attending, crown'd the bowls with wine,
And in due order serv'd the cups to all
Then, their libations made, when each with wine
Had satisfied his soul, from out the tent
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, they pass'd,
And many a caution aged Hector gave,
With rapid glance to each, Ulysses chief,
How best to soften Palus' matchless son

210

Beside the many dashing ocean's shore
They mov'd along, and many a pray'r address'd
To Neptune, Ocean's Earth surrounding God,
That he to gentle evensels would incline
The haughty soul of great *Achilles*
When to the ships and tents they came, where lay
The warlike Myrmidons, their chief they found
His spirit soothed with a sweet-ton'd lyre,
Of curious work, with silver band adorn'd,
Part of the spoil he took, when he destroy'd
Eetion's wealthy town, as this he play'd,
Soothing his soul, and sang of warriors deeds:
Before the chief, in silence and alone
Patroclus sat, upon Achilles fix'd
His eyes, awaiting till the song should cease
The envoys forward stepp'd, Olysses first,
And stood before him, from his couch, arm'd,
And holding still his lyre, Achilles sprang,
Leaving the seat wherein they found him plac'd,

230

And at their entrance rose Patroclus too
Waving his hand, Achilles, swift of foot,
Address'd them " Welcome, friends! as friends ye come
Some great occasion surely to my tent
Hath brought the men who are, of all the Greeks,
Despite my auger, dearest to my heart "

Thus as he spoke, he led them in, and plac'd
On couches spread with purple carpets o'er,
Then thus address'd Patroclus at his side
" Son of Menoetius, set upon the board
A larger bowl, and stronger mix the wine,
And serve a cup to each beneath my roof
This night my dearest friends I entertain "
He said, Patroclus his commands obey'd,
And in the fire-light plac'd an ample tray,
And on it laid of goat's flesh and of sheep's

250

A saddle each, and with them, rich in fat,
 A chace of well-fed hog, Automedon
 Held fast, while great Achilles curv'd the joints.
 The meat, prepar'd, he fix'd upon the spits 150
 Patroclus kindled then a blazing fire
 And when the fire burnt hotly, and the flame
 Subsided, spread the glowing embers out,
 And hung the spits above, then sprinkled o'er
 The meat with salt, and lifted from the stand
 The viands cook'd and plac'd upon the board,
 From baskets fair Patroclus portion'd out
 The bread to each, the rest Achilles shar'd
 Facing the sage Ulysses, sat the host 160
 On th' other side the tent, and bade his friend,
 Patroclus, give the Gods their honour due
 He in the fire the wonted off'nings burnt
 They on the viands set before them fell
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
 Ajax to Phoenix sign'd Ulysses saw
 The sign, and ruing, fill'd a cup with wine,
 And pledg'd Achilles thus "To thee I drink,
 Achilles! nobly is thy table spread,
 As heretofore in Agamemnon's tent, 170
 So now in thine, abundant is the feast
 But not the pleasures of the banquet now
 We have in hand unpending o'er our arms
 Grave cause of fear, illustrious chief, we see,
 Grave doubts, to save, or see destroy'd our ships,
 If thou, great warrior, put not forth thy might
 For close beside the ships and wall are camp'd
 The haughty Trojans and renown'd allies
 Their watchfires frequent burn throughout the camp,
 And loud their boast, that nought shall stay their hands,
 Until our dark abb'd ships be made their prey 180
 Jove too for them, with fav'ning augury
 Sends forth his lightning, boastful of his strength,
 And firmly trusting in the aid of Jove,
 Hector, restless, rages, nought he fears
 Or God or man, with mortal fury fir'd
 He prays, impatient, for th' approach of morn,
 Then, breaking through the lofty stems, resolv'd
 To the devouring flames to give the ships,
 And slay the crews, besmoulder'd in the smoke

And much my mind troubleth me, lest the Gods
Hus threats fulfil, and we be fated here
To perish, far from Argos' grassy plains
Up there! if in their last extremity
Thee spurn inclineth, though late, to save the Greeks:
Soe press'd by Trojan arms. lest thou thyself
Hereafter feel remorse, the evil done.
Lo past ill cure, then thou reflect betimes
How from the Greeks to ward the day of doom
Dear friend, remember now thy father's words,
The aged Peleus, when to Mezent's son 290
He sent thee forth from Phthia, how he said,
' My son, the boon of strength, if so they will,
Juno or Pallas have the power to give,
But thou thyself thy haughty spirit must curb,
For better far is gentle courtesy
And cease from angry strife, that so the Greeks
The more may honour thee, both young and old.'
Such were the words thine aged father spoke,
Which thou hast now forgotten, yet, ev'n now,
Pause for while, and let thine anger cool. 310
And noble gifts, so thou thy wrath remit,
From Agamemnon shalt thou bear away
Listen to me, while I recount the gifts
Which in his tent he pledged him to bestow
Sev'n tripods promis'd he, untouched by fire
Of gold, ten talents, twenty caldrons bright.
Twelve peer'ful horses, in the course re��nd,
Who by their speed have many ones won
Not empty handed could that man be deem'd,
Nor poor in gold, who but so much possess'd 320
As by those horses has for him been won
Sev'n women too, well skil'd in household care,
Lebanas, whom he selected for himself,
That day thou captur'dst Leukos' goodly steed,
In beauty far surpassing all their sex
These will he give, and with them will be send
The fair Briseis, her whom from thy tent
He bore away, and add a solemn oath,
He ne'er approach'd her bed, nor held with her
Such intercourse as man with woman holds 330
All these shall now be thine, but if the Gods
Shall grant us Priam's city to destroy,

Of gold and brass, when we divide the spoil,
With countless heaps a vessel shalt thou freight,
And twenty captives thou thyself shalt choose,
All only less than Argive Helen fair

And if it be our fate to see again

The teaming soil of Argos, thou mayst be
His son by marriage, and in honour held
As is Orestes, who, his only son,

Is rear'd at home in luxury and ease

Three daughters fair are his, Chrysothemis,
Iphianassa, and Laodice,

Of these whiche'er thou wilt, to Pelcus' house,
No portion ask'd for, thou shalt take to wife,
And with her will he add such wedding gifts,
As never man before to daughter gave

Sev'n prosp'rous towns besides, Cardamyle,
And Enope, and Ira's grassy plains,
And Phœce, and Antheia's pastures deep,

Epeia fair, and vine clad Pedasus,
All by the sea, by sandy Pylor' bounds

The dwellers there in flocks and herds are rich,
And, as a God, will honour thee with gifts,
And to thy sceptre ample tribute pay

All these he giv'st, so thou thy wrath remit
But if thou hold Atrides in such hate,

Him and his gifts, yet let thy pity rest

On all the other Greeks, thus sore bested,
By whom thou shalt be honour'd as a God

For great the triumph that thou now mayst gain,
Ev'n Hector's self is now within thy reach,

For he is near at hand, and in his pride

And martial fury deems that none, of all
Our ships contain, can rival him in arms."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot

"Heav'n born Ulysses, sage in council, son

Of great Laertes, I must frankly speak

My mind at once, my fir'd resolute declare

That from henceforth I may not by the Greeks

By this man and by that, be importun'd

Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors,

Whose outward words his ~~nearest~~ thoughts conceal
Hear then what comes to me the wisest course

On me not Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

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Nor others shall prevail, since nought is gain'd
 By toil unceasing in the battle field
 Who nobly fight, but share with those who shirk,
 Like honours gain the coward and the brave,

380

Alike the idlers and the active die
 And nought it profits me, though day by day
 In constant toil I set my life at stake,
 But as a bird, though ill she fare herself,
 Brings to her callow brood the food she takes,
 So I through many a sleepless night have run,
 And many a bloody day have labour'd through,
 Engag'd in battle on your wives' behalf
 Twelve cities have I taken with my ships,
 Eleven more by land, on Trojan soil

390

From all of these abundant stores of wealth
 I took, and all to Agamemnon gave,
 He, safe on board his ships, my spoils receiv'd,
 A few divided, but the rest retain'd
 To other chiefs and Kings he meted out
 Their sev'rel portions, and they hold them still,
 From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,
 He bore away, and keeps my cherish'd wife,
 Well I let him keep her, solace of his bed!

400

But say then, why do Greeks with Trojans fight?
 Why hath Atreus brought this mighty host?
 To Troy, if not in fair-hair'd Helen's cause?
 Of mortals are there none that love their wives,

Save Atreus' sons alone? or do not all,
 Who boast the praise of sense and virtue, love
 And cherish each his own? as her I lov'd
 Ev'n from my soul, though captive of my spear
 Now, since he once hath rob'd me, and deceiv'd,

410

Let him not seek my aid, I know him now,
 And am not to be won, let him devise,
 With thee, Ulysses, and the other Kings,
 How best from hostile foes to save his ships
 He hath completed many mighty works
 Without my aid, hath built a lofty wall,
 And dug a trench around it, wide and deep,
 And in the trench hath fix'd a palisade,
 Not so the warrior slayer Hector's might
 Can keep us check, while I was in the field,
 Not far without the walls would Hector range

His line of battle, nor beyond the Oak
 And Sccean gates would venture, there indeed
 He once presum'd to meet me, hand to hand,
 And from my onset narrowly escap'd
 But as with Hector now no more I fight,
 To-morrow morn, my off'ngs made to Jove,
 And all the Gods, and brighted well my ships,
 And launch'd upon the main, thyself shall see,
 If that thou care to see, my vessels spread
 O'er the broad bosom of the Hellespont,
 My lusty crewe plying the vig'rous oar,
 And if th' Earth-shaker send a favoring breeze,
 Three days will bear us home to Phthia's shore
 There did I leave abundant store of wealth,
 When hitherward I took my luckless way,
 Thither from hence I bear, of ruddy gold,
 And brass, and women fair, and iron hear
 The share assynd me, but my chiefest prize
 'The monarch Agamemnon, Atrous' son,
 Himself who gave, with insult takes away
 To him then speak aloud the words I send,
 That all may know his crueltie, if yet he hope
 Some other Greek by treach'rous wiles to cheat,
 Cloth'd as he is in shamelessness! my glance,
 All beaten as he is, he dare not meet
 I share no more his counsels, nor his acts;
 He hath deceiv'd me twice, and wrong'd, again
 He shall not cozen me! Of him, enough!
 I pass him by, whom Jove hath robb'd of sense
 His gifts I loathe, and spurn, himself I hold
 At a hair's worth, and would he proffer me
 Tenfold or twentyfold of all he has,
 Or ever may be his, or all the gold
 Sent to Crebomenos or royal Thess,
 Egyptian, treasure-house of countless wealth,
 Who boasts her hundred gates, through each of which
 With horse and car two hundred warriors march
 Nay, were his gifts no number as the sand,
 Or dust upon the plain, yet ne'er will I
 By Agamemnon be prevail'd upon,
 Till I have paid him back my heart's offence
 Nor e'er of Agamemnon, Atrous' son,
 Will I a daughter wed, nor were she fair

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As golden Venus, and no works renown'd
 As Pallas, blue-ey'd Maid, yet her ev'n so
 I wed not, let him choose some other Greek,
 Some fitting match, of nobler blood than mine
 But should the Gods in safety bring me home,
 At Peleus' hands I may receive a wife,
 And Greece can boast of many a lovely maid,
 In Hellen; or in Phœnix, daughters fair
 Of chiefs who hold their native fortresses
 Of these, at will, a wife I may select
 And oft times hath my warlike soul inclin'd
 To take a wedded wife, a fitting bride,
 And aged Peleus' wealth in peace enjoy
 For not the stores which Troy, they say, contain'd
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece,
 Nor all the treasures which Apollo's shrine,
 The Archer God, in rock built Pythes holds,
 May weigh with her, of iron and of sheep
 Successful forays may good store provide,
 And tripods may be gain'd, and noble steeds
 But when the breath of man hath pass'd his lips,
 Not strength nor fury can the loss repair.
 I by my Goddess mother have been warn'd,
 The adver-fated Thetis, that o'er me
 A doble chance of destiny impends
 If here remaining, round the walls of Troy
 I wage the war, I ne'er shall see my home,
 But then undying glory shall be mine
 If I return, and see my native land,
 My glory all is gone, but length of life
 Shall then be mine, and death be long defer'd
 If others ask'd my counsel, I should say,
 'Homeward direct your course, of lofty Troy
 Ye see not yet the end, all seeing Jove
 O'er her extends his hand, as him relying
 Her people all with confidence are fill'd'
 Go then, my answer to the chiefs of Greece
 Speak boldly—such the privilege of age—
 And that some better counsel they deserve
 To save their ships and men, their present scheme,
 My anger unappeas'd, awards them nought
 But Phoenix here shall stay, and sleep to night,
 And with the motto, be with me shall said

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And seek our native land, if so he will,
For not by force will I remaine here hence."

He said, they all, confounded by his words,
In silence heard, so sternly did he speak,
At length, in tears, the aged Phoenix spoke.
For greatly fear'd he for the ships of Greece:

" If, great Achilles, on returning home
Thy mind is set, nor canst thou be induc'd
To save the ships from fire, so fiercer thy wrath,
How then, dear boy, can I remain behind,
Alone? whom with thee aged Pelias sent,
That day when he in Agamemnon's cause
From Phœnix sent them, interponed yet
In all the duties of confid'rate war,

And sage debate, on which attends renown.

We then he sent, instructor of thy youth,
To prompt thy language, and thine acts to guide
So not from thee, dear boy, can I consent
To part, though Heav'n should undertake my age
To wipe away, and vig'rous youth restore,
Such as I boasted, when from Greece I fled
Before my angry sire, Amynon, son
Of Ormenus, a fair-hair'd concubine
Cause of the quarrel, her my father lov'd,
And by her love estrang'd, despis'd his wife,
My mother; oft she pray'd me to seduce,
To vex th' old man, my father's concubine,

I yielded, he, suspecting, on my head
A curse invok'd and on the Furies call'd
His curse to witness, that upon his knees
No child, by me begat, e'er should sit.
His curse the Gods have heard, and ratified,

Th' infernal King, and awful Proserpine
Then would I fain have slain him with the sword,
Had not some God my rising fury quell'd,
And set before my mind the public voice,
The odium I should have to bear 'mid Greeks,

If branded with the name of paricide
But longer in my angry father's house
To dwell, my spirit brook'd not, though my friend
And kinsmen all besought me to remain,
And many a goodly sheep and many a steer
They slew, and many swine, with fat o'erload,

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They sing'd, and roasted o'er the burning coals,
And drank in many a cup the old man's wine.
Nine nights they kept me in continual watch,
By turns relieving guards. The fires meanwhile
Burnt constant, one beneath the porch that fac'd
The well fence'd court, one in the vestibule
Before my chamber door. The tenth dark night
My chamber's closely fitting doors I broke,
And lightly vaulted o'er the court yard fence,
By guards alike and servant maids unmark'd
Alone I fled through all the breadth of Greece,
Until at length to Phthia's frosty soil,
Mother of flocks, to Peleus' realm I came,
Who kindly welcome d me and with such love
As to his only son, his well belov'd,
A father shows, his gen'rous gifts bestow'd
He gave me wealth, he gave me ample rule,
And on the bounds of Phthia bade me dwell,
And o'er the Dorepes hold sov'reign 550

Thee too, Achilles, mal of the Gods,
Such as thou art I made thee, from my soul
I lov'd thee, nor wouldest thou with others go
Or to the meal, or in the house be fed,
Till on my knees thou satt st, and by my hand
Thy food were cut, the cup were tender d theret,
And often, in thy childhood helplessness,
The bosom at my dress with wine was drench'd
Such care I had of thee, such pains I took,
Rememb ring that by Heaven's decree, no son
Of mine I e'er might see, then thee I made,
Achilles, mal of the Gods, my son,
That thou mightst be the guardian of mine age
But thou, Achilles, curb thy noble rage,
A heart implacable beseech thee not
The Gods themselves, in virtue, honour, strength,
Excelling thee, can yet be mollified,
For they, when mortals have transgress'd, or fail'd
To do aright, by sacrifice and pray'r,
Libations and burnt-off'ring, may be sooth'd
They're are the daughters of immortal Jove,
But half, and wrinkled, and of feeble sight,
They plod in Ate's track, while Ate, shrivell'd
And swart of foot, oustrips their lay'd pace,

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590

And, dealing woe to man, o'er all the earth
 Before them flies: they, following, heal her wounds
 Him who with honour welcomes their approach,
 They greatly aid, and hear him when he prays,
 But who rejects, and sternly casts them off,
 To Saturn's son they go, and make their pray'r
 That Ate follow him and claim her dues
 Then to the daughters of immortal Jove,
 Do thou, Achilles, show the like respect,
 That many another brave man's heart hath sway'd 600
 If to thy tent no gifts Atides brought,
 With promises of more, but still retain'd
 His vehement enmity, I could not ask
 That thou thy chaste'd anger shouldst discard,
 And aid the Greeks, how great so e'er their need
 But now large off'ring, hath he giv'n, and more
 Hath promis'd, and, of all the Greeks, hath sent
 To pray thine aid, the men thou lov'st the best
 Discredit not their mission, nor their words
 Till now, I grant thee, none could blame thy wrath 610
 In praise of men in ancient days renown'd,
 This have we heard, that how-so e'er might rage
 Their hostile feuds, their anger might be still
 By gifts averted, and by words appeas'd
 One case I bear in mind, in times long past,
 And not in later days, and here, 'mid friends,
 How all occur'd, will I at length recite
 Time was, that with Aeneas' warlike bands
 Round Calydon the Achaeanians fought 620
 With mutual slaughter these to save the town,
 The Achaeanians meaning to destroy
 This cause of war the golden-throned Queen
 Diana sent, in anger that from her
 Cacus the first fruits of his field withheld
 The other Gods their bounteous recomp'd,
 Diana's shrine alone no off'ring deck'd,
 Neglected, or overlook'd, the sun was great,
 And in her wrath the arrow darting Queen
 A savage wild bear sent, with gleaming tusks,
 Which, Cacus' vineyard haunting, wrought him harm
 There laid he prostrate many a stately tree, 630
 With root and branch, with blossom and with fruit
 Him Meleager, son of Cacus, slew,

With youths and dogs from all the neighbouring towns
Collected, smaller force had not avow'd,

So huge he was, so fierce, and many a youth
Had by his tusks been laid upon the bier
A fierce contention then the Goddess rous'd,
For the boar's head and boarish hide, between
The Acaean and the Epeian bands

640

Whiles warlike Meleager kept the field,
So long the Acaenians far'd but ill,
Nor dur'd, despite the numbers of their host,
Maintain their ground before the city walls
When he to anger yielded, which sometimes
Swells in the bosom ev'n of wisest men,
Incens'd against his mother, he withdrew
To Cleopatra fair his wedded wife,
(Marpean her, Evxena's daughter, bore

650

To Ida, strongest man of all who then
Were living, who against Apollo's self
For the neat footed maidon beat his bow
Her parents call'd the child Alcyone,
In memory of the tears her mother shed,
Rival of Alcyone's melancholy fate,

When by far ducting Phœbus forc'd away)
With her, returning from the field, he nurs'd
His wrath, resenting thus his mother's curse,
Althaea, she her brother's death bore hard,
And pray'd to Her'n above, and with her hands
Beating the solid earth, the rather pain'd
Pluto and awful Proserpine, implor'd,
Down on her knees, her bosom wet with tears,
Death on her son invoking, from the depths

660

Of Erebus Ennys heard her pray'r,
Gloom haunting Goddess, dark and stern of heart:
Soon round the gates the din of battle rose
The tow'rs by storm assaulted, then his aid
Th' Epeian Elders and the sacred priests
With promises of great reward implor'd
A fruitful plot they bade him set apart,
The richest land in lovely Calydon,
Of fifty acres half for wineyard meet,
And half of fertile plain, for tillage clear'd
Upon the threshold of his lofty room
Old Génus stood, and at the portal clos'd

670

He knock'd at vein, a suppliant to his son
 His sisters and his brother join'd their pray'rs,
 But sterner his rejection of their suit,
 The friends he valued most, and lov'd the best,
 Yet they too fail'd his frv'd resolve to shake,
 Till to his very doors the war had reach'd,
 The foe upon the tow'rs, the town in flames.
 Then Helenor's beauteous wife, at length,
 In tears, beseeching him, the thousand ill's
 Recall'd, which on a captur'd town attend,
 The slaughter'd men, the city burnt with fire,
 The helpless children and deep bosom'd dames
 A prey to strangets. List'ning to the tale,
 His spirit was rous'd within him, and again
 He took the field, and don'd his glut'ring arms
 Thus did his act from doom'd th' Ætolians save
 Spontaneous, yet he gan it not, though he see it,
 The rich reward they once were pledg'd to give
 But be not thou like him, nor let thy God
 Turn thitherward thy thoughts, our ships on fire,
 Thine aid will less be priz'd, come, take the gifts,
 And as a God be honour'd by the Greeks
 If thou hereafter, unpropheted,
 The battle join, the Greeks thou mayst protect,
 But not an equal share of honour gan."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot
 "Phoenix, my second father, rev'rend sire,
 Such honours move me not, my horrit come
 From Jove, whose will it is that I should here
 Remain beside the ships, while I retain
 Breath in my lungs and vigour in my limb's
 This too I say, and bear it as thy mind
 Disturb me not with weeping and complaints,
 To do Atreus grace, if lung thou love,
 My love for thee perchance may turn to hate
 My friend should honour him who honours me
 But come with me, and of my kingdom half,
 And equal honours shalt thou share with me
 These shall our message bear, stay thou the while,
 And on soft couch repose, to-morrow morn
 Will we determine or to sail or stay"

He said, and with his eyeworms gave a sign
 In silence to Patroclus, to prepare

680

690

700

710

Prepare a bed for Phoenix, they obey'd,
 And quickly laid the bed with fleeces warm,
 And rugs, and haren light and fine o'erspread
 There slept th' old man, and waited for the morn
 Within the tent's recess Achilles slept,
 And by his side, from Lesbos captive brought,
 Daughter of Phorbas, Diomedes fair
 On th' other side Patroclus lay, with him
 The graceful Iphis, whom, when Scyrus' isle
 He captur'd, and Enyes rock built fast,
 Achilles to his lov'd companion gave

770

When to Atrides tent the envoys came,
 The chiefs, uprising, pledg'd them one by one
 In golden goblets, then their tidings ask'd
 First Agamemnon, King of men, enquir'd
 " Tell me, renown'd Ulysses, pride of Greece,
 Will ev'r he will be save our ships from fire,
 Or still, in wrathful mood, withhold his aid?"

780

To whom agan Ulysses, stout of heart
 " Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
 This anger is not quench'd, but fiercer still.
 It glows, thy gifts and thee alike he spurns,
 He bids thee with the other chiefs concert
 The means thy people and thy ships to save,
 And menaces himself at early dawn
 To launch his well arm'd vessels on the main
 Nay more, he counsels others, so he says,
 Homeward to turn, since here of Iatty Troy
 We see not yet the end, all seeing Jove
 O'er her extends his hand, on him relying,
 Her people all with confidence are fill'd
 Such was his language, here before you stand
 Ajax and both the heralds, sage, grave men,
 Who with me went, and will confirm my words
 Old Phoenix left we there, so will'd the chief,
 That with the morrow he with him may sail,
 And seek their native land, if so he will,
 Fox not by force will he remove hisy hence"

790

Ulysses thus, they all in silence heard,
 Ajax d, so stern the message that he bore
 Long time in silence sat the chiefs of Greece
 Outspake at length the valiant Diomed
 " Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,

800

Would that thou ne'er hadst stoop'd with costly guns
To sue for aid from Peltus' matchless son,
For he before was over proud, and now
Thine offers will have tenfold swall'n his pride
But leave we him, according to his will, 310
To go or stay—he then will join the fight,
When his own spirit shall prompt, or Heav'n inspire
But hear ye all, and do as I advise
Refresh'd with food and wine (for therein lie
Both strength and courage), turn we to our rest,
And when the rosy finger'd morn appears,
Thyself among the foremost, with bold hearts,
Before our ships both horse and foot array."

He said, and all the chiefs with loud applause
His speech confirm'd, then, due blasons pour'd, 320
Each to his rev'ml tent they all withdrew,
Then laid them down, and sought the boon of sleep

BOOK X

ARGUMENT

Danaus and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhodes.

In night long slumbers lay the other chiefs
Of all the Greeks, by gentle sleep subdued,
But not on Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
By various cares oppress'd, sweet slumber fell
As when from Jove, the fair ha'rd Juno's Lord,
Flashes the lightning, bringing in its train
Tempestuous storm of mingled rain and hail
Or snow, by winter sprinkled o'er the fields,
Or opening wide the rav'nes jaws of war,
So Agamemnon from his wro't heart
Pour'd forth in groans his multitudinous gnef,
His spirit within him sinking. On the plain
He look'd, and there, alarm'd, the watchfire saw,
Which, far advanc'd before the walls of Troy,
Blaz'd numberless, and thence of pipes and flutes
He heard the sound, and baw'g hoar of men
Upon the ships he look'd, and men of Greece,
And by the rocts his hair in handfuls tore
To Jove on high, deep groan'd his might' heart
Thus as he moan'd, the wheel course appear'd,
With Hector, son of Prius, to confer,
If they some scheme in council might devise
To ward destruction from the Grecian host
He rose, and o'er his body drew his vest,
And underneath his well turn'd feet he bound
His sandal saw, then o'er his shoulders thr. v.
Do in reaching to his feet, a lion's skin,
Tawny and vast, then grasp'd his good com-spear

On Menelaus weigh'd an equal dread,
Nor on his eyes that night but slumber sat,
Till all bewil the Greeks, who, 'n his cause,
Crossing the wat'ry waste, had come to Troy,
And bold defiance to the Trojans giv'n

Round his broad chest a panther's skin he threw;
 Then on his head his brazen helmet plac'd,
 And in his brawny hand a lance he bore
 To meet his brother went he forth, of Greece
 The mighty monarch, as a God never'd
 Hm by the ship he found, in act to arm,
 And welcome was his presence to the King

40

Then valiant Menelaus first began
 " Why thus in arms, good brother? seek'st thou out
 The Trojan camp to spy? I greatly fear
 That none will undertake the task, alone
 To spy the movements of the hostile camp
 In the dark night, stout hearted he must be "

To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus
 " Great need, my noble brother, have we both
 Of sagacious counsels, if we hope the Greeks
 And Grecian ships from ruin to preserve,
 Since turn'd against us is the mind of Jove
 To Hector's off'lings most his soul inclines.
 For never have I seen, or heard men tell,
 How in one day one man has wrought such loss
 As Hector, dear to Jove, yet not the son
 Of God or Goddess, no the Greeks has wrought
 Such deeds hath he achiev'd, such havoc made,
 As we shall long in bitter memory keep
 Haste thou amid the ships, and bethat bring
 Idomeneus and Ajax, I the while
 Will Nestor rouse, and urge that he with us
 The outposts visit, and instruct the guard
 To him they best will listen, for his son
 Commands the watch, with him Menonides,
 The follower of the King Idomeneus
 To them by presentance hath this charge been given
 To them by presentance hath this charge been given

50

He said, and Menelaus answer'd thus
 " What wouldest thou have me do then? here remain
 With them, and wait thy coming, or to them
 Thy message give, and follow in thy step."

60

Hum answer'd Agamemnon, King of men
 " Remain thou here, lest haply we might fail
 To meet, for in the camp are many paths
 But thou, where er thou go st, each several man
 Address, and ask to rise, to each his name
 And patronymic giving, pay to each

F

70

All due respect, nor bear thee haughtily,
We too must bear our load of toil, on whom
This deep humiliation Jove hath laid."

His brother thus with counsels wise dismiss'd,
The King to aged Nestor took his way
Him by his tent and dark ribb'd ship he found
On a soft couch, beside him lay his arms,
His shield, two lances, and a glitt'ring helm
There lay the rich-wrought belt the old man wore,
When to the battle arm'd, he led his troops,
For nought to age's weakness would he yield
Raising his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
He question'd thus Atreus " Who art thou,
That wad rest through th' encampment thus alone,
In the dark night, when other mortals sleep?
Seck'st thou some mule broke loose, or comrade lost?
Speak, nor in silence come, what wouldest thou here?"

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men
" O Nestor! son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
Know me for Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
On whom hath Jove, beyond the lot of men,
Laid grief that ne'er shall end, while I retain
Breath in my lungs, and vigour in my limbs
I wander thus, because these eyes of mine
Sweet slumber visits not, by cares of war
Oppress'd, and harass'd by the woes of Greece
Much for the Greeks I fear, nor leaps my mind
Its wonted firmness, I am ill at ease,
And leaps my troubled heart as though 'twould burst
My bosom's bounds, my limbs beneath me shake
But if thou wilt, since thou too know'st not sleep,
Together to the outposts let us go,
And see if there, by toil and sleep o'ercom r'd,
The guard repose, neglectful of their watch
The foe is close at hand, nor are we sure
He may not hazard ev'n a night attack"

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied
" Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Not all the hopes that Hector entertain'd
Shall by the Lord of counsel be fulfill'd,
For him are toil and danger yet in store,
If but Achilles of his wrath repent.
Gladly will I attend thee, others too,

Tyndides, spearman bold, Ulysses sage,
Ajax the swift, and Phyleus' noble son,
Should all be summon'd, and 'twere well that one
Across the camp should run, to call in haste
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
There are the farthest ships, nor near at hand
But, dear to me as Menelaus is,
And highly honour'd, I must blame, that thus
(Though thou shouldest take offence, I needs must say)
He sleeps, and leaves the toy to thee alone
With all the chace he should be busied now,
Exploring aid, in this our utmost need" 130

To whom then Agamemnon, King of men
"For other times, old man, reserve thy blame,
Sometimes, I own, he lags behind, nor takes
His share of labour, not from indolence,
Or want of sense, but still regarding me,
Waiting from me an impulse to receive
But now, before you was he up, and came
To visit me, and I have sent him on
To call those very men whom thou hast sum'd
Come then, for we, beside the gates, and guard
Shall find them, there my orders were to meet" 140

To whom Gerenian Hector thus replied,
"Then none can blame him, not can any Greek
Justly refuse his summons to obey"

He said, and round his body wrapp'd his vest,
Then on his feet his sandals fair he bound,
And o'er his shoulders clasp'd a purple cloak,
Doubled, with ample folds, and downy pile,
Then took his spear, with point of sharpen'd brist, 150
And through the camp prepar'd to take his way
Gerenian Hector from his numbers first
Ulysses, sage as Jove in council, robb'd
Loud shouting, when the voice his voices teach'd,
Forth from his tent he came, and thus he spoke
"What cause so urgent leads you, through the camp,
In the dark night to wander thus alone?"

To whom Gerenian Hector thus replied
"Ulysses, sage, Lacedæon godlike son,
Be not offended, great the stress that now 160
Weights down our army, come thou then with us,
And others let us call, with whom 'tis meet

That we should counsel take, to fight or fly "

He said, Ulysses to the tent return'd,
Then, his broad shield across his shoulders thrown,
Came forth again, and with them took his way
To Diomed, the son of Tydeus, next
They went, and him they found beside his arms,
Without his tent, his comrades slept around,
Their heads upon their bucklers laid, their spears
Stood upright, on the bolts, the burnish'd brass
Like Heav'n's own lightning, flashing fit around
Stretch'd on a wild bull's hide the chief repos'd,
A gay-wrought carpet roll'd beneath his head
Grecian Nestor standing by his side
Touch'd with his foot the chief, and thus in time
Reproachful spake "Arouse thee, Tydeus' son!
Why sleep'st thou thus all night? or know'st thou not
That on the very margin of the plain,
And close beside the slugs the Trojans lie,
And little space between the camps is left?"

Quick rous'd from sleep, thus answer'd Diomed
"Fashew thy heart, old man! no labour seems
For thee too hard, are there not younger men
To run about the camp, and summon all
The sev'n chiefs? thou dost too much, old man!"

To whom Grecian Nestor thus replied
"True, friend, and full of wisdom are thy words,
Good sons indeed I have, and followers brave
And many, who might well my message bear,
But great is now the stress that lies on Greeks,
For on a razor's edge is balanc'd now,
To all the Greeks, the chance of life or death
Do thou then go (for thou my younger art),
And if thou pity me, thyself arouse
Ajax the swift, and Phyleus' noble son."

He said, the warier round his shoulders threw,
Down reaching to his feet, a lion's hide,
Tawny and dark, and took his good rous spear
He went, arous'd, and with him brought the chiefs

When to the guard they came, not sunk in sleep
Found they the leaders, but in wakeful watch
Intent, and all alert beside their arms
As round a sheepfold keep their anxious watch
The dogs, who in the neighbouring thicket hear

170

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190

200

Some beast, that, bold in search of prey, has come
 Down from the mountain, loud the elements rise
 Of men and dogs; all sleep is banish'd thence,
 So from their eyes was banish'd sleep, who watch'd
 Through that disastrous night, still plainward turning
 At ev'ry movement in the Trojan camp 201
 The old man saw, well pleased, and thus address'd
 With cheering word; the captain of the guard
 "Watch ever thus, good youths, nor be surpris'd
 By slumber, lest the foe a triumph gain."

This said, he cross'd the ditch, and with him went
 The Grecian leaders, to the council call'd
 With them, mounted to the conference, went
 Menelaus, and Nestor's noble son
 The deep dug ditch they cross'd, and sat them down 210
 Upon an open space, from corpos clear
 Where Hector from the slaughter of the Greeks
 Turn'd back, when Eris spread her veil around
 There sat they down, and there the conference held
 Grecian Nestor first took up the word.

O friends! is any here with heart so bold
 Who dares, self confident, the Trojan camp
 To enter? there some straggler he might take,
 Or in the camp itself some tidings gain
 What are their secret counsels, if they mean
 Here by the ships to hold that ground or back,220
 Sated with victory, to the town retire
 This could be learn'd, and higher scathless bring
 His tidings, high as Heav'n in all men's mouths
 Would be his praise, and ample his reward
 For ev'ry captain of a ship should give
 A mail black coat, and at his foot a lamb,
 A prize beyond compare, and high should be
 His place at banquets, and at solemn feast.

He said, but all the chaff in whose heard, 230
 Then rose the valiant Deased, and said

"Nestor, th'it heart is man. I durst alone
 Enter the hostile camp so close at hand,
 If I had on comrade, in a man, I should go
 With more of comfort, more of confidence.
 When two combine, one beset other side
 The better course, and ev'n though one aband
 The maddest way discover, yet need be

His judgment slower, his decision less :

He said, and many chiefs to Diomed

250

Pioffer'd companionship, stood forth at once,

With him to penetrate the Trojan camp,

The two Ajas, ministers of Mars,

Stood forth Menelaus, and eagerly

Stood forth the son of Nestor, Atreus' son,

The royal Menelaus, spearman bold,

And stout Ulysses, whose enduring heart

For ev'ry deed of valour was prepar'd

Rose Agamemnon King of men, and said

" Tydides, comrade dearest to my soul,

260

Choose thou thine own companion, whoso thou will,

Of all the many here that proffer and

Him whom thou deem'st the best nor from respect

To persons leave the better man behind,

And take the worse, nor dis'rence show to rank,

Not though the purest royal blood were his."

In fear for Menelaus thus he spoke

Then answer'd valiant Diomed, and said,

" If my companion I may freely choose,

How can I pass the sage Ulysses by ?

270

Of ready wit, and dauntless courage, prov'd

In ev'ry danger, and to Pallas dear

I shoul'd not leav, by him accompanied,

To pass through fire, and safely both return,

So far in prudence he surpasses all

Whom answer'd thus Ulysses, stout of heart

" Tydides, nor exaggerated praise

Bestow on me, nor censure for thou speak'st

To those who know me all for what I am

But go we, night wastes fast, the morn is near

280

The stars are high in Heav'n, and of the night

Two third are spent, one third alone remains."

He said, and both prepar'd to don their arms

The youthful warrior Thrasymedes gave

To Diomed a two-edg'd sword (he own

Had in the shop been left) and ample shield,

Then on his brows a leatheren headpiece plac'd,

Without or peak or plume, a simple casque,

Such as is worn by youths to guard their head

A bow, and well fill'd quiver, and a sword,

Menelaus to sage Ulysses gave,

290

And on his brows a leatheren headdress plac'd,
 Well wrought within, with sun'rous straps secur'd,
 And on th' outside, with wild boars' gleaming tusks
 Profusely garnish'd, scatter'd here and there.
 By skilful hand, the weft with felt was lin'd
 Thus from Amyntor, son of Oineus,
 Autolycus from Elean born awry,
 Spoil of his pallid hoar, Autolyrus
 Gave to Amphidamas, Lydian chief,
 Who in Scanda Jovit, Amphidamas
 To Melos, pledge of friendship; he again
 Gave to his son, Memnon, from whom
 It now encircled vagt Ulysses' brow
 Thus with accoutrements and arms supplied,
 They left their brother chiefs, and took their way
 Then close beside their path, by Pallas sent,
 Rose, on the right, a bison, through the gloom
 They saw it not invited, but heard the cry
 The fav'ring sign with joy Ulysses hail'd,
 And thus to Pallus pray'd " Hear me, thou child
 Of ceas beaing Jove, who still hast stood
 In ev'ry peril at my side, whose eye
 My ev'ry movement sees, now, Goddess, now
 Behnend me, grant that side, with triumph crown'd,
 We may return, some great exploit achiev'd,
 Such as the Trojans long may bear in mind "

Him following, thus the brave Tydides pray'd
 " My voice thou, child of Jove, undoubted, hear,
 And be with me, as with my father erst,
 The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he went,
 An envoy, in advance, and left behind,
 Upon Isopos' bank the mail-clad Greeks
 Smooth was the message which to Thebes he bore,
 But great, his mission ended, were the deads
 That with thine aid he wrought, iur, Goddess, thou
 Wast with him, and thine arm was his defence
 So be thou now with me, and me defend
 Then on these altar will I sacrifice
 A yearling heifer, breed of brows, untam'd,
 Wearer no yokc hath mortal ever had
 Her will I giv'e, and top her horns with gold "

Thus as they pray'd, their pray'r the Goddess heard;
 Then, their devotions ended, on they far'd

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Through the deep dead of night, like hoar twain,
Mid slaughter, corpses, arms, and blacken'd gore

Nor, in the Trojan camp, did Hector leave
The chief to rest, but all to consternation call'd,
The leaders and the councillors of Troy,
To whom his prudent speech he thus address'd
"Who is there here, that for a rich reward
A noble work will undertake? A car
And two strong-collar'd horses, best of all
That can be found within the Grecian lines;
Shall he receive, who, to his colless grace,
Shall dare approach the ships, and learn if still
They keep their wonted watch, or, by our arms
Subdued and vanquish'd, meditate retreat,
And, worn with toil, the nightly watch neglect."
Thus Hector spoke, but all in silence heard

There was one Dolon in the Trojan camp,
The herald's son, Eumeedes, rich in gold
And brass, not fair of face, but swift of foot,
Amid five sisters he the only son,
Whom thus to Hector and the Trojans spoke

"Hector, with dauntless courage I will dare
Approach the ships, and bring thee tidings sure,
But hold thou forth thy royal staff and swear
That I the horses and the brass bound car
Shall have, the boast of Peleus' matchless son
Not vain shall be mine errand, nor deceive
Thy hopes, right through the camp I mean to pass
To Agamemnon's tent, where all the chiefs
Debate in council, or to fight or fly."

He said, and Hector took his royal staff,
And swore to him 'Be witness Jove himself,
The Lord of thunder, that no Trojan man,
Thyself except, shall e'er those horses drive,
For thee they are reserv'd, a glorious prize'

Thus Hector swore, though undcall'd the oath
The hope to Dolon fresh assurance gave
Forthwith, he bore across his shoulders slung,
A grisly wolfish o'er it, on his head
A cap of marten's fur, and in his hand
A javelin, from the camp he took his way,
Straight to the Grecian ships, but never thence
Destin'd to bring th' expected tidings back

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370

The crowd of men and horses left behind,
Briskly he rov'd along. Ulysses first
Mark'd his approach, and to Tydides said 360
 " See, from the camp where some one this morn comes,
With what intent I know not, if to spy
The spy about the ships, or rob the dead
Turn we aside, and let him pass us by
A little way, ne'er they with sudden rush
May set us here, or if he overtake us both
By speed of foot, may turn him tow'rd the ships,
Driving him still before us with our spears,
And from the city cutting off his flight "

Thus saying, 'mid the dead, beside the road 370
They crouch'd, he, all unconscious, hast'nd by
But when such space was interpos'd as leave
Betwix the sluggish even and themselves :
A team of mules (so much the faster they
Through the staff follow drag the jointed plough),
They rush'd upon him, at the sound he stopp'd,
Deeming that frum the Trojan camp they came,
By Hector sent, to order his return
Within a spear's length when they came, or less,
For soe he knew them, and to fight address'd 400
His venve links, that rush'd in hot pursuit
And as two hounds, well practis'd in the chase,
With glist ring lungs, unflagging, strain'd to catch
In woodland glade, some pricket deer, or hare,
That flies before them, scurrying, so those two,
Tydides and Ulysses, stout of heart,
With fiery zeal, unflagging, strain'd to catch
The living Dolon, from the camp cut off,
But when the fugitive approach'd the ships, 410
Close by the guard, fresh vigour fail'd gave
To Diomed, last hope from the walls
Some other raight anticipate his blow,
And he himself but second honours gain'd
Tydides then with threat'ning gesture cried,
" Stop, or I hurl an spear, and small thy chance,
If I assail thee, of escape from death "
He said, and threw his spear, but by design

It struck him not, above his shoulder flew
 The polish'd lance, and quiver'd in the ground
 Sudden he stopp'd, with panic paralyz'd
420
 His teeth all chattering, pale with fear he stood,
 With faltering accents, panting, they came up
 And seiz'd him in their grasp, he thus, in tears
 " Spare but my life, my life I can redeem,
 For ample stores I have of gold, and brass,
 And well wrought iron and of these my sire
 Would pay a generous ransom could he learn
 That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd "

To whom Ulysses deep-desiring, thus
 " Be of good cheer nor let the fear of death
 Disturb thy mind but tell me truly this,
 How is't that thou'rt the ships thou com'st alone,
 In the still night, when other mortals sleep?
 Com'st thou perchance for plunder of the dead?
 Or seek'st upon our ships to play the spy,
 By Hector sent? or of thine own accord?"

Then Dolon thus—his heart with terror shook—
 " With much persuasion, of my better mind
 Hector beguile'd me, off now as my prey
 Achilles' bones and his brass bound car
440
 Through the dark night he sent me and enjoy'd,
 Eat'ning your hostile camp, to learn if still
 Ye kept your posted watch, or by our arms
 Subdued and vanquish'd, meditate retreat,
 And worn with toil, your nightly watch neglect."

To whom Ulysses thus with scornful smile
 " High soar'd thy hopes indeed, that thought to win
 The horses of Achilles, hard are they
 For mortal man to harness or control,
 Save for Achilles self, the Goddess born
450
 But tell me truly this, when here thou cam'st,
 Where left'st thou Hector, guardian chief of Troy?
 Where are his warlike arms? his horses where?
 Where be the rest? and where are plac'd their guards?
 What are their secret counsels? do they mean
 Here by the ships to keep their ground or back,
 Sated with victory, to the town return?"

Whom Dolon answer'd thus Eumeus' son
 " Thy questions all true answers shall receive,
 Hector, with those who share his counsels, sits

To touch his beard, wimpling, through his throat,
Both tendons sev'ring, drove his trenchant blade
Evn while he spoke, his head was roll'd in dust
The cap of warren fur from off his head
They took, the walletkin, and the bow unsprung,
And lay him, these Ulys & held aloft,
And thus to Pallas pray'd, who gave the spot

510

" Receive, great Goddess, these our gifts, to thee,
Of all th' Immortals on Olympus' height,
Our off'rings first we give, conduct us now,
The Thracian camp and Thracian steeds to gain."

Thus as he spoke, amid the Larinak scrub
Far off he threw the trophies, then with reed,
And twigs, now broken from the Larinak boughs,
He set a mark, lost in the gloom of night
Returning, they might hly ne'er the spot

Then on they pass'd through arms and blacken'd gore, 520
And reach'd the confines of the Thracian camp

There found they all by sleep subdued, their arms
Bande them on the ground, in order due,

In triple rows, and by the side of each,
Harnes'd and vol'd, his horses ready stood

Surrounded by his warriors, Rhatus slept,
Beside him stood his coursers fleet, their reins

Suspended to the chariot's topmost rail
Ulysses mark'd him as he lay, and said,

" This is the man, Tydides, these the steeds,
To us by Dolon, whom we shew, describ'd

Now then, put forth thy might, beseems it not
To stand here idly with these arms in hand

Loose thou the horses, or do thou the cars
Despatch, and to my care the horses leave!"

He said and Pallas' vigour now inspir'd,
That right and left he smote, dire were the groans
Of slaughter'd men, the earth was red with blood,
'mid as a lion, on th' unguarded flock
Of sheep or goat, with savage onslaught sprung,
Evn so Tydides on the Thracians sprang,

Till twelve were slain, and as Tydides' sword
Gave each to death, Ulysses by the feet
Drew each aside, reflecting, that perchance
The horses, startled, might refuse to pass
The corpses, for as yet they knew them not

530

540

But when Tydides saw the sleeping King,
A thirteenth victim to his sword was giv'n,
Painfully breathing, for by Pallas' art,
He saw that night, as in an evl dream,
The son of Jove standing o'er his head
Meanwhile Ulysses sage the horses los't,
He gather'd up the reins, and with his bow
(For whip was none at hand) he drove them forth,
Then softly whistling to Tydides gave
A signal, he, the while, remain'd behind,
Musing what bolder deed he yet might do,
Whether the stat, wherein the arms were laid,
To draw away, or, lifted high in air,
To bear it off in triumph on the car,
Or on the Thracians farther loss inflict,
But while he mus'd, beside him Pallas stood,
And said, "Bethink thee, Tydides' son, betimes
Of thy return, lest, if some other God
Should wake the Trojans, thou shouldst need to fly"
550

She said, the heavy my voice he recognis'd,
And mounted straight the car, Ulysses touch'd
The horses with his bow, and urg'd to speed,
They tow'r'd the ships their rapid course pursued.

Not idle watch Apollo kept, who saw
Tydides o'er the plain by Pallas led,
With anger fill'd, the Trojan camp he sought,
And Rhesus' Linsman, good Hippomen,
The Thracian counsellor, from sleep arous'd,
Awaking, when the vacant space he view'd,
Where late had stood the horses, and his friend,
Gasping in death, and welting in their blood.
He groan'd as on his comrade's name he call'd,
Then loud the clamour rose, and wild uproar,
Unspeakable, of Trojans thronging round,
They marvell'd at the deeds, but marvell'd more
How they who wrought them had escap'd unscath'd
570

Meantime arriv'd where Hector s'mot they alit,
Ulysses, lov'd of Her'n, a moment check'd
His anger steeds, Tydides from the car
Leap'd to the ground and in Ulysses hand
The bloody trophies plac'd, these mounted quick,
And tow'r'd the ships, their destin'd goal, urg'd on
The fiery horses, nothing loth, they flew
580

Nestor first heard the sound, and cried, " O friends, 599
 The leaders and the counsellors of Greece,
 Am I deceiv'd, or is it true? methinks
 The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes mine ear,
 Great Heav'n, Ulysses and brave Diomed
 May bring those horses from the Trojan camp,
 Yet much I fear our bravest may have met
 With some disaster 'mid the crowd of foes "

He scarce had ended, when themselves appear'd,
 And from the car descended welcom'd back

With cordial grasp of hands, and friendly words 600
 Gerenian Nestor first, enquiring, said

" Tell me, renown'd Ulysses, pride of Greece,
 Whence come these horses? from the Trojan camp?
 Or hath some God, that met you by the way,
 Hector'd them, radiant as the beams of light?
 Among the Trojans day by day I move,
 'Tis not my wont, old warrior though I be,
 To lag behind, but horses such as these
 I never saw, some God hath giv'n them, sure,
 For Jove, the Cloud compeller, loves you both,
 And Pallas, child of aegis-bearing Jove" 610

To whom agen the sage Ulysses thus

" O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
 Had they so will'd, the Gods, so great their pow'rs,
 Ev'n better horses could have giv'n than these,
 But these, old man, are Thracians, newly come,
 Whose King the valiant Diomed hath slain,
 And with him twelve, the best of all his band
 A scout too have we slain, by Hector sent,
 And by the Trojan chiefs, to spy our camp" 620

He said, and o'er the ditch the horses drove,
 Exulting in their prize, and with him went
 The other chiefs, rejoicing, through the camp
 arriv'd at Diomed's well-order'd tent,
 First with strong halters to the neck, where stood,
 High fed with corn, his own swift-footed steeds,
 The horses they sever'd, Ulysses then
 The bloody spurs of Diomed stow'd away
 In the ship's stern, till fitting sacrifice
 To Pallas might be offer'd, to the sea

Descending then, they wash'd away the sweat,
 Which on their necks, and thighs, and knees had dried,

The sweat wash'd off, and in the ocean waves
Themselves refresh'd, they sought the polish'd bath,
Then, by the bath restore'd, and all their limbs
Anointed truly with the heavy oil,
Sat down to breakfast, and from flowing bowls
In Pallas' honour pour'd a fine heaving wine.

BOOK XI

Whitelock

Achilles' own chiding at himself. He is wounded and Achilles' Diomed is wounded by Ulysse by Scena. After which Menelaus goes to the tomb of Thesus and Euryalus. Soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in ministering to his son in the tomb for Ians who also wounds Menelaus Hector conveys Nestor from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor and Hector takes that occasion to escort Patroclus to Agamemnon's battle clothed in the shield of Achilles.

Now rose Aurora from Ithomus' bed,
To mortals and Immortals bringing light,
When to the ships of Greece came Discord down,
Despatch'd from Jove, with dark portents of war.
Upon Ulysses' lofty ship she stood,
The midmost, thence to shoot to either side
Or to the tents of Ajax Iulamon,
Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,
Confiding in their strength, had moord their ships
There stood the Goddess, and in accents loud
And dread she call'd, and fix'd in ev'ry breast
The fierce resolve to wage unscarred war,
And dearest to their hearts than thoughts of home
Or wish'd return, became the battle field.

Atrides, loudly shouting, call'd the Greeks
To arms himself his flashing armour don'd
First on his legs the well wrought greave he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps, his ample chest
A breastplate guarded, giv'n by Cunras
In pledge of friendship, for in Cyprus' Isle
He heard the rumour of the glorious fleet
About to sail for Troy, and sought with gifts
To win the favour of the mighty King
Ten bands were there inwrought of dusky bronze,
Twelve of pure gold, twice ten of shining tin
Of bronze six dragons upwards tow'rs the neck
Their length extended, three on either side

10

20

In colour like the bow, which Saturn's son
 Plac'd in the clouds, a sign to mortal men.
 Then o'er his shoulder threw his sword, bright flash'd 30
 The golden studs, the silver scabbard shone,
 With golden hiltinck fitted, next his shield
 He took, full arm'd, well-wrought, well prov'd in fight,
 Around it ran ten circling runs of brass.
 With twenty bosses round of burnish'd tin,
 And, in the centre, one of dusky bronze
 A Gorgon's head, with aspect terrible,
 Was wrought, with Fear and Flight encircled round
 Depending from a silver belt it hung,
 And on the belt a dragon, wrought in brass,
 Twin'd his lithe folds, and turn'd on ev'ry side
 Sprung from a single neck, his triple head
 Then on his brow his lofty heim he plac'd,
 Four-crested, double-peal'd, with horsehair plumes,
 That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's head
 Then took two weighty lances, tipp'd with brass,
 Which fiercely dash'd against the face of Heav'n
 Palas and Juno thund'ring from on high
 In honour of Mycene's wealthy lord.

Farthwith they order'd, each his chariot,
 To stay his car beside the ditch, themselves,
 On foot, in arms accoutred, silded forth,
 And loud, ere every man, the clamour rose
 Advanc'd before the cars, they laid the ditch,
 Follow'd the cars, a little space between
 But love with dire confusion fill'd their ranks,
 Who sent from Heav'n a show'r of blood rain'd down,
 In sign of many a warrior's coming doom,
 Soon to the viler shades untimely sent
 Meanwhile upon the slope, beneath the plain,
 The Trojan chiefs were gather'd, Hector's self,
 Polydamas, Æneas, is a God
 In renown held, Antenor's three brave sons,
 Agenor's godlike presence, Polybus,
 And, hear my fair, the youthful Æneas
 In front was seen the broad circumference
 Of Hector's shield, and as amid the clouds
 Shines lurth the bery dog star, bright and clear,
 Aon beneath the cloudy veil conceal'd,
 So now in front was Hector seen, and now

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70

Pass'd to the rear, exhorting, all in brass,
His burnish'd arms like Jove's own lightning flash'd

As in the corn-land of some wealthy Lord
The rivil hands of reapers mow the swathe,
Barley or wheat, and fast the trusses fall,
So Greeks and Trojans mow'd th' opposing ranks,
Nor these admitted thought of faint retreat,
But still made even head, while those, like wolves,
Rush'd to the onset, Discord, Goddess dire,
Beheld, rejoicing, of the heav'ly pow'rs 50
She only mingled with the combatants,
The others all were absent, they, serene,
Repos'd in gorgeous palaces, for each
Amid Olympus' deep recesses built
Yet all the cloud-girt son of Saturn blam'd,
Who will'd the vict'ry to the arms of Troy
He heeded not their anger, but withdrawn
Apart from all, in pride of conscious strength,
Survey'd the walls of Troy, the ships of Greece,
The flush of arms, the slayers and the slain 50

While yet 'twas morn, and wat'd the yoothful day,

Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell

On either side, but when the hour was come

When woodmen, in the forest's deep recess,

Prepare their food, and wearied with the toil

Of felling loftiest trees, with aching arms

Turn with keen relish to their midday meal,

Then Grecian valour broke th' opposing ranks,

As each along the line encourag'd each,

First sprang the monarch Agamemnon forth,

And brave Menor slew, his people's guard,

And, with the chief, his friend and charioteer,

Oileus, he, down-leaping from the car,

Stood forth defiant, but between his brows

The monarch's spear was thrust, nor aught avail'd

The brass bound helm to stay the weapon's point,

Through helm and bone it pass'd, and all the brain

Was shatter'd, lorward as he rush'd, he fell

There left he there, their bare breasts gleaming white,

Stripp'd of their arms, and hasten'd in pursuit

Of Antiphus and Ieus, Priam's sons,

A bastard one, and one legitimate,

Both on one car, the bastard held the reins

100

110

Beside him stood the gallant Antiphates
 Then, as they led their flocks on Ida's heights,
 Achilles once had captive made, and bound
 With willow saplings, till for ransom freed
 The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, drove
 Through Ious' breast his spear, his weighty shield
 Descended on the head of Antiphates
 Beside the car, and hurl'd him from his car,
 These of their armor he despol'd in haste,
 Known to him both for he had seen them oft
 Beside the ships, when thither captive brought
 From Ida by Achilles swift of foot
 As when a lion in their lair hath scarr'd
 The helpless offspring of a mountain doe,
 And breaks their bones with rage, and with strong teeth
 Croveth their tender life, nor e'er their dam
 Though close at hand she be, avail them aught
 For she herself by deadly terror scarr'd,
 Through the thick coppice and the forest glens,
 Panting, and bath'd in sweat, the monster's rush,
 So dar'd no Trojan give those brethren aid,
 Themselves in luster of the warlike Greeks.
 Peisander next, and bold Hippolochus,
 Sons of Antimachus ("twas he who chief,
 Seduc'd by Paris' gold and splendid gifts,
 Advis'd the restitution to release
 Of Helen to her Lord), the King assai'd.

Both on one car, but from their hands had dropp'd
 The boulder'd mams, hemm'd there they stood,
 Whiles, with a lion's bound, upon them sprang
 The son of Atreus, suppliant, in the car,
 They clasp'd his knees. "Give quarter, Atreus' son,
 Redeem our lives, our sire Antimachus
 Possesses goodly store of brass and gold,
 And well-wrought rans, and of these be tair
 Would pay a noble ransom, could be hear
 That in the Grecian ships we yet surviv'd."

Thus they, with gentle words, and tears, imploring,
 But all ungentle was the voice they heard
 In answer, "If indeed ye be the sons
 Of that Antimachus who counted none,
 When noble Menelaus came to Troy
 With sage Ulysses, as ambassadors,

To slay them both, nor suffer their return,
Pay now the foulest of your father's guilt "
He said, and with a spear-thrust through his breast
Pisander dash'd to earth, backward he fell
Down leap'd Antilochus, but with his sword
Atrides sever'd both his hands and neck,
And in the dust, a headless block, he roll'd
These left he there, and where the thickest throng
Maintain'd the tug of war, thither he flew,
And with him eager hosts of well gear'd Greeks
Soon as the Trojans' flight enforce'd they hung,
Destroying foot on foot, and horse on horse,
While from the plain thick clouds of dust arose
Beneath the armed hoofs of clattering steeds,
And on the monarch Agamemnon press'd,
Still slaying, urging still the Greeks to arms
As when amid a densely timber'd wood
Light the devouring flames, by eddying winds
Hither and thither borne, fast falls the copse
Prostrate beneath the fire's impetuous course,
So thickly fell the flying Trojans' heads
Beneath the might of Agamemnon's arm,
And here and there, athwart the pass of war,
Was many an empty car at random whirl'd
By strong neck'd steeds, of guiding hands bereft,
Stretch'd on the plain they lay, more welcome sight
To carrion birds than to their widow'd wives
But Hector, from the fray and din of war,
And dust, and blood, and carnage, Jove withdrew
Still on Atrides press'd, the Greek pursuit
With eager shouts exciting, past the tomb
Of Ilus, ancient son of Dardanus,
And tow'r'd the fig tree, midway o'er the plain,
Straining to gain the town, the Trojans fled,
While loudly shouting, his unmanqu'rd hands
With carnage dyed, Atrides rig'd their flight
But when the Scæan gates and oak were reach'd,
They made a stand, and face'd the foe's assault
Some o'er the open plain were yet despatch'd,
As heifers, by a lion scatter'd wide,
At dead of night, all fly, on one descends
The doom of death, her with his pow'ful teeth
He seizes, and, her neck first broken, rends,

And on her entrails gorging, laps her blood.
 So then the monarch Agamemnon chas'd,
 Slaying the hindmost, they in terror fled.
 Some headlong, backward some, Atredes' hand
 Hurl'd from their chariot many a warrior bold
 So forward and so fierce he bore his spear
 But as he near'd the city, and stood beneath
 The lofty wall, the Sure of Gods and men
 From Heu'n descended, on the topmost height
 Of Ida's spring abounding hill he sat,
 And while his hand the lightning grasp'd, he thus 210
 To golden-wing'd Iris gave command
 "Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Hector bear
 From me this message, bid him, that as long
 As Agamemnon in the van appears,
 Raging, and dealing death among the ranks,
 He from the battle keep himself aloof,
 But urge the rest undaunted to maintain
 The stubborn fight, but should Atredes, struck
 By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,
 He shall from me receive such pow'r to slay, 220
 He shall from me receive such pow'r to slay,
 As to the ships shall bear him, ere the sun
 Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade."

Thus he, to Troy, obedient to his word,
 From Ida's height swift-footed Iris sped
 Amid the horses and the well train'd cars
 The godlike Hector, Priam's son, she found,
 And stood beside him, and address'd him thus

"Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove
 In council, be the Universal Lord 230
 Sends thee by me this message, that as long
 As Agamemnon in the van appears,
 Raging, and dealing death amid the ranks,
 Thou from the battle keep thyself aloof,
 But urge the rest undaunted to maintain
 The stubborn fight, but should Atredes, struck
 By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,
 Thou shalt from him receive such pow'r to slay
 As to the ships shall bear thee, ere the sun
 Decline, and Darkness spread her hallowing shade."

Swift footed Iris said, and disappear'd,
 But from his chariot Hector leap'd to earth,
 Either and thither passing through the ranks,

With brandish'd prows lying to the right.

Loud, at his boding, was the battle-cry,

Each roll'd the tide, aam that he'd the Greeks,

On the one, do the Greeks their names, torn'd

In line of battle ran, & opp'd they stood

Not in the mood to make content to cede

The soon' at once, as Agamemnon seen

Saw r., "None who on Olympus dwell,

Or all the Trojans and their squad allies,

Who in opposition to Agamemnon stood

Iphedamas, Antenor's gallant son.

Stalwart and brave in fertile Thessaly bred,

Mother of dot, & such in his infant days,

His grands to Zeus, fair Tethys' mate,

In his own valour reared and when he reach'd

The perfect measure of his glorious youth,

Still in his youth retain'd him and a wife

Gave him his daughter from the marriage-strain

He, this was a broken 'ip, that own'd his own,

Set forth to join the glory of the Greeks,

His well-trim'd ship upon Pergote's shore

He left and came him-self on foot to Troy,

Who now countenanc'd Atreus' godlike son

When now the dir', Iliodes miss'd his aim

His spear diverging, then Iphedamas

Beneath the breastplate, striking on his belt,

Struck a vast strong hand to drive the weapon home,

Yet could no pierce the belt's close-plated work

The point, encounter'd by the silver fold,

Was bent, like lead, then with his pow'ful hand

The massive Agamemnon seiz'd the spear,

And tow'rd the deck and with a lion's strength

Wrench'd from his bosom a grasp, then on his neck

Let fall his sword, and slach'd his limb, in death

There, falling in his country's cause, he slept

The iron sleep of death, unhappy he,

Far from his virgin bride yet unpossess'd,

Ther' gan forget with death presents, first he gave

1 hundred steers and ponies of thousands more

Of sheep and goats from out his countless flock.

Him Agamemnon of his arms despol'd

And o the crowd of Greeks the trophy, bore

But a poor Antenor old & worn beheld,

12

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56

Cron, th' encor'd at all men, bitt rest grei
 His eyes a'erblaz'd, ne his brothers lute,
 And, unpercev'd by Atrides' godlike sun,
 Standing aside, he struck him with his spear,
 Through the mid arm, beneath the elbow's head, 290
 And drove a right through the weapon's ghast ray point
 With'd with the pass the mighty King of men,
 Yet from the combat smot' he not, nor quail'd
 But grasping from his weather-boughen' speart
 On Chon rush'd, as by the foot he drew
 His father's son, Iphedromas, away,
 Invoking all the bravest to his aid,
 And as he drew the body tow'rd the crowd,
 Beside the bovy shold the monarch stell'd
 His brass-clad spear, and slach'd his hawks in death, 300
 Then near approaching, ev'n upon the corpe
 Of dead Iphedromas, sturt off his head
 So by Atrides' hand. Asteror's bout,
 That dooms accomplish'd, to the shades were sent
 Thro' through the crowded ranks, with spear and sword,
 And massive stones, he held his furious course,
 While the hot blood was welling from his arm,
 But when the wound was dry, and stanck'd the blood,
 Keen anguish thro' Atrides' might subdued
 As when a woman in her labour thro'. 310

Sharp pangs encompass, by Lacuna seat
 Who rules o'er child-birth travail, ev'n so keen
 The pangs that then Atrides' might subdued
 Mounting his car he bade his chariotter
 Drive to the ships, for sore his spirit was pain'd
 But loud and clear he shouted to the Greeks
 " O friends, the chiefs and counsellor of Greece,
 Yeuts be it now our sea borne ships to guard
 Since Jove, the Lord of courses, through the day,
 Wills not that I the battle should maintaine." 320

He said - and swiftly to the ships w'rec driv'd
 His sleek-silken courser, nothing loth ther' lye,
 Which from their chests were flack'd, with dust their flanks,
 As from the field their wounded Ladd ther' bore
 But Hector, as he saw the King retire,
 To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud
 " Trojans and Lycians, and ye Danians fam'd
 In close encounter, quit we not like men,

Put forth your valiant valour, from the field
Their bravest has withdrawn, and Jove on me
Great glory hath sent, now hurling on the Greeks
Lay your swift steed, and endless honour gain

His words fresh courage reed in ev'ry breast
And as a hunter cheer'd his sharp-fang'd hound,
On forest boar or lion on the Greeks
So cheer'd the valiant Trojans. 330
Illustrous Hector, stern as blood-stain'd Mars
Bent on high deeds, himself in front advanc'd,
Fall on the masses as a warriord rill
Lashing with ruin, sweep the dark blue sea

See then who first 'too last b. Hector's hand,
Whom Jove had will'd to crown with honour, died
A. asl first, and then ~~the second~~,
~~Coptes~~, and ~~Ochelitus~~, Delops, son
Of Clytus and ~~Eurymus~~, Igda
And Orus, and the brave Hipponeos.,
All these the chiefs of Greece, the nameless crowd
He scatter'd next, as when the west wind drives
The clouds, and battles with the hurricane,
Bursts the clearing blast of ~~Yates~~ driv'n,
The big waves heave and roll, and high aloft
The gale, careening, shap's the ocean sprat,
So thick and furious fell on hostile heads
The might of Hector. Now had fearful deeds
Been done, and Greeks beside their ship, had fall n
In shameful rout, had not Ulysses thus
To Diomed, one of Tydus, call'd

Whr, son of Tedes, should we thus relax
Our warlike courage? come, stand by me no't,
True friend! if Hector at the glancing helm
Our ch. should capture, great were our disgrace'

'Whom answer'd thus the valian. Diomed
' Beside thee will I stand, and still endure,
But best will be the arm o. our succor,
Since Jove, the God-compeller, not to L.,
Be. to the Trojans, will the victory."

He said and from his car Thetis' belt d,
Through the left breast transfix'd Ulysses hand
His charioteer, the brown Melon, slew
These left they there, no more to bare the fight,
Then turning, spread confusion mid the crowd

As turn two bears upon the hunter's pack
 With desperate courage, turning to and fro,
 Those two, the Trojans straitning, gave the Greeks,
 From Hector flying, time again to breathe
 A car they seized which bore two valiant chiefs,
 Sons of Perconian Menelaus, he, or all
 In lone prophetic slipp'd, would fain at home
 Have kept them from the life-destroying war
 But they, by adverse fate impell'd to seek
 Their doom of death, his warning voice despis'd
 These two, of strength and life at once bereft,
 The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed,
 Stripp'd of their armour, while Ulysses slew
 Hippodamus, and bold Hypsipelus
 Thus Jove, from Ida's height beholding, held
 His even scale, each party slaughering each
 Then with his spear Tydides through the bone
 Agastrophus, the son of Pepon, smote,
 No car had he at hand, wherefore to fly
 But, ill advis'd, had in th' attendants' charge
 His horses left far off, while he himself
 Rush'd 'mid the throng on foot, and met his doom
 Hector's quick glance abwart the gloo behind,
 And to the rescue with a shout, he sprang,
 The Trojan column following, not unarm'd
 The valiant Diomed has come along,
 And thus bespake Ulysses at his side
 "On us this plague, this mighty Hector, falls
 Yet stand we firm, and boldly meet the shock." 380
 He said, and, pausing, hurl'd his ponderous spear,
 And not in vain, on Hector's head it struck.
 His helmet's crest, but, brass encount'ring brass,
 Himself it reach'd not, for the visor'd helm,
 Apollo's gift, three-plated, stay'd its force
 Yet backward Hector sprang amid the crowd,
 And on his knees he dropp'd his stalwart hand
 Propp'd on the ground, while darkness veil'd his eyes
 But ere Tydides, following up his spear,
 Attir'd from far the spot whenceon he fell, 410
 Hector reviv'd, and mounting quicke his car,
 Drove 'mid the crowd, and keep'd the down of death
 Then thus, with threat'ning spear, Tydides call'd
 "Yet once again, ye hounds, hast thou escap'd,

Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath say'd,
Phœbus, to whom, 'mid the clash of spears,
Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again,
When I shall end thee; if a guardian God
I too may claim, meanwhile from thee I turn,
And others seek on whom my hap may light."

He said, and turn'd him of his arms to strip
The son of Peon, but beside the stone
That mark'd where men of old had rais'd a mound
To Ilus, Dardan's son, the ancient ruler,
There crouching, Paris, fair hast'd Helen's Lord,
Against the son of Tydides bent his bow
He from the breast of brave Agastrophus
Had strapp'd the corslet, from his shoulders broad
The buckler, and the helmet from his head,
When Paris bent his bow, and not in vain
His arrow launch'd, Tydides' dexter foot
Right through it pierc'd, and penn'd it to the ground
Joyous he laugh'd, and from his hiding-place
Sprang forth, and thus in tones of triumph cried
"Thou hast it! not in vain my shaft hath flown!
Would that, drop buried in thy flank, it touch'd
Thy very life! so should not Trojans lose
Their panic fear, who now on thee with dread,
As blearing goats upon a lion, look!"

To whom, answer'd, the valiant Diomed
"Poor archer, trusting to thy bow alone,
Vile sland'rer and seducer! if indeed
Thou durst in arms oppos'd to me to stand,
Nought would avail thy arrows, and thy bow
And now, because thy shaft hath graz'd my foot,
Thou mak'st thine empty boast. I heed thee not,
More than a woman or a puny child
A worthless coward's weapon hath no point
Tis diff'rent far with me! though light it fall,
My spear is sharp, and when it strikes, it slays
His widow's cheeks are mark'd with scars of grief,
His children orphans, rotting on the ground,
Red with his blood, he lies, his soul nul dies
By carion birds, and not by women paid!"

Thus while he spoke, Ulysses, spearman bold,
Drew near, and stood before him, he behind,
Sat down protect'd, and from out his foot

The arrow drew, wher'at sharp anguish shot
 Through all his flesh, and mounting on his car
 He bade his faithful chariot in haste 460
 Drive to the ships, for pain weigh'd down his soul.
 Alone Ulysses stood, of all the Greeks
 Not one beside him, all were panic-struck
 Then with his spirit perturb'd, he commun'd thus
 " Me miserable! which way shall I choose?
 Great were the mischief, should I fly, and so
 Increase the people's terror, yet 'twere worse
 Here to be caught alone, and Saturn's son
 With panic fear the other Greeks hath fill'd
 Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts at these? 470
 I know that cowards from the battle fly,
 But he who boasts a warrior's name, must learn,
 Wounded or wounding, firmly still to stand"

While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,
 Onward the buckler'd ranks of Trojans came
 And, to their harm, encircled him around
 As when a boar, by dogs and stalwart youths
 Attack'd, the shelt'ring thicket leaves, and whils
 The tusks that glare between his clattering tusks, 480
 They crowd around, though ring his clatter ring tusks.
 And, fearful though it be, avast his rush
 So crowded round Ulysses, dear to Jove,
 The Trojans, he, with brandish'd spear aloft,
 Sprung forth, and through the shoulder, front above,
 Desopites wounded Thana next
 His shield, and Enosurus, then with his spear

Through the bright shield the sturdy weapon drove,
And through the ~~methane~~, but baldritch, from the ribs
Tearing the flesh away, but Pallas smit'd,
And turn'd it from the vital parts aside
The wound, Ulysses knew, was not to death,
And back he drew, and thus to Soco cried

" Ill fared thou! thy doom hath found thee now!
Me hast thou hinder'd from the war awhile,
But then to swift destruction and dark death
This day I doom great glory, of thee subdued, ,10
Shall I obtain, and Hades take thy soul"

Thus he and Soco, turning, sought to fly,
But as he turn'd him round, Ulysses' spear
Behind his neck, between the shoulder-blades
Was driv'n, and through his chest, thud'ring he fell,
And o'er his fall Ulysses, vaunting, thus

" Soco, thou son of Achilles Hippasis,
Here hast thou found, nor couldst escape, thy doom
Ill fated thou! nor sire's nor mother's hand
Shall gather up thy bones, but carrion birds ,20
O'er thee shall flap their baleful wings, and tear
Thy mangled flesh, for me, whate'er I die
The sons of Greece will build my fun'ral pile"

Surrounded by the Trojan host they found,
 As hungry jackals on the mountain side
 Around a stag, that from an archer's hand
 Hath taken hurt, yet while his blood was warm
 And limbs yet serv'd, has battered his breast,
 But when the fatal shaft has drap'd his strength,
 Thirsting for blood, beneath the forest shade,
 The jackals seize their victim, then at chance
 A hungry lion pass, the jackals shun.
 In terror back, while he devours the prey,
 So round Ulysses, sage in council, press'd
 The Trojans, noisy and brave, yet nobly br.
 Ayested, spear in hand, the fatal hour,
 Till, with his tow'r like shield before him buri'd,
 Appear'd great Ajax, and beside him stood
 Pithec and further then the Trojans fled,
 While with supporting arm from out the crowd
 The warlike Menelaeus led him forth,
 Till his attendant with his car drew near
 Than Ajax, on the Trojans springing, slow
 Derychus, royal Priam's bastard son,
 Next Pyrrhus he smote, and Pandarus,
 Lyandes, and Pylades as a steum,
 Swell'd by the ruse of Heav'n, that from the hills
 Pour'd down its fiery torrent on the plain,
 And many a blighted oak, and many a pine
 It bears, with pales of drift-wood, to the sea
 So sweep'd illustrious Ajax o'er the plain,
 Glorifying men and horses though unknown
 To Hector, he, upon Scamander's banks
 Was waiting on the field's extremest left,
 Where stand great Hector and the warlike King
 Idomeneus, while men were falling fast,
 Rose, unexpressible, the battle cry
 Hector, 'twas there, was working wondrous death,
 With spear and car, routing th' oppred youth,
 Yet had the Greeks er'd to their ground maintain'd,
 But godlike Paris, fair bor'd Helen's Lord,
 Through the right shoulder, with a three barb'd shaft,
 As in the front he fought, Macian quell'd
 For him the warlike Greeks were now align'd.
 Lest he, as back the line of battle roll'd,
 Might to the foe be left, to never then

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Idomenus address'd his speech, and said

" O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
Haste thee to mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon, tow'rd the vessels urge with speed
Thy flying steeds, worth many a life is his.
The skilful leech, who knows, with practis'd hand,
T' extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply "

He said. Cretian Nestor at the word
Mounted his car, Machaon at his side,
The skilful leech, sage Asculapius "yei
He touch'd his horses, tow'rd the Grecian ships,
As was his purpose, nothing loth, they flew

To Hector then Cebrenes, who saw

Confus'd the Trojans' right, drew near, and said

" Hector we here, on th' outskirt, of the field,
O'erpow'r the Greeks, on th' other tide, our friends
In strange confusion mingled, horse and man,
Are driv'n, among them Ajax spreads dismay,
The son of Telamon, I know him well,
And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hangs,
Thither direct we then our car, where most
In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage,
And loudest swells, uncheck'd, the battle cry "

He said, and with the phant'lash he touch'd
The slack-skinn'd horses, springing at the sound,
Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore
The flying car, o'er corpses of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling, all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rads
Around the car, as from the horses' feet,
And from the felloes of the wheels, were thrown
The bloody gouts, yet on he sped, to cut
The stride of men, and break th' opposing ranks
His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks,
His spear awhile withheld, then through the rest,
With sword, and spear, and pond'rous stones he rush'd,
But shunz'd the might of Ajax Telamon

But Jove, high threr'd, the soul of Ajax fill'd
With fear, agast he stood, his sev'nfold shield
He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gaz'd
Upon the crowd, then, like some beast of prey,
Foot slowly following foot, reluctant turn'd
As when the rustic youths and dogs have driv'n

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A tawny lion from the cattle fold,
Watching all night, and baulk'd him of his prey,
Rav'ning for flesh, he still th' attempt renewes,
But still in vain—for many a jav'lin, hurl'd
By vig'rous arms, confronts him to his face,
And blazing faggots, that his courage daunt,
Till, with the dawn, reluctant he retreat
So from before the Trojans Ajax turn'd,
Reluctant, fearing for the ships of Greece.

As near a field of corn, a stubborn ass,
Upon whose sides had many a club been brok'd,
O'erpon'd his broad' shold'rs, and ent'ring in,
On the rich herbage grazed, while the boys
Their cudgels ply, but vain their puny strength.
Yet drove him out, when fully fed, with ease
Ex n'to great Ajax, son of Telamon,
The valiant Trojans and their fam'd allies.
Still thrusting at his shold'rs before them drove
Yet would he sometimes falling hold in check
The Trojan host, then turn again to flight,
Yet barring still the passage to the ships
Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks.
He stood defiant, baulk'd for his hurl'd
By vig'rous arms were in their flight now all
On his broad' shold'rs, and many in the reach'd
Their living mark, full madman on the plain
Lie d in the ground, in vain athirst for blood!

Great Ajax save, hard press'd by hostile spear
 Scarce can I hope he may escape with life
 The desp'rate fight, yet bravely stand, and aid
 The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon."

Thus spoke the wounded hero round him they
 With sloping shields and spears uplifted stood
 Ajax to meet them came, and when he reach'd
 The friendly ranks, again he turn'd to bay; 630
 Sorag'd, like blazong fire, the famous fight.

Meanwhile the images of Peleus, drench'd with sweat,
 Bore Nestor and Machaon from the field,
 Achilles saw, and mark'd them where he stood
 Upon his lofty vessel > prow, and watch'd
 The grievous toll, the lamentable rout
 Then on his friend Patroclus from the ship
 He call'd aloud, he heard his voice, and forth,
 As Mars majestic, from the tent he came
 (That day consumm'd his evil destiny) 690
 And thus Menestheus' noble son began

"Why call'st thou me? what wouldest thou, Peleus'
 son?"
 "To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied
 'Son of Menestheus, dearest to my soul,
 Soon must the suppliant Greeks before me kneel,
 So insupportable is now their need
 But hasten thee now, Patroclus, dear to Jove
 Enquire of Nestor, from the battle field
 Whom bring'st he wounded, looking from behind
 Most like he seem'd to Asclepius' son,
 Machaon but his face I could not see,
 So swiftly past the eager horses flew"

He said obedient to his friend's command,
 Quicke to the tents and shape Patroclus ran

They, when they reach'd the tent of Peleus' son,
 Descended to the ground, Eurymedon
 The old man's mares unharness'd from the car,
 While on the beach they lac'd the cooling breeze,
 Which from their garments drew the sweat, then turn'd,
 And in the tent on easy seats repos'd 790
 For them the fair hand'd Hecamede mix'd
 A cordial potion, her from Tenedos,
 When by Achilles ta'en, the old man brought,
 Daughter of great Teucer, whom the Greeks

On lurn, their sagrest counsellor, bestow'd
Before them first a table fair she spread,
Well polish'd, and with feast of solid broaas,
On this a brazen canaster she plac'd,
And ovens, as a relish to the wine
With pale chev'ry honey and pure barley meal. 7-2
By these a splashed goblet which from home
The old man had bro'ght with golden studs adorn'd
Four were its handles and round each two doas.
Appear'd to lead, at either end a cup
Some might another move it from the board
When full but aged Nestor mard with eis.
In this their goddess like attendant first
A genious minstrel serv'd of Phoenician wine
This with a brazen grater shredded o'er
The goatsmilk cheese and wh' test barley meal 7-3
And of the draught compounded bark then drak.
They drak and then roun'd the parching throat,

Shot by a bow, from off the battle-field
 Achilles, valiant as he is, the while
 For Grecian woes nor care nor pity feels
 Waits he, until our ships beside the sea,
 In our despite, are burnt by hostile fires,
 And we be singly slaves? not man is now
 The strength I boasted once of active limb.
 O that with youth and vigour yet were mine,
 As when about a cattle-hunting raid.

We sought th' Eleans, these Itymenians
 I slew, the son of brave Hyperochus,
 Who dwelt in Elis, and my booty drove

He sought to guard the herd, but from my hand

A javelin struck him in the foremost ranks

He fell, and terror strid the rustic crowd

Abundant store of plunder from the plain

We drove, of horses cattle fifty herds,

As many flocks of sheep, as many droves

Of swine, as many wide-spread herds of goats,

And thrice so many golden chestnut mares,

The foals of many running with their dams

To Pylos, Nestor's city, these we drove

By night, and much it gladdend' Nestor's heart,

That I, though new to war, such prize had won

When soon appear'd, the clear voiced heralds call'd

For all to whom from Elis debts were due,

Collected thus, the Pythian leading men

Divison made, for Elis own'd us much,

Such wrongs we now in Pylos had sustain'd

The might of Hercules in former years

Had stell'd our town and all our bravest slain

Twelve gallant sons had Nestor, 1 of these

Alone was left, the others all were gone

Whence over press'd, th' Eleans treated us

With insult, and high handed violence.

A herd of even now, and man'now flock

Of sheep, th' old man selected for himself,

Three hundred, with their shepherds, far to him,

Late compensation was from Elis due.

Drawn'd to the course, four horses, with their cars,

He for the Tripod at th' Elean games

Had sent to him, these Auges, King of men,

Detain'd, and bade the drivers home return,

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Doubtless, and grieving for their horses' loss
 Th' old man his words resenting, and his acts,
 Large spoils retain'd, the rest amog the crowd
 He shar'd, that none might lose his portion due
 These we dispos'd of soon, and to the Gods
 Due off'rings made, but when the third day rose,
 Back in all haste, in numbers horse and foot,
 Our foes return'd, with them the Malent twins,
 Yet boys, untutor'd in the arts of war
 Far off, by Alpheus' banks, th' extremest verge

510

Of sandy Pylos, is a lofty mound,
 The city of Thrym, which around, intent
 To raise its walls, their army was encamp'd
 The plain already they had overspread,
 When Pallas from Olympus' heights came down
 In haste, and bade us all prepare for war
 On no unwilling ears her message fell,
 But eager all for fight, but me, to arms
 Neleus forbade, and ev'n my horses bid,
 Deeming me yet unripe for deeds of war

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Yet so, albeit on foot, by Pallas' grace
 A name I gain'd above our noblest horse

There is a river, Minyns by name,
 Head by Arene, flowing to the sea,
 Where we, the Pylian horse, expediting morn,
 Encamp'd, by troops of footmen quickly join'd
 Thence in all haste advancing, all in arms,
 We reach'd, by madday, Alpheus' sacred stream
 There, to o'er ruling Jove & our off'rings prone,
 To Alpheus and to Neptune each a bull,

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To Pallas, blue ey'd Mars, a peifer four,
 In order'd ranks we took our ev'ning meal,
 'mid each in arms upon the river's bank.

Lay down to rest, for close beside us lay
 Th' Epeians, on the town's destruction bent
 Then saw they mighty dealt of war display'd,
 For we, as sunlight overspread the earth,
 To Jove and Pallas praying, battle gave.

But when the Pylians and th' Epeians met,
 I find a warrior dead, and saw I his car,
 Bold spearman, Mylus, Auger's son in law,
 His eldest daughter's husband, Agamemnon,
 The yellow hair'd, who all the virtues knew.

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Of each medicinal herb the wide world grows
 Him, with my brass tipp'd spear, as on he came,
 I slew, he fell, I, rushing to his car,
 Stood 'mid the foremost ranks, th' Epeians brave
 Flew diverse, when they saw their champion fall,
 Chief of their horsemen, foremost in the fight
 With the dark whirlwind's force, I onward rush'd, 850
 And fifty cars I took, two men in each
 Fell to my spear, and but the bloody dust
 Then Actor's sons, the Nobles, had I slain,
 Had not th' Earth shaking God, their mighty sire,
 Veil'd in thick cloud, withdrawn them from the field
 Then Jove great glory to the Pylians gave,
 For o'er the wide-spread plain we held pursuit,
 Slaying, and gathering up the scatter'd arms,
 Not till corn had Buprasium and the rock
 Oberian, and Alcyon, term'd the Mound,
 Stay'd we our steeds, there Pallas bade us turn
 There the last man I slew, and left, the Greeks
 Back from Buprasium drove their flying cars
 To Pylos, magnifying all the name,
 'Mid men, of Nestor, as 'mid Gods, of Jove
 Such once was I mid men, while yet I was,
 Now in himself alone Achilles keeps
 His valour, yet hereafter, when the Greeks
 Have peris'd all, remorse shall touch his soul
 Dear friend, remember now th' injunctions given
 By old Menelæus, when from Phthian land
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid
 I, and Laertes' godlike son, within,
 Heard all his counsel, to the well built house
 Of Peleus we on embassy had come, -
 Throughout Achæa's fertile lands to raise
 The means of war, Menelæus there we found,
 Achilles, and thyself within the house,
 While in the court-yard aged Peleus slew,
 And to the Lord of thunder offer'd up 860
 A fatten'd steer, and from a golden bowl
 O'er the burnt offering pour'd the ruddy wine
 We two, while ye were busied with the flesh,
 Stood at the gate, surpris'd, Achilles rose,
 And took us by the hand, and bade us sit,
 Dispensing all the hospitable stir,

" Woe for the chieftain and counsellor of Greece ! " 932
 And must ye, far from friend, and native home,
 Glut with your flesh the ravening dogs of Troy ?
 Yet tell me this : Here a born Euryalus,
 Still do the Greeks, against Hector's giant force
 Make head ; or fall they, vanquished by his spear ? "

To him with prudent speech, Euryalus
 " No source, here a born Patroclus, have the Greeks
 Of aid, but all must perish by their ships
 For in the ships lie all our bravest late,
 By spear or arrow struck by Trojan hands,
 And fiercer hour by hour, their onset grows,
 But ave we now, and lead me to the ships,
 There cut the arrows out, and from the wound
 With tepid water cleanse the clotted blood
 Then soothing drug apply, of healing power it,
 Which from Achilles, abou, 'as said, hast learned,
 From Chiron, centaur of the Centaurs, he
 For Podalirius and Machaon both,
 Our leeches, one his wounds in the tent,
 Himself requiring save the leech's aid,
 The other on the plain still dues the fight." 939

To whom again Menelaus noble son
 " How may this be ? say, brave Euryalus,
 What must I do ? a messenger am I,
 Sent by General Nestor, prop of Greece,
 With tidings to Achilles, yet as n so
 I will not leave thee in this wear plight.

He said, and passing his supporting hand
 Beneath his breast, the wounded warrior led
 Within the tent, th' attendant crew, and spread
 The soft hide couch, took to her lag rocks d
 Patroclus, with his danger, from the thigh
 Cut out the biting shant, and from the wound
 With tepid water cleanse d the clotted blood,
 Then, pounded in hi. hands, a root applied
 Astringent, ancyfyn which all his pain
 Allev'd, the wound was dried, and stanch d the blood

BOOK XII

ARGUMENT

The Trojans assaile the transports, and Hector forces the gates.

Thus o'er the wounded chief Eurypylus
 Watch'd in his tent Menestheus' noble son,
 But hand to hand the Greeks and Trojans fought,
 Nor longer might the ditch th' assault repel,
 Nor the broad wall above, which Greeks had built,
 To guard their ships, and round it dug the ditch,
 But to the Gods no hecatombs had paid,
 That they the ships and all the stores within
 Might safely keep, against the will of Heaven.
 The work was done, and thence not long endur'd
 While Hector liv'd, and Peleus' son his wrath
 Return'd, and Priam's city untaken stood,
 So long the Grecian wall remain'd entire
 But of the Trojans when the best had fall'n,
 Of Greeks, when some were slain, some yet surviv'd,
 When the tenth year had seen the fall of Troy,
 And Greeks, embark'd, had taken their homeward way,
 Then Neptune and Apollo counsel took
 To sap the wall by aid of all the streams
 That seaward from the heights of Ida flow,
 Rhesus, Carensus, and Heptaporus,
 Grancus, and Asopus Rhodus,
 Scamander's stream drivn, and Saronis,
 Where helms and shields lay buried in the sand,
 And a whole race of warrior demigods
 These all Apollo to one channel turn'd,
 Nine days against the wall the torrent beat,
 And Jove seat nra continuo, that the wall
 Might sooner be submerg'd, while Neptune's self,
 His trident in his hand, led on the stream,
 Washing away the deep foundations, laid
 Laborious, by the Greeks, with logs and stones,
 Now by fast flowing Hellespont drap'd

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The wall destroy'd, o'er all the shore he spread
 A sandy drift, and bade the streams return
 To where of old their silver waters flow'd
 Such were, in future days, to be the work
 Of Neptune and Apollo, but meanwhile
 Fierce rag'd the battle round the first built wall,
 And frequent clatter'd on the turrets' beams
 The hostile musketry by the scourge o' Jove
 Subdu'd, the Greeks beside their ships were hemm'd,
 By Hector scar'd, fell minister of Despair.
 Who with the whirlwind's force, as ever, fought
 As when, by dogs and hunters cur'd round,
 A boar, or lion, in his pride of strength,
 Turns on his foes, while they in close array
 Stand opposite, and frequent shoot their darts,
 Nor yet his spirit quail'd, but still he stands
 With awful courage swell'd his frame,
 Where best to break the circling ranks, whither
 He makes his rush, the circling ranks give way
 So Hector, here and there, amid the crowd,
 Urge'd his companions on to cross the ditch
 The nay steeds shrank back, and, snorting, stood
 Upon the report bristl'd, for the wide ditch
 Witheld them, easy nor to leap nor cross
 For steep arose on either side the banks,
 And at the top with sharpen'd stakes were crown'd,
 Thick-set and strong, which there the sons of Greece
 Had planted, to repel th' invading foe
 Scarce nigh a horse, with full wheel'd car attach'd,
 Easy the passage, but on foot they bore'd
 To make th' attempt, and then Polydorus,
 Approaching near to valiant Hector spoke

" Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,
 And brave Albus, in vain we seek to drive
 Our horses o'er the ditch, 'tis hard to cross,
 'Tis crown'd with pointed stakes, and them behind
 Is built the Grecian wall there to defend
 And from our cars in narrow space to fight
 There certain rules If it be indeed
 The will o' Jove, high minded may to contend
 The Greeks in this seat, and us to aid,
 I should rejoice just as the Greeks furnish'd
 Far from his home should fill a nameless grave,

But should they turn, and we again be driv'n
Back from the ships, and burned down the ditch,
Such were our loss, that scarce a messenger
Would live to bear the tidings to the town
Of our destruction by the valiant Greeks
Hear then thy counsel, let us all agree
With our attendants here upon the bank
To leave our horses, and ourselves on foot,
All arm'd, press on where Hector leads, the Greeks
If that their doom be nigh, will make no stand."

Thus spake Polydamas, his council pleas'd,
And Hector sprang in arms, from off his car,
Nor long, the noble Hector when they see,
Delay'd the other chiefs, then gave command
Each to his own attendant, by the ditch
To keep the chariots all in due array,
Then parting, form'd in order of attack,
In five divisions, with their several chiefs
Round Hector throng'd, and bold Polydamas,
The best and bravest, they who long'd the most
To storm the wall, and fight beside the ships
With them Cebrennes, for Hector last,
To guard the larpus, one of lesser note
The next division was by Paris led,

Agenor, and Alcaethous, the third
By Helenus, and brave Deiphobus,
Two sons of Priam, Asius was the third,
Asius, the son of Byrrhus, who brought
His tow'ring fiery steeds from Solus' streams,
Rode by Arista, stout Euenus led

The fourth, Anchises' son, Archelochus
With him, and Acastus, Antenor's sons,
Both skilful alike in ev'ry point of war
Of the far-furn'd Alkes, Sarpedon held

The chief command, and for his comrades chose
Asteropaeus, and the warlike might
Of Glaucon, these o'er all the rest he held
Pre-eminent in valour, save himself,
Who o'er them all superior stood unfeared
These, interlac'd their shields, at tough bull's hide,
With oxen skin advanc'd, and drove'd the Greeks
Would, unresisting, fall before their fury
The other Trojans and renowned Alkes,

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The words of wise Polydamas obey'd
 But Aeneas, son of Hyrtacus, resolv'd
 His horses and his charioteer to leave,
 With them advancing to assail the ships
 Blind fool, unconscious! from before those ships,
 Escap'd from death, with horses and with car
 Triumphant, to the breezy heights of Troy
 He never shall return, ill-omen'd fate
 O'ershadowing, dooms him by the spear to fall
 Of brave Idomeneus, Deucalion's son
 He tow'd the left unkn'd, what way the Greeks
 With horse and chariot from the plain return'd
 That way he drove his horses, and the gate,
 Unguarded found by bolt or massive bar
 Their warders held them open'd wide, to save
 Perchance some comrade, flying from the plain
 Thither he bent his course, with clamours loud
 Follow'd his troops, nor deem'd they that the Greeks
 Would hold their ground, but fall amid their ship.
 Little they knew, before the gates they found
 Two men, two warriers of the proue, two sons
 Thessalus of the spear skil'd Lapithae
 Stout Polyptiles one, Penthous' son,
 With whom Leophtes, bold as blood stain'd Mars
 So stood these two before the lofty gates,
 As on the mountain side two towering oaks,
 Which many a day have borne the wind and storm,
 Firm nifed by their strong continuous roots
 So in their arms and vigour confident
 Those two great Ares' charge, undaunted, met
 On th' other side, with shout, and wild uproar,
 Their bull's hide shields uplifted high, advanc'd
 Against the well built wall, Aeneas the King,
 Iametus, Orestes, Acteas
 The son of Aeneas, and Oenomaus,
 And Thoos, thove within to save the ships
 Calling meanwhile on all the well gear'd Greeks,
 But when they saw the wall by Trojans scale'd,
 And heard the cry of Greeks in panic fear,
 Sprang forth those two, before the gates to fight
 As when two boars, upon the mountain side,
 Await th' approaching din of men and dogs,
 Then sideways rushing, snap the wood around,

Ripp'd from the roots, loud dash their clatt'ring tanks,
 Till to the huntsman's spear they yield their lives,
 So clatter'd on those champions brass clad breasts
 The hostile weapons, stubbornly they fought,
 Relying on their strength, and friends above
 For from the well built tow'rs huge stones were hurl'd
 By those who for themselves, their tents and ships,
 Maintain'd defensive warfare, thick they fell, 170
 As wintry snow flakes which the boist'rous wind,
 Driving the shadowy clouds, spreads fast and close
 O'er all the surface of the fertile earth
 So thick, from Grecian and from Trojan hands,
 The weapons flew, on helm and bosky shield
 With grating sound the pond'rous masses rang
 Then deeply groaning, as he smote his thigh
 Thus spoke dismay'd the son of Hirtacus
 "O Father Jove, how hast thou lov'd our hope- 180
 To falsify, who deem'd not that the Greeks
 Would stand our onset, and resistless arms?
 But they, as yellow banded wasps, or bees,
 That by some rocky pass have built their nests
 Abandon not their cavern'd home, but wait
 Th' attack, and boldly for their offspring fight
 So from the gates these two, though two alone,
 Retire not, till they be of taken or slain."

He said but Jove regarded not his words,

So much on Hector's triumph he was bent
 Like battle rug I round th' other gates, but hard 190
 It were for me, with godlike pow'r, to paint
 Each sev'ral combat, for around the wall
 A more than human storm of stone was pour'd
 On ev'ry side, the Greeks, hard press'd, perform'd
 Fought for their ships, while all the Gods look'd on
 Indignant, who the Grecian cause upheld
 Pierc'dly the Lapithre sustain'd the war

Stout Polypetes first, Pythous son,
 Smote, through the brass cheek'd helmet, Dausus,
 Nor stay'd the brazen helm the spear, whose point
 Went crashing through the bone, that all the brain
 Was shatter'd, onward as he rush'd, he fell
 Then Pylos next, and Ormenus he slew
 Meantime Leontes, soon true of Mars,
 Struck with unerring spear Hippomachus,

Son of Antimachus, below the waist,
Then, drawing from the sheath his trenchant sword,
Dash'd through the crowd, and hand to hand he smote
Antiphates; he backward, fell to earth.

Menon, Iamerus, Orestes next,

219

In quick succession to the ground he brought
From these while they their glistening armour strip'd.
Round Hector throng'd, and bold Polydarnas,
The bravest and the best, who long'd the most
To storm the wall, and burn with fire the ships.
Yet on the margin of the ditch they paus'd,
For, as they sought to cross, a sign from Heav'n
Appear'd, to leftward of th' astonish'd crowd,
A soaring eagle in his talons bore

A dragon, huge of size, of blood red hue,

220

Alive, and breathing still, nor yet subdued,

For twitting backward through the breast he pierc'd
His bearer, near the neck, he, stung with pain,
Let fall his prey, which drop'd amid the crowd
Then screaming, on the biers was borne away
The Trojans, shudd'ring, in their midit beheld
The spilted serpent, dire portent of Jove

Then to bold Hector thus Polydarnas

" Hector, in council thou reprovest me oft

221

For good advice, it is not meet, thou say'st,
That private men should talk beside the mark,

In council or in war, but study still

Thine honour to exalt, yet must I now

Declare what comes to me the wisest course

Let us not fight the Greeks beside their ships,

For thus I read the future, if indeed

To us, about to cross, this sign from Heav'n

Was sent, to leftward of th' astonish'd crowd

A soaring eagle, bearing in hi. claws

A dragon, huge of size, of blood red hue,

222

Alive, yet drop'd him ere he reach'd his home,

So to his nestlings bore th' intended prey

So we, ev'n though our mighty strength should prevail

The gates and wall, and put the Greeks to rout,

By the same road not scathless should return,

But many a Trojan on the field should leave,

Slain by the Greeks, while they their ships defend

So would a ver, well vers'd in augury,

Worthy of public credit, read this sign"

250

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm

Replied, with stern regard "Polydamis,

This speech of thine is alien to my soul.

Thy better judgment better counsel know.

But if in earnest such is thine advice,

Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft,

Who fain wouldest have us disregard the word

And promise by the nod of Jove confirm'd,

And put our faith in herbs expanded wings.

Little of these I reel, nor care to look,

260

Up to the right, and o'er rd the morning sun,

Or to the left, and shades of night, they fly

Put we our trust in Jove's eternal will,

Of mortals and Immortals King supreme

The best of omens is our country's cause

Why shouldest thou tremble at the battle strife?

Though ev'ry Trojan e'er were doom'd to die

Beside the ships, no fear lest thou shouldest fall

Unwarlike is thy soul, not firm of mood

But if thou shrink, or by thy craven words

Turn back another Trojan from the fight,

My spear shall take the forfeit of thy life."

270

This said, he led the way, with joyous shouts

They follow'd all, then Jove, the lightning's Lord,

From Ida's heights a storm of wind sent down,

Driving the dust against the Grecian ships,

Which quell'd their courage, and to Hector gave,

And to the Trojans, fresh incitement, they,

On their own strength, and heav'nly signs relying,

Their force address'd to storm the Grecian wall

They ran'd the counterscarp, the battlements

Destroy'd, and the projecting buttresses,

Which, to sustain the tow'rs, the Greeks had fix'd

Deep in the soil, with levers undermarr'd

These once withdrawn, they hop'd to storm the wall,

Nor from the passage yet the Greeks withdrew,

But closely fencing with their bull's-hide shields

The broken buttments, they thence had drawn

A storm of weapons on the foe beneath

Commanding from the tow'r in ev'ry place

Were seen thi' Ajaxes, urging to the fight,

Imploring these, and those in sterner tones

280

Implored these, and those in sterner tones

290

Rebuking who their warlike toil relax'd

" Friends, Grecians all, ye who excel in war,
And ye of mod'rate or inferior strength,
Though all are not with equal pow'r endued,
Yet here is work for all! bear this in mind,
Nor tow'rd the ship, let any turn his face,
By threats dismay'd, but forward press, and each
Encourage each: if so the lightning's Lord,
Olympian Jove, may grant us to repel,
And backward to his city chase the foe!"

300

Thus they, with cheering words, sustain'd the war
Thick as the snow flakes on a winter day,
When Jove the Lord of counsel, down on men
His snow storm sends, and manifests his pow'r:
Hush'd are the winds, the flakes continuous fall
That the high mountain tops, and jutting crags,
And lotus cover'd meads are buried deep,
And man's productive labours of the field,
On hoar, Ocean's beach and bays they lie,
Th' approaching waves their bound, o'er all beside
Is spread by Jove the heavy veil of snow
So thickly flew the snows from either side,
By Greeks on Trojans hurl'd, by these on Greeks,
And clatter'd loud through all its length the wall.
Nor yet the Trojans, though by Hector led,
The gates had broken, and the massive bar,
But Jove against the Greeks sent forth his son
Satpedee, as a boar on a herd

310

His shield's broad orb before his breast he bore,
Well wrought, of beaten brass, which th' arm'r'er's hand
Had beaten out, and bind'd with stout bull's hide,
With goldenrod, continuous, all around,
He thus equipp'd, two jav'lins brandishing,
Strode onward, as a boar, mountain bred,
Whom, fasting long, his dauntless courage leads
To assail the flock, though in self-guarded fold,
And though the shepherds there be fine, prepar'd
With dogs, and hawks to protect the sheep,
Not unattempted will he leave the fold,
But, springing to the midst, he bears his pie,
In triumph thence, or in the onset falls,
Wounded by jav'lins hurl'd by stalwart hands
So, prompted by his godlike courage, burn'd

320

330

Sarpedon to assail the left; wall,
And storm the ramparts, and to Glaucus the
Son of Hippolochus, his speech address'd

" Whence is it, Glaucus, that in Lycian land
We two at least the foremost seats may claim.
The largest portions, and the fullest : ups?"

340

Why held as Gods in honour? why caudow'd
With ample heritage, by Xanthus' banks,
Of vineyard, and of wheat producing land?

Then by the Lycians should we not be seen
The foremost to affront the raging fight?

So may our well arm'd Lycians make their boast,
To no inglorious Kings we Lycians owe
Allegiance, they on honest man's feed,

Of luscious fist our drink the choicest wine,
But still their valour brightest shows, and then,
Where Lycians war, are foremost in the fight!

350

O friend! if we survivors of this war,
Could live, from age and death far ever free,
Thou shouldest not see me foremost in the fight,
Nor would I urge thee to the glorious field
But since an even ten thousand fames of death
Attend, which none may scape, then on, that we
May glory on others gain, or they on us!"

Thus he, nor Glaucus from his bidding shrank.
And forward straight they led the Lycian pow'r;

360

Menestheus, son of Petes, with dismay
Observe'd their movement, for on his command,
Inspiring terror, their attack was made

He look'd around him to the Grecian tow'rs,
Many chief might there be found, to save
His comrades from destruction, there he saw,

Of war invincible, th' Ajaes train,

And Teucer, from the tent but newly come,

Hard by, nor yet could reach them with his voice,
Such was the din, such tumult rose to heav'n
From clattering shields, and horsehair-crested helms,

And batter'd gates now all at once assaul'd.

Before them fiercely strove th' assaulting bands,

To break their way, he then Thoetis sent,

His herald, to th' Ajaes, craving aid

370

" Haste then, Thoetis, on th' Ajaes call,

On both, 'twere better, so we best may hope

To 'scape the death, which else is near at hand,
So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs,
Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight
But if they too are hardly press'd, at least
Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spar'd,
And with him Teucer, skill'd to draw the bow."
He said, the herald heard, and straight obey'd,
Along the wall, where stood the brass clad Greeks,
He ran, and standing near th' lances, said

380

" Ajax, leaders of the brass clad Greeks,
The son of Heav'n born Petrus craves your aid,
To share awhile the labours of his guard,
Both, if it may be, so he best may hope
To 'scape the death, which else is near at hand
So fierce the pressure of the Lycian chiefs,
Undaunted now, as ever, in the fight
But if ye too are hardly press'd, at least
Let Ajax, son of Telamon, be spar'd,
And with him Teucer, skill'd to draw the bow."

390

He said the mighty son of Telamon
Consenting, thus address'd Odysseus' son
" Ajax, do thou and valiant Lycomedes
Exhort the Greeks the struggle to maintain,
While I go yonder, to shroud the war,
To aid their need, and back return as haste."

400

Thus saying, Ajax Telamon set forth,
And with him Teucer went, his father's son,
While by Pandion Teucer's bow was borne
At brave Menethous' tow'rs, within the wall,
Arm'd, sore press'd they found the garrison,
For like a whirlwind on the ramparts pour'd
The Lyicians' valiant councillors and chiefs
They quickly join'd the fray, and loud arose
The battle-cry, first Ajax Telamon
Sarpedon's comrade, brave Epaules, drew,
Struck by a rugged stone, within the wall
Which lay, the topmost of the parapet,
Of size prodigious, which with both his hands
A man in youth, full vigour scarce could raise,
As men are now, he lifted it on high,
And down and outl'd, the four-peaked helm it broke,
Crushing the bone, and shattering all the skull,
He, like a diver, from the lofty tow'r

410

420

Fell headlong down, and his torsoe, hot bones
 Teucer, meanwhile, from off the lofty wall
 The valiant Glaucus, pressing to the fight,
 Struck with an arrow, where he saw his arm
 Unguarded, he no longer brant'd the tray,
 Back from the wall he sprang, in hopes to hide
 From Grecian eyes his wound, that none might see,
 And triumph o'er him with insulting words
 With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,
 Yet not relax'd his efforts, Thetis's son, 430
 Almann, with his spear he stabb'd, and back
 The weapon drew, he, following, prostrate fell,
 And loudly rang his arms of polish'd brass
 Then at the trumpet, with stalwart hand,
 Sarpedon tugg'd, and yielding to his force
 Down fell the block entire, the wall laid bare,
 To many at once the breach gave open way
 Ajax and Teucer bare at once assault'd,
 This with an arrow struck the glitt'ning belt
 Around his breast, whence hong b's good Pross sheld, 440
 But Jove, who will'd not that his son should fall
 Before the ships, the weapon cur'd aside
 Then forward Ajax sprang, and with his spear
 Turn'd at the shield, the weapon pass'd not through,
 Yet check'd his bold advance, a little space.
 Back he recoil'd, but not the more withdrew,
 His soul on glory intent, and rallying quick,
 Thus to the warlike Lycians shouted loud
 "Why, Lycians, thus your wanted might re/
 "Tis hard for one alone, how brave so'er, 450
 Ev'n though he break the rampart down, to force
 A passage to the ships, but on with me!
 For work is here for many hands to do"

He said, and by the King's rebuke abash'd,
 With fiercer zeal the Lycians press'd around
 Their King and counsellor, on th' other side
 Within the wall the Greeks their squadrons mass'd,
 Then were great deeds achiev'd, nor through the breach
 Could the brave troops of Ilyon to the ships 460
 Their passage force, nor could the warrior Greeks
 Repel the Lycians from the ground, when they,
 Before the wall, had made their footing good
 As when two neighbours, in a common field,

Each line in hand, within a narrow space,
 About the limits of their land contend,
 Between them thus the rampart drew the line,
 O'er which the full-creed shield, of tough bull-shade,
 And lighter bucklers on the armors' breast
 On either side they clove, and many a wound
 The pitiless weapons dealt, on some who, turn'd 170
 Their neck and back laid bare, on many more
 Who fall in front, and through their shields were struck.
 On ev'ry side the parapet and tow'rs
 With Greek and Trojan blood were spatter'd o'er
 Nor yet, ev'n so, the Greeks to flight were driv'n
 But as a woman that for wages spins,
 Honest and true, with wool and weights in hand,
 In even balance holds the scales, to mete
 Her humble hire, her children's maintenance,
 So even hung the balance of the war, 430
 Till Jove with highest honour Hector crown'd,
 The son of Pnam, he, the foremost, seal'd
 The wall, and loudly on the Trojans call'd

"On, valiant Trojans, on! the Grecian wall
 Break down, and wrap their ships in blazing fire.

Thus he, exhorting, spoke, they heard him all,
 And to the wall rush'd numberless, and swarm'd
 Upon the ramparts, bristling thick with spears
 Then Hector, stooping, set'd a pondous stone
 That lay before the gates, 'twas broad below, 490
 But sharp above, and scarce two lab'ring men,
 The strongest, from the ground could raise it up,
 And load upon a wain, as men are now,
 But he unarded lifted it with ease,
 So light it seem'd, by grace of Saturn's son
 As in one hand a shepherd bears with ease
 A full-siz'd fleece, and scarcely feels the weight,
 So Hector tow'r'd the portals bore the stone,
 Which clo'sd the lofty double-folding gates
 Within defended by two massive bars

Laid crosswise, and with one large bolt secur'd.
 Close to the gate he stood, and planting firm
 His foot, to give his arm its utmost pow'r,
 Full on the middle dash'd the mighty mass
 The hinges both gave way, the pondous stone
 Fell inwards, widely gap'd the opening gates

Nor might the bars within the blow sustain
This way and that the sever'd portals flew
Before the crashing missile, dark as night
His low'ning brow, great Hector sprang within, 310
Bright flash'd the brazen armour on his breast,
As through the gates, two jav'lins in his hand,
He sprang, the Gods except, no pow'r might meet
That onset, blaz'd his eyes with lurid fire
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He call'd aloud to scale the lofty wall,
They heard, and straight obey'd, somescal'd the wall,
Some through the strong built gates tumultuous pour'd,
While in confusion invincible
Fled to their ships the panic stricken Greeks 320

BOOK XIII

ARGUMENT

Hector engages on the part of the Greeks. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Menoetius, who losing his spear, seizes to his tent for another. Teucer slays Irabous, and Hector Amphilochius. Neptune, under the similitude of Theseus abhors Idomenus. Idomenus having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Menoetius. After discourse held with each other, Idomenus spearheads Menoetius with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Menoetius slays Othryonous, and Axius. Deiphobus assails Idomenus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsacor. Idomenus slays Alcithous, son in law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomenus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcithous.

WHEN Jove had Hector and the Trojans brought
Close to the ships, he left them there to toil
And strive contentious; turning his keen glance
To view far off th' equestrian tribes of Thrace,
The warlike Mysians, and the men who feed
On milk of mares, thence Hippemolgi term'd,
A peaceful race, the justest of mankind
On Troy he turn'd not once his piercing glance,
Nor deem'd he any God would dare to give
To Trojans or to Greeks his active aid

10

No careless watch the monarch Neptune kept:
Wond'ring, he view'd the battle, where he sat
Al oft on wounded Ramus' topmost peak,
Suras of Thrace, whence Ida's heights he saw,
And Phœnix's city, and the ships of Greece:
Thither ascended from the sea, he sat,
And thence the Greeks, by Trojans overborne,
Pitying he saw, and deeply writh with Jove
Then down the mountain's craggy side he pass'd
With rapid step, and as he mov'd along,
Beneath th' immortal feet of Ocean's Lord
Quak'd the huge mountain and the shadowy wood
Three strides he took, the fourth, he reach'd his goal,
Aige, where on the margin of the bay

20

His temple stood, all glist'ning, all of gold,
 Imperishable, there arriv'd, he yoke'd
 Beneath his car the brazen footed steeds,
 Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold.
 All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasp'd
 Of curious work, and mounting on his car,
 Shunn'd o'er the waves, from all the depths below
 Gamboll'd around the monsters of the deep,
 Acknowledging their King, the joyous sea
 Parted her waves, swift flew the bounding shards,
 Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray,
 When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore

30

Down in the deep recesses of the sea
 A spacious cave there is, which lies midway
 'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle
 Th' Earth shaking Neptune there his coursers stay'd,
 Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd
 Ambrosial provender and round their feet
 Shackles of gold, which none might break nor loose,
 That there they might await their Lord's return,
 Then to the Grecian army took his way.

40

Meantime, by Hector, son of Peleus, led,
 Like fire, or whirlwind, press'd the Trojans on,
 With furious zeal, and shouts and clamour hoarse,
 In hopes to take the ships, and ev'ry Greek
 To give to slaughter, but from Ocean's depths
 Uprose th' Earth shaker, Circle of the Earth,
 To Calchas' likeness and deep voice conform'd,
 And rous'd the fainting Greeks, th' Ajaxes first,
 Themselves with ardour fill'd, he then address'd
 " 'Tis yours, Ajaxes, fill'd with courage high,
 Discarding chilly fear, to save the Greeks
 Elsewhere I dread not reach the Trojan force,
 Though they in crowds have scal'd the lofty wall,
 The well greav'd Greeks their onset may delay
 Yet greatly fear I lest we suffer loss,
 Where that fierce, fiery madman, Hector, leads,
 Who boasts himself the son of Jove most high
 But may some God your hearts inspire, yourselves,
 Firmly to stand, and cheer your comrades on,
 So from your swiftly sailing ships ye yet
 May drive the foe, how bold soe'er he be,
 Though by Olympian Jove himself upheld."

50

So spake th' Earth shaker, Cardox of the Earth,
 And with his sceptre touching both the chiefs,
 Fill'd them with strength and courage, and their limbs, 70
 Their feet and hands, with active vigour strong,
 Then like a swift wing'd falcon sprang to flight,
 Which down the sheer face of some lofty rock
 Swoops on the plain to seize his feather'd prey
 So swiftly Neptune left the chiefs, him first
 Departing, knew Odysseus' active son,
 And thus the son of Telamon address'd
 " Ajax, since some one of th' Olympian Gods,
 In likeness of a seer, hath hither come
 To urge us to the war (no Calchas he,
 Our augur Heav'n inspir'd for well I mark'd
 His movements, as he went, and of a God
 'Tis easy to discern the outward signs),
 I feel fresh spirit kindled in my breast,
 And now born vigour in my feet and hands "

80

" Whom answer'd then the son of Telamon
 " My hands too grasp with firmer hold the spear,
 My spirit like thine is sturd', I feel my feet
 Instinct with fiery life, nor should I fear
 With Hector, son of Priam, in his might
 Alone to meet, and grapple to the death "

90

Such was their mutual converse, as they joy'd
 In the fierce transport by the God inspir'd
 Neptune, meanwhile, the other Greeks arous'd,
 Who, to the ships withdrawn, their wasted strength
 Recreated, for their limbs were faint with toil,
 And grief was in their hearts, as they beheld
 The Trojan hosts that scal'd the lofty wall,
 They saw, and from their eyes the teardrops fell,
 Of safety desir'd, but th' Earth-shaking God
 Amid their ranks appearing, soon restor'd
 Their firm array, to Teucer first he came,
 To Leitus, and valiant Peneleus,
 Thoas, Deipyros, Menestheus,
 And young Antilochus, brave warriors all,
 And to the chiefs his wing'd words address'd

100

" Shame on ye, Grecian youths! to you I look'd
 As to our ships' defenders, but if ye
 Shrank from the perious battle, then indeed
 Our day is come, to be by Troy subdu'd

110

O Heav'n! a sad and wondrous sight is this,
 A sight I never deem'd my eyes should see,
 Our ships assaul'ted by Trojan troops, by those
 Who heretofore have been as timorous hounds
 Amid the forest depths, the helpless prey
 Of jackals, pards, and wolves, they here and there,
 Uncertain, heartless, unresisting, fly
 Such were the Trojans once, nor dared abide,
 No, not an hour, the strength and arms of Greece,
 And these are they, who now beside our ships, 120
 Far from their city walls, maintain the fight,
 Embolden'd by our great commander's fault.
 And slackness of the people, who, with him
 Offended, scarce are brought to guard our ships,
 And, feebly fighting, are beside them slain
 Ev'n though the mighty monarch, Atreus' son,
 Wide ruling Agamemnon, be in truth
 Wholly to blame in this, that he hath wrong'd
 The son of Peleus, yet 'tis not for us
 Our courage to relax. Arrouse ye then! 130

A brave man's spirit its vigour soon regains
 That ye, the best and bravest of the host,
 Should stand aloof thus idle, 'tis not well,
 If meaner men should from the battle shun;
 I might not blame them, but that such as ye
 Should falter, indignation fills my soul
 Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue
 Yet greater evils, but with gen'rous shame
 And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd,
 Fierce is the struggle, in his pride of strength
 Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,
 And razing, 'mid the ships maintains the war." 140

Thus Neptune on the Greeks, reproofing, call'd
 Then round th' Ajaean town were cluster'd thick
 The scirred files, whose firm array nor Mars,
 Nor spirit stirring Pallas might reprove
 For there, the bravest all, in order due,
 Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led
 Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,
 Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm,
 And man to man, the horsehair plumes above,
 That nodded on the warriors' glist'ning crests,
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood 150

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 Should stand aloof thus idle, 'tis not well,
 If meaner men should from the battle stand,
 I might not blame them, but that such as I
 Should falter, indignation fills my soul
 Dear friends, from this tempestuous mist aerie
 Yet greater evils, but with gen'rous shame
 And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd,
 Fierce is the struggle, in his pride of strength
 Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,
 And raving, 'mid the ships resounds the war'

140

Thus Neptune on the Greeks, repousing, call'd
 Then round th' Ajaxes twin were cluster'd thick
 The scutted files, whose firm array nor Mars,
 Nor spirit stirring Pallas might reprove
 For there, the bravest all, in order due,
 Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led
 Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'ek'dad,
 Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm,
 And man to man, the horsehair plumes above,
 That nodded on the warriors' glitt'ring crests,
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood.

150

Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn
 The spears, us set to hurl, their eyes and minds
 Turn'd to the front, and eager for the fray
 On poor'l the Trojans mass'd, in the van
 Hector straight forward urg'd his furious course
 As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed
 Detach'd, and by the watry torrent's force
 Hurld down the cliff's steep face, when constant ruin
 The massive rock's firm hold have undermin'd,
 With giant bounds it thunders, the crashing wood
 Resounds beneath it, still it burns on,
 Until, arriving at the level plain,
 Its headlong impulse check'd, it rolls no more,
 So Hector, threat'ning now through ship and tent,
 Ev'n to the sea, to force his madious way
 Aon, confronted by that phalanx firm,
 Halts close before it, while the sons of Greece,
 With thrust of sword and double pointed spears,
 Stave off his onset, he a little space
 Withdrawn, and loudly on the Trojans call'd

" Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd
 In close encounter, stand ye firm! not long
 The Greeks, though densely mass'd, shall bar my way,
 But soon, methinks, before my spear shall quail,
 If from the chieft of Gods my mission be,
 From Jove the Thund'rer, royal June's Lord "

His words fresh courage rais'd in ev'ry breast
 On loftiest deeds intent, Deiphobus,
 The son of Panam, from the foremost ranks,
 His shield's broad orb before him borne, advanc'd
 With airy step, protected by the shield
 At him stances with glinting spear
 Took aim, nor miss'd his mark, the shield's broad orb
 Of tough bull's hide it struck, but pass'd not through,
 For near the head the stony shaft was snap'd
 Yet from before his breast Deiphobus
 Held at arm's length his shield, for much he fear'd
 The weapon of Menelaus, but he
 Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks withdrew,
 Giv'n'd at his baffled hopes and broken spear
 Then tow'rd the ships he beat his steps, to seek
 Another spear, which in his tent remain'd
 The rest, mid wild uproar, maintain'd the fight

There Teucer first, the son of Telamon,
A warrior slow, the son of Nestor, Lord
Of numerous heroes Iphitus, spearman skill'd
In former days, ere came the sons of Greece, 130
He in Peleus dwelt, and had to wife
Marksmen-like Phœbe's toward child
But when the well trimm'd ships of Greeks appear'd,
Return'd to Troy and there, never'd by all,
With Phœbe dwelt, who lov'd him as a son
Him Teucer with his lance below the ear
Stabbd, and drew back the weapon, down he fell,
As by the woodmen's axe, on some high peak,
Falls a proud ash conspicuous from afar,
Scattering its tender boughs on the ground, 170
He fall, and loud his burnish'd armour rang
Forth Teucer springing to seize the spoil at whom
Advancing Hector aim'd his gilt ring spear,
He saw, and, stooping shorn of the beaten death
A little space, but through the breast it struck
Archimandrus, the son of Cratus.

The breast of Neptune, through the tents of Greece 240
 And ships he pass'd, the Greeks encouraging,
 And ill preparing for the sons of Troy
 Hun met Idomeneus, the warrior King,
 Leaving a comrade, from the battle field,
 Wounded behind the knee, but newly brought,
 Borne by his comrades, to the leech's care
 He left him, eager to rejoin the fray,
 Whom by his tent th' Earth shaking God address'd,
 The voice resounding of Andromeda's son,
 Who o'er th' Eshans, as a God rever'd,
 In Pleuron reign'd, and lofty Calydon 250

" Where now, Idomeneus, sage Cretan chieftain,

Are all the vaunting threats, so freely pour'd
 Against the Trojans by the sons of Greece ? "

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus

" Thoas, on none, so far as I may judge,

May blame be cast, we all our duties know,

Nor see I one by heartless fear restrain'd,

Nor hanging back, and flinching from the war

Yet by th' o'erruing will of Saturn's son.

It seems decreed that here the Greeks should fall,

And far from Argos lie in nameless graves

But, Thoas, as thyself art ever staunch,

Nor slow the laggards to reprove, thy wark

Remit not now, but rouse each sev'rel man "

To whom Earth shaking Neptune thus replied

" Idomeneus, may be from Troy return

No more, but here remain to glut the dogs,

If such there be, from this day's fight who shrinks

But hast thee, don those arms, great need is now

To hasten, if in sight we two may serve

Ev'n meaner men, united, courage gain,

But we the bravest need not fear to meet "

He said, and to the strife of men return'd

With him his well constructed tent arriv'd,

Straight donc'd Idomeneus his armour bright

Two spears he took, and, like the lightning's flash,

Which, as a sign to men, the hand of Jove

Flurls downwards from Olympos' glittering heights,

Whose dazzling radiance far around is thrown,

Flash'd, as the warrior ran, his armour bright

Him met Meriones, his follower brave,

260

270

270

280

Close to the tent to seek a spear he came,
To whom Idomeneus " Menelaus,
Swift-footed son of Atreus, comrade dear,
Why com'st thou here, and leave at the battle field?
Hast thou some wound receiv'd, whereat the pain
Subdues thy spirit? or com'st thou, to the field
To summon me? unarm'd, well thou know'st
I better love the battle than the tent "

290

Whom answer'd thus the sage Menelaus
" Idomeneus, the brass-clad Cretan King,
I come to seek a spear, if haply such
Within thy tent be found, for, in the fight,
That which I hatched bore, even now I broke
Against the shield of brave Diphobus "

" Lo where Idomeneus, the Cretan King
" Of spears, or one, or twenty, if thou list,
Thou there mayst find against the polish'd wall,
The spoil of Trojans slain, for with thy foes
" 'Tis not my wont to wage a distant war
Thence have I store of spears, and bossy shields,
And crested helms, and breastplates polish'd bright "

Whom answer'd thus the sage Menelaus
" Nor are my tent and dark wood ship devoid
Of Trojan spoils, but they are far to seek,
Nor deunt I that my hand is slack in fight,
For 'mid the foremost in the glorious strife
I stand, whenever is heard the battle cry
My deeds by others of the brass-clad Greeks
May not be noted, but thou know'st them well "

300

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King
" What need of this? thy prowess well I know
For should we choose our bravest through the fleet
To man the secret ambush, sunless tent
Of warriors' courage, where is manifest
The diff'rence twixt the coward and the brave,
(The coward's colour changes, nor his soul
Within his breast its even balance keeps,
But changing still, from foot to foot he shifts,
And in his bosom loudly beats his heart,
Expecting death, and chafing all his teeth
The brave man's colour changes not, no fear
He knows, the ambush waiting, all his power
Is that the hour of battle soon may come)

310

Ev'n there, thy courage none might call in doubt
 Shouldst thou from spear or sword receive a wound,
 Not on thy neck behind, nor on thy back.
 Would fall the hero, but on the breast, in mo' it,
 Still pressing on 'mid 'mid the sore contanis 350
 But come prolong'd it not th' illa' task,
 Like babblers wan also scorn might justly move
 Haste to my tent and there select thy spear."

He said and from the tent Menones,
 Valiant as Mars, his spear selected stanch'd,
 And, eager for the fray, his chief array'd
 As Mars, the brunt of men, goes forth to war,
 Attended by his strong, unlearing son,
 Terror, who shakes the bravest warrior's soul
 They two, from Ilion, against the Lyrn,
 Or haughty Phrygians arms, their hear shake
 The pray'rs of both the combatants, one side
 With vict'ry, cro'ning; so to battle went
 These leaders twain, in dazzling arms array'd
 Then thus Menones his chief address'd

"Son of Deucalion, say if on the right,
 Or on the centre of the gen'l'nl host,
 Our onset should be made, or on the left.
 For there, methinks, most success need the Greeks."

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan chief 350
 "Others there are the centre to defend,
 Th' Ajaxes both, and Teucer, of the Greeks
 Best archer, good too in the standing fight,
 These may for Hector full employment find,
 Brave as he is, and eager for the fray,
 Ev'n for his courage 'twere a task too hard,
 Their might to conquer, and resistless hand,
 And burn the ships, if Saturn's son himself
 Fire not, and 'mid the slipp'ng throw the tooth
 Great Ajax Telamon to none would yield,
 Of mortal birth, by earthly food sustain'd,
 By spear or pond'reous stone assaulable,
 In hand to hand encounter, scarce surpris'd
 By Peleus' son Achilles, though with him
 In speed of foot he might not hope to vic
 Then on the left let us our onset make,
 And quickly learn if we on others' heads
 Are doom'd to win renown, or they on ours."

He said and, brave as Mars, Mercurius,
Whither where he directed, led the way
Now when, attended thus, Idomeneus,
Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appear'd,
Around him throng'd, with rallying foes, the Greeks,
And rag'd beside the ships the balanc'd fight
As, when the dust lies deepest on the mads,
Before the boist'rous winds the storm drives fast,
And high at once the whirling clouds are toss'd,
So was the fight confus'd, and in the thang
Each man with keen desire of slaughter burn'd
Bristled the deadly strife with good'nes spear,
Wielded with dire intent, the brazon gleam
Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast,
And breastplates polish'd bright, and glist'ring shields
Commingling, stern of heart indeed were he,
Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze

370

380

390

400

Dire evil then on mortal warriors brought
The diverse ranks of Salamm's mighty sons
To Hector and the Trojans Jove design'd,
In honour of Achilles, swift of foot,
To give the vict'ry, yet not utilely
He will'd to slay before the walls of Troy
The Grecian host, but glory to confer
On Thetis and her noble minded son
Neptune, on th' other side, the Greeks inspir'd,
Clandestine riang from the hor'ry sea,
For them before the Trojan host o'erborne
He saw with grief, and deeply wroth with Jove
Equal the task of both, their birth the same,
But Jove in wisdom, as in year, the first
Nor ventur'd Neptune openly to aid
The cause of Greece, but clothe'd in mortal form,
In secret still the armv's courage rous'd
This way and that they tugg'd at famous war
And balanc'd strife, when many a warrior fell,
The straining rope, which none might break or loose
Then, though his hair was grizled o'er with age,
Calling the Greeks to aid, Idomeneus,
Inspiring terror, on the Trojan sprung,
And slay Othryoncus, who had his home
In far Cabezas, whence but late he came
In hope to share the glory of the war

410

He Priam's fairest daughter sought to wed,
Cassandra, portionless, and mighty deeds
He promis'd, from before the walls of Troy
In their despite to drive the sons of Greece
The aged Priam listen'd to his suit,
And he, his promise trusting, fought for Troy.
Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus
Struck with his ght'ning spear, nor nught avail'd
His brazen breastplate, through the middle thrust, 400
Thund'ring he fell. the victor vanquish'd cried

" Othryoneus, above all mortal men
I hold thee in respect, if thou indeed
Wilt make thy words to aged Priam good,
Who promis'd that his daughter in return
We too would offer thee a like reward,
And give thee here to wed, from Argos brought,
Atrides' fairest daughter, if with us
Thou wilt o'erthrow the well built walls of Troy
Come then, on board our ocean-going ships 430
Discuss the marriage contract, nor shall we
Be found illib'ral of our bridal gifts."

He said, and seizing by the foot the slain,
Dragg'd from the press, but to the rescue came
Aias, himself on foot before his car
So close his charioter the horses held,
They breah'd upon his shoulders, eagerly
He sought to reach Idomeneus, but he,
Preventing, through his gullet drove the spear,
Beneath his chin, right through the weapon pass'd, 460
He fell, as fall an oak, or poplar tall,
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top,
For some proud ship, the woodman's axe hath hewn
So he, before the car and horses stretch'd,
His death-cry utt'ning, clutch'd the blood stain'd soil,
Rewilder'd, helpless, stood his charioter,
Nor dar'd, escaping from the foemen's hands,
To turn his horses. him, Antilochus
Beneath the waistband struck, nor nught avail'd
His brazen breastplate, through the middle thrust, 490
He, from the well wrought chariot, gasping, fell
Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son,
The horses sen'd, and from the Trojan ranks
Drove to the Grecian camp. For Aias' death

Deep griev'd, Deiphobus, approaching, hurl'd
 Against Idomeneus his glif'ning spear
 The coming weapon he beheld, and shan'd
 Beneath the ample circle of his shield,
 With hide, and brass'n plate, encircled round,
 And by two rods sustain'd, concert'd he stood
 Beneath he crouch'd, and o'er him flew the spear
 Yet harsh it grated, glancing from the shield,
 Nor hurtless from that stalwart hand it flew,
 But through the midriff, close below the heart,
 Hypenor, son of Hippesus, it struck,
 And straight relax'd his limbs, then shouting loud,
 In boastful tone, Deiphobus exclaim'd

" Not unawar'd his Agam., he, methinks,
 As I have found her fellowship, with joy
 Through Hades' strongly guarded gates may pass" 430
 He said, the Greeks, indignant, heard his boast
 Chief, of Antilochus the manly soul

Was sturr'd within him, yet amid his grief
 His comrade not forgetting, up he ran,
 And o'er him spread the cover of his shield
 Meanwhile, two trusty friends, Meonestheus, son
 Of Eumeus, and Alaxor, rais'd the alarm,
 And deeply groaning bore him to the ships
 Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage

Ahato, still burning o'er some Trojan soul
 To draw the gloomy veil of night and death,
 Or, having sav'd the Greeks, himself to fall
 Thed high born Nestor's son he slew
 Alcathon, he, Anchises' son-in Law,
 The eldest of his daughters had to wife,
 Hippodamea, by her parents both,
 O'er all, belov'd, in beauty, skill, and mind,
 All her conpeers surpassing, wife of one,
 The noblest man through all the boardth of Troy
 Then Neperne by Idomeneus subdued,
 Seal'd his quicq. eyes, by aye limbs restrain'd,
 Without the pow'r to stir, or shun the spear,
 Fix'd as a pillar, or a lofty tree,
 He stand, while through his breast Idomeneus
 His weapon drove, the brass'n mail it broke,
 Which oft had turn'd aside the stroke of death,
 Hardly it grated, sever'd by the spear

430

430

430

430

He fell, the spear-point quiv'ring in his heart,
Which with convulsive throbings shook the shaft.
There Mars its course arrested. Then with shouts
Of triumph, vaunting, thus Idomeneus 300

"How now, Deiphobus? are three for one
An equal balance? where are now thy boasts?
Come forth, my friend, thyself to me oppos'd,
And learn, if here, unworthy my descent
From Jove, thy great progenitor, I stand
He Minos, guardian chief of Crete, begot,
Noble Deucalion was to Minos born,
I to Deucalion, far extends my rule
In wide-spread Crete, whom now our ships have brought,
A bane to thee, thy sire, and Trojans all 312

He said, and doubtful stood Deiphobus,
Or to retreat, and summon to his aid
The Trojans, or along the venture try
Thus as he mus'd, the wiser course appear'd
To seek *Aeneas*, him be found apart,
Behind the crowd, for he was still at feud
With godlike Priam, who, he thought, withheld
The public honour to his valour due
To whom Deiphobus, approaching, thus 320

"*Aeneas*, sagacious counsellor of Troy,
Behoves thee now, if rev'rence for the dead
Can move thy soul, thy sister's husband aid
Haste we to save Alcaithous, who of old,
When thou wast little, in thy father's house,
Nurs'd thee with tender care, for him, but now,
The spear-renow'rd Idomeneus hath slain"

He said, *Aeneas'* spirit was rous'd, and fill'd
With martial rage he sought Idomeneus
Not, cowardlike, did he th' encounter shun,
But firmly stood, as stands a mountain bear,
Self confident, that in some lonely spot
Awaits the clam'rous chase, bristles his back,
His eyes with fire are flashing, and his tusks
He whets, on men and dogs prepar'd to rush.
So stood the spear-renow'rd Idomeneus,
The onset of *Aeneas*, swift in fight,
Avaunting, and the friends he saw around
He summon'd to his aid, Ascalaphus,
Deipyrrus, and brave Menoetes, 340

Antilochus and Aphantes, to these,
Tried warriors all, he thus address'd his speech
 " And me, my friends! alone I stand, and dread
The onset of *Aeneas*, swift of foot,
Mighty to slay in battle, and the bloom
Of youth is his, the crown of human strength,
If, as our spirit, our years were but the same,
Great glory now should be, or I obtain "
He said, and, one in heart, their bucklers slop'd
Upon their shoulders all beside him stood

550

On th' other side *Aeneas* to his aid
Summon'd his brother chiefs, Daphobus,
And Pirus, and Agenor, following whom
Came on the general crowd, as bunches of sheep
From pasture follow to their drinking place
The lordly, now well pleas'd the shepherd sees,
So pleas'd *Aeneas* saw the gathering crowd
Then o'er *Neachthus* hand to hand was waging
The war of spears; there was the clash of brass
Upon the heroes' breasts, as mid the press
Each arm'd at other, proudh' element
Stood forth two mighty warriors terrible
As Mars, *Aeneas*, and Idomeneus
Their sharp spears wounding each at other's life
First at Idomeneus *Aeneas* threw
His spear, he raw, and shunn'd the brazen point,
And vainly from his stalwart hand dismiss'd,
Aeneas' spear stood curv'd in the ground
Idomeneus in front, below the waist,
Neachthus struck the weighty spear broke through

560

The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore,
Prose in the dust he fell and clutch'd the ground
Forthwith Idomeneus from out the corpse

The pond'rous spear withdrew, yet could not strip
His armour off so thickly flew the spears
Nor did his feet retain their youthful force,
His weapon to regain or back to spring
Still'd in the standing fight his life to guard,
He lack'd the active power of swift retreat;

It him, retiring slow, Daphobus,
Still fill'd with anger, threw his glut'ring spear
His arm he miss'd, but through the shoulder pierc'd
Acalaphus, a valiant son of Mars,

Whose rage for battle knows nor stint nor bound?
Men are with all things sated, sleep, and love,
Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance
Of these may some more gladly take their fill,
But Trojans still for war, insatiate, thirst."

Thus Menelaus, and the blood stain'd arms
Stripp'd from the corpse, and to his comrades gave,

730

Then join'd again the foremost in the fray
There to th' encounter forth Harpalion sprang,

Son of the King Pylæmon, who came,

His father following, to the war of Troy,

But back return'd not to his native land

He standing near, fell in the centre struck.

Atrides' shield, but drove not through the spear,

Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks he sprung

In hopes of safety, glancing all around,

His body to defend, but as he turn'd,

In his right flank a brazen pointed shaft,

735

Shot by Menelaus, was buried deep

Beneath the bone it press'd, and pierc'd him through.

At once he fell, and gasping out his life,

Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground

Like a crush'd worm he lay, and from the wound

The dark blood pouring, drench'd the thirsty soil

The valiant troops of Paphlagonia clos'd
Around him, on his car they plac'd the slain,

And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore,

Hi, farther, weeping, walk'd beside the car,¹

Vor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd

Pains with grief and anger saw him fall

For he in former days his guest had been

In Paphlagonia, then, with anger fill'd,

A bris, tipp'd arrow from his bow he sent.

A certain man there was, Euchenor nam'd,

Who dwelt in Corinth, rich, of blameless life,

The son of Polydamus, skillful seer

His sat, well learned, he embark'd, for oft

The good old man had told him that his doom

Was, or at home by sharp disease to die,

Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall

740

750

¹ This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the poet who apparently had forgotten that Phegeus, the Paphlagonian chief had himself been killed by Menelaus, & so忘却して the death of his son. See Book V., l. 196.

And with a twisted shug of woollen cloth,
By an attendant brought, bound up the hand.
To noble Menelaus stood oppos'd
Peleander, to the confines dark of death
Led by his evil fate, by thee to fall,
Great son of Atreus, in the deadly strife
When near they drew, Menelaus miss'd his aim,
With erring spear divergent, ne'er his shield
Peleander struck, but drove not through the spear,
For the broad shield resisted, and the shaft
Was snap'd in sunder, Menelaus saw
Rejoicing, and with hope of triumph flush'd,
Unsheathing then his silver studded sword
Rush'd on Peleander, he beneath his shield
Drew forth a pond rous, brazen batto-axe,
With handle long, of polish'd olive-wood,
And both at once in deadly combat join'd
Then, just below the plume, Peleander struck
The crested helmet's peak, but Atreus' son
Met him advancing, and across the bron
Smote him, above the nose, loud crash'd the bone,
And in the dust the gall'd eyeballs dropp'd
Before him, doubled with the pain, he fell
The victor, planting on his chev' the foot,
Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried
' Thou shall ye all, menials of the fight,
Proud Trojans, from before our ships depart,
Nor lack ye our share of insult and of wrong,
Such as on me, vile bounds, ye cast erewhile,
Nor fear'd th' avenger of the slighted laws
Of hospitality, high thund'ring Jove,
Who soon your lousy city shall o'erthrew
Kindly recey'd, my virgin wedded wife,
With store of good, ye basely bore away,
And now ye rage, infame, to destroy
With me our ocean-going ship, and slay
Our Grecian heroes, but the time shall come
When ye too full would from the war escape
O Father Jove, be said that thou excell'st,
In wisdom, God, and men, all human things
From thee proceed, and can it be, that thou
With favour setst these men of violence,
Thee Trojans, with presumptuous courage fill'd,

700

710

Whose rage for battle knows not stait nor bound?
 Men are with all things satisfied, sleep, and love,
 Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance
 Of these may some more gladly take their fill,
 But Trojans still for war, inseinate, thirst."

Thus Menelaus, and the blood stain'd arms
 Stripp'd from the corpse, and to his comrades gave,
 Then join'd again the foremost in the fray

720

There to th' encounter forth Harpalion sprung,

Son of the King Pyrrhemus, who came,

His father following, to the war of Troy.

But back return'd not to his native land

He standing near, fell in the centre struck

Atrides' shield, but drove not through the spear,

Back to his comrades shelt ring ranks he sprang

In hopes of safety, glancing all around,

His body to defend, but as he turn'd,

In his right flank a brazen pointed shaft,

Shot by Menones, was buried deep

Beneath the bone it pass'd, and pierc'd him through.

At once he fell, and gasping out his life,

Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground

Like a crush'd worm he lay and from the wound

The dark blood pour'd, trench'd the thirsty soil

The valiant troops of Paphlagonia clos'd

Around him, on his car they plac'd the slain,

And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore,

His lather, weeping, walk'd beside the car,¹

Nor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd

Fans with grief and anger over him [all]

For he in former days his guest had been

In Paphlagonia, then, with anger fill'd,

A horse,upp'd attew from his bow he sent

A certain man there was, Euchenor nam'd,

Who dwelt in Corinth, rich, of blameless life,

The son of Polydorus, skillful ever

His fate well knowing, he embark'd, for oft

The good old man had told him that his doom

Was, or at home by sharp disease to die,

Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall

740

750

¹ This passage would seem to be the result of an o. erasure on the part of the poet who apparently had so gotten that Palaemon the Paphlagonian lost his life himself before he was killed by Menones some time before the death of his son. See Book I, 1 age.

Embarking, he escap'd alike the fire
By Greeks impas'd and pangs of sharp disease
Him Paris smote between the ear and jaw,
Swift fix'd his spirit, and darkness clos'd his eyes.
Thus rag'd, like blazing fire, the fun'rous fight

But nough! as yet had Hector heard, nor knew
How sorely, leftward of the ships, were press'd
The Trojans by the Greeks, and now appear'd
Their triumph sure—such success Neptune gave,
Their courage rousing and imparting strength
But there he kept, where first the scented ranks
Of Greeks he broke, and storm'd the wall and gates,
There lay, drawn up beside the hoary sea,
The ships of Ajax and Protesilus,

760

There had the wall been lowest built, and there
Were gather'd in defence the chiefest all,
Horses and men—the stout Boeotians there,
Join'd to th' Ionians with their flowing robes,
Locrians, and Phthians, and Ipians proud,
Could scarce protect their ships, nor could repel
Tu' impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge
There too the choicest troops of Athens fought,
Their chieft, Menestheus, Petrus' son, with whom
Were Phedias, Stichius, Bius in command,
Th' Epeians Meges, Phlebus' son, obey'd,
And Diomedes and Amphion, Vedia next,
With brave Podarces led the Phthian host
Medon, the great Oileus' bastard son,
Brother of Ajax, be in Phylace.

770

Far from his native land, was driv'n to dwell,
Since one in Knossos near akin,
His sire Odous' wife, his hand had slain
Podarces from Iphiclus claim'd his birth,
The son of Phylacus, these two in arms
The valiant Phthians leading to the fight,
Join'd the Boeotian troops to guard the ships
First from the side of Ajax Telamon
Stirr'd not a whit Odous' active son.

780

But as on fallow land, with one steered,
Two dark red oxen drag the well wrought plough,
Streaming with sweat that gathers round their horns,
They by the polish'd yoke together held,
The stiff soil cleaving, down the furrow strain,

790

So closely, side by side, those two advanc'd.
 But comrades, many and brave, on Telamon
 Attended, who, whene'er with toil and sweat
 His limbs grew faint, upheld his weighty shield,
 While in the fray, Odysseus noble son See

No Lorrains follow'd, theirs were not the hearts
 To break th' endurance of the standing fight,
 Nor had they brass bound ~~bulbs~~, with horse-hair plume,
 Nor ample shield, they bore, nor taken spear;
 But came to Troy, in bow and twisted alings
 Of woolen cloth confiding, and from these 810
 Their bolts quick shov'ring, broke the Trojan ranks.
 While those, in front, in gill rug arms oppos'd
 The men of Troy, by noble Hector led,
 These, in the rear, unseen, their arrows shot See
 Nor stood the Trojans, for amid their ranks
 The galling arrows dire confusion spread
 Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents
 Back to the breezy heights of Troy been driv'n
 In flight disastrous, but Polydorus
 Drew near to Hector, and address'd him thus

"Hector, I know thou how unapt thou art
 To hearken to advice, yet ev'n if Jove
 Hath giv'n thee to excel in warlike might,
 Must needs thy wisdom all men else surpass? See
 All gifts thou canst not to thyself combine
 To one the Gods have granted warlike might,
 To one the dance, to one the lyre and song,
 While in another's breast all seeing Jove
 Hath plac'd the spirit of wisdom, and a mind
 Discerning, for the common good of all
 By him are states preserv'd, and he himself
 Best knows the value of the persons gift
 Then hear what seems to me the wretched course.
 On ev'ry side the curling rug of war 830
 Is blazing all around thee, and, thou seest,
 Our valiant Trojans, since the wall they scal'd,
 Or stand aloof, or scatter'd 'mid the ships
 Outnumber'd, with superior forces driven
 Then thou, returning, hither call the chiefs,
 Here take at least full, & square
 Upon their well-mand'd vessels we shall fall,
 Should Heav'n vouchsafe to grant the needful strength,

Or from the ships, while yet unarm'd, withdraw,
For much I fear they soon will pay us back
Their debt of yesterday, since in their ranks
One yet remains insatiate of the fight,
And he, methinks, not long will stand aloof."
Thus he the prudent council Hector pleas'd,
Down from his chariot with his arms he leap'd,
And to Polydamas his speech address'd

" Polydamas, despatch thou here the chuse,
Thither will I, and meet the front of war,
And, giv'n my orders, quickly here return."

He said, and like a noon-clad messenger high,
Uprose, and loudly shouting, in hot haste
Flew through the Trojan and Confed'rate host
At sound of Hector's voice, round Panthous' son,
Polydamas, were gather'd all the chuse
But 'mid the foremost combatants he sought
If haply he might find Daphobus,
And royal Helenus, and Adams,
And gallant Asius, son of Hyrtacus
These found he not unscath'd by wounds or death,
For some beside the ships of Greece had paid,
By Grecian hands, the forfeit of their lives,
While others wounded lay within the wall
But, to the leftward of the bloody fray,
The godlike Paris, fair hair'd Helen's Lord,
Cheering his comrades to the fight, he found,
And with reproachful words address'd him thus

" Thou wretched Paris, fair in outward form,
Thou slave of woman manhood's counterfeit,
Where is Daphobus, and where the might
Of royal Helenus? where Adams,
The son of Asius? where too Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus? and where Othrymenus?
Now from its summit totters to the fall
Our lofty Ilium, now thy doom is seal'd!"

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied
" Hector, since blameless I incur thy blame,
Ne'er have I less withdrawn me from the fight,
And am not wholly vic my mother bore,
For since then gav'st command to attack the ships,
We here against the Greeks unflinching war
Have wage'd, our comrades, whom thou seek'st, are slain.

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Only Deiphobus hath left the field,
And Helenus both wounded by the spear,
Both through the hand, but Jove their life hath spurd
But thou, where er thy courage beld, had on
We shall be prompt to follow, to cut pow'r
Thou shalt in us no lack of valour find,
Beyond his pow'r the bravest cannot fight"

Wrought on his brother's mind the hero's words
Together both they beat their steps, where rag'd 390
The fiercest conflict, there Cebrenos,
Phalces, Orthrus' bravi Polydorus,
Paltry, und godlike Polyphemos' might,
And Maros, and Iscaurus fought those two
Hippotion's sons, from rich Icaria's plains
They, as reliefs but yesternight had come
Impell'd by Jove, they wrought the battle-field
Onward they dash'd impetuous is the rush
Of the fierce whirlwind which with lightning charg'd,
From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain 400
As with loud roar it mingleth with the sea,
The many flashing ocean's billows bid,
Upheaving, foam white crested, wave on wave,
So, rank on rank, the Trojans closely mass'd,
In arms all glist'ring with their chubs advanc'd,
Hector, the son of Priam, led them on,
In combat terrible as blood stains of Mars
Before his breast his shield a broad o'er he bore
Of hides close joint'd, with brazen plates o'erlaid,
The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow 410
He, with proud step, protected by his shield,
On ev'ry side the hostile ranks survey'd,
If signs of yielding he might trace, but they
Unshaken stood, and with like haughty eyes,
Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurl'd

"Draw nearer mighty chief, why seek to scare
Our valiant Greeks? we boast ourselves of war
Not wholly unskill'd, though now the hand of Jove
Lies heavy on us with the scourge of Hellas
Thou hop st, forsooth, our vessels to destroy,
But stalwart arms for their defence we boast
Long ere that day shall your proud city fall,
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious bands
Not for the hour, when thou thyself in flight

To Jove and all the Gods shalt make thy pray'r,
 That swifter than the falcon's wing thy steeds
 May bear thee o'er the dusty plain to Troy."

Thus as he spoke, upon his right appear'd
 An eagle, soaring high, the crowd of Greeks
 The fav'ring omen saw, and shouted loud 939
 Then noble Hector thus "What words are these,
 Aja', thou babbling beggart, vain of speech!
 For would to Heav'n I were as well assur'd
 I were the son of xgis bearing Jove,
 Born of imperial Juno, and myself
 In equal honour with Apollo held
 Or blue-eyed Pallas, as I am assur'd
 This day is fraught with ill to all the Greeks
 Thou 'mid the rest shalt perish, if thou dare
 My spear encounter, which thy dusty skin
 Shall rend, and slain beside the ships, thy flesh
 Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy."

He said, and led them on, with eager cheeks
 They follow'd, shouted loud the hindmost throng
 On th' other side the Greeks return'd the shout
 Of all the Trojans' bravest they, unmov'd,
 The onset bore, their mangled clamours rose
 To Heav'n, and reach'd the glorious light of Jove

BOOK XIV

ARGUMENT

Agamemnon and the other wounded Greeks follow Nestor with foam
past the bridle. Jove having borrowed the Crown of Venus,
which engages the goddesses of sleep than causes to Jove to ravage
Greece. She prevails. Jove sleeps, and Neptune takes that oppor-
tunity to recover the Greeks.

Noa did the battle din not reach the ears
Of Nestor, o'er the wine-cup, and his speech
He thus address'd to Aeneas' son:

"Say, good Machaon, what these sounds may mean,
For louder swells the tumult round the ships
But sit thou here, and drink the ruddy wine,
Till fair hour'd Hecamede shall prepare
The gentle bath and wash thy gory wounds,
While I go forth, and all around survey."

He said and from the wall a buckler took,
Well wrought, with brass resplendent, which his son,
Brave Thrasymedes, in the tent had left,
While with his father's shield himself was girt,
A sturdy spear too, tipped with brass, he took
Without the tent he stood, and there his eyes
A woful sight beheld, the Greeks in flight,
The haughty Trojans pressing on their rout
Confus'd, the Greeks' protecting wall o'erthrown
As leaves the darkling sea with silent swell,
Expectant of the boist'rous gale's approach,
Nor onward either way to pour'd its flood,
Until it feel th' impelling blast from Heav'n,
So stood th' old man, his mind perplex'd with doubt,
To muse in the throng, or counsel seek.
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son

Thus as he mus'd, the better cause appear'd,
To seek Atrides, fiercely fought the rest
With mutual slaughter, loud their armour rang
With thrusts of swords and double pointed spears
There, from the ships advancing, Nestor met

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The Heav'n born Kings, Ulysses, Diomed,
And Agamemnon, son of Atreus, all
By wounds disabled, for the ships were beach'd
Upon the shore, beside the hoary sea,
Far from the battle, higher, tow'rd the plain
The foremost had been drawn, and with a wall
Their sterns surrounded, for the spacious beach
Could not contain them, and in narrow bounds
Were pent their multitudes, so high on land
They drew, and rang'd them side by side, and fill'd, 40
Within the headlands, all the wide mouth'd bay
Thus they their steps supporting on their spears,
Together came spectators of the fight,
Deep sorrow fill'd their breasts, them Hector met,
The fear increasing, which their souls possest'd
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus
 ' O Hector, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
Why com st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?
Greatly I fear that noble Hector now
His menace will fulfil, who made his boast
Before th assembled Trojans, that to Troy,
He never would return, until our ships
The flames had master'd, and ourselves the sword
Such was his threat, and now he makes it good.
Hear n'! can it be that I of other Greeks,
Is of Achilles, have incur'd the wrath,
Who thence refuse to battle for the ships?' 50
 To whom Gerenian Hector thus replied
 " Such are indeed our prospects, Jove on high
Could to our fortunes give no diff'rent turn
The wall is raz'd, wherein our trust we plac'd
To guard, impregnable ourselves and ships,
And now around the ships their war they wage,
Unceas'ng, unabated, none might tell
By closest scrutiny, which way are driv'n
The routed Greeks, so intermix'd they fall
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to Heav'n
Put come, discov'r what may best be done,
It judgment aught may profit us, ourselves
To mingle in the fray I counsel not, 60
It were not well for wounded men to fight"
 Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men
 * ' Hector, since to the ship the war is brought,

Not bath the wall avail'd to stay their course,
 Nor yet the deep dug trench, on which we Greeks
 Much had bestow'd, and which we vainly hop'd
 Might guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships,
 Seems it the will of Saturn's mighty son
 That, far from Argos, from our native land,
 We all should here in nameless groves be laid 80
 I knew, when once he lov'd to aid the Greeks,
 But now I see that to the blessed Gods
 Our foes he equals, and our strength commands
 Hear then my counsel, let us all agree
 The ships that nearest to the sea are beach'd
 To launch upon the main, till nightfall there
 To ride at anchor: if that ev'n by night
 The Trojans may suspend their fierce assault,
 Then may we launch in safety all the fleet
 No shame it is to fly, although by night,
 Impending evil better so to fly 90
 Than by the threaten'd danger be o'er-tak'en "

"To whom, with scornful glance, Ulysses says
 "What words have pass'd the barrier of thy lips,
 Thou son of Atreus? counsellor of ill?"

Would thou hadst been of some ignoble band
 The leader, not the chief of such a host
 As ours, on whom, from youth to latest age,
 Jove hath the gift bestow'd, to bear the brunt
 Of hardy war, till ev'ry man be slain 100
 And think'st thou so to leave the lofty walls
 Of Troy, the object of our painful toil?
 Be silent, that no other Greek may hear
 Words, which no man might trust his tongue to speak,
 Who nobler counsels understands, and yields
 A royal sceptre, and th' all-glorious charms
 Of numbers, such as those that own thy sway
 Thy counsels all I utterly condemn,
 Who, 'mid the close and clamour of the fight,
 Wouldst have us launch our ships, and give the foe, 110
 Already too triumphant, cause renew'd
 For boasting, then were death our certain lot,
 For, if the ships be launch'd, not long will Greeks
 Sustain the war, but with reverting eyes
 Shrank from the fight, to such pernicious end
 Would lead thy baneful counsels, mighty chief!"

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men
 " Ulysses, thy rebuke hath wrung my soul,
 Yet never meant I, that against their will
 The sons of Greece should launch their well foun^d ships
 But if there be who better counsel knows,
 Or young or old, his words would please me well "¹³¹
 Or young or old, his words would please me well "

Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said
 " The man is near at hand, not far to seek,
 If ye will hear, nor take offence, that I,
 The youngest of you all, presume to speak.
 Yet of a noble sire I boast me sprung,
 Tydeus, who sleeps beneath the Theban soil
 To Porthous three brave sons were born, who dwelt
 In Pleuron and in lofty Calydon,¹³²

Agnus, and Uelas, bravest of them all,
 My father's father, Clytus, was the third
 He there reigned I, my father, w^{and}rung long,
 To Argos came, such was the will of Jove
 And of th' Immortals all, he there espous'd
 Adrastus' daughter, own'd a wealthy house,
 With fertile corn lands round, and orchards stor'd
 With gaudy fruit trees, numerous flocks he had,
 And all the Greeks in feats of arms envil'd
 Hear ye the words I speak, for they are true

And if my speech he wise, despise it not,
 As of one worthless, or ignobly born
 Though wounded, to the battle I advise
 That we perfors repair, yet not ourselves
 To join the combat or confront the spears,
 Lest wounds to wounds be added, but to rouse
 The spirits of some, who, zealous heretofore,
 Now stand aloof, nor mingle in the fray "¹⁴⁰

He said, and they, his words approving, went,
 By Agamemnon led, the King of men
 Not careless was the watch by Neptune kept
 With them, in likeness of an aged man,
 He went, and Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 By the right hand he took, and thus address'd

" O son of Atreus, great is now the joy
 With which Achilles' savage breast is fill'd,
 Who sees the slaughter and the rout of Greeks
 For nought he has of heart, no, not a whit
 But perish he, accursed of the Gods!"

Not deem thou that to thee the blessed Gods
Are wholly hostile, yet again the chiefs
And counsellors of Troy shall scatter in flight
The dusty plain, and from the ships and tents
Thine eyes shall see them to the city fly.

He said, and loudly shouting, onward rush'd
As of nine thousand or ten thousand men,
In deadly combat meeting, is the shout,
Such was the sound which from his ample chest
Th' Earth shak'd, and ev'ry Greek inspir'd
With stern resolve to wage unflinching war.

Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,
Th' golden thrond' Juno downward look'd,
And, burred in the glory giv'ng strife,
Her husband's brother and her own she saw,
Saw, and rejoic'd, next, seated on the crest
Of spring abounding Ida. Jove she saw,
Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep
The stag ey'd Queen, how best she might beguile
The wak'ful mind of aye's bearing Jove,
And, muting, this appear'd the readiest mode
Herself with art adorning, to repair
To Ida, there, wth' fondest blandishment
And female charm, her husband to enfold
In love's embrace, and gentle, curless sleep
Around his eyelids and his breasts pour
Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,
Her son, by whom were to the door posts hung
Clos, fitting down, with secret keys secur'd,
That, save herself, no God might enter in
There enter'd she, and clos'd the stuning doors,

And with ambrosia first her lovely skin
She purified, with fragrant oil anointing,
Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet,
That, wav'd above the bronzen floor of Jove,
All earth and Heav'n were with the fragrances fill'd,
O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread,
Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand
Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,
Immortal, bright, that crown'd th' imperial head
A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought,
She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd
With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd

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Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,
She girt about her, and, in three bright drops,
Her glist'ning gems suspended from her ears,
And all around her grace and beauty shone
Then o'er her head th' imperial Goddess, threw
A beaut'ous, red new-m wrought, as sunlight white,
And on her well turn'd feet her sandals bound
Her dress completed, from her chamber forth
She issued, and from th' other Gods apart
She call'd to Venus, and address'd her thus
"Say, wilt thou grant, dear child, the boon I ask?
Or wilt thou say me nay, in wrath that I
Espouse the Greek, as thou the Trojan cause?"

"To whom the laughter loving Venus thus
Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen,
Tell me thy wish, to grant it if my pow'r
May aught avail, thy pleasure shall be done."

To whom great Juno thus, with artful speech
"Give me the loveliness, and pow'r to charm,
Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme
For to the bounteous Earth's extremest bounds
I go, to visit old Oceanus,

The love of Gods, and Techys, who of yore
From Rhæa took me, when all seeing Jove
Hurl'd Saturn down below the earth and seas,
And nurs'd me in their home with tend'rest care,
I go to visit them, and reconcile

A lengthen'd feud for since some cause of wrath
Has come between them, they from me, of love
And from the marriage-bed have long abhorr'd
Could I unite them by persuasive words,
And to their former interranc'd restore,
Their love and rev'rence were for ever mine."

Whom answer'd thus the laughter loving Queen
"I ought not, and I cannot, say thee nay,
Who best encircled by the arms of Jove."

This Venus spake, and from her bosom look'd
Her brouder'd vestes, wrought with ev'ry charm
To win the heart, there Love, there young Desire,
There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt,
Which oft enthrall'd the mind of wisest men
Thus in her hand he plac'd, as thus she spoke
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,

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This brouder'd cesus, and, whate'er thy will,
Thou shalt not here ungratified return."

"Thus Venus, smil'd the stag ey'd Queen of Heaven,
And, smiling, in her bosom hid the gift

Then Venus to her father's house return'd, 250
But Juno down from high Olympus sped,

O'er sweet Emathia, and Phecia's range,
O'er snowy mountains of boætæ bounding Thrace,

Their topmost heighte, she soar'd, nor touch'd the earth
From Athos then she cross'd the swelling sea,

Until to Lernæos, godlike Thoas' seat,
She came, there ope the Sleep, twin born with Death,

Whom, as he hand she clasp'd, she thus address'd

"Sleep, universal King of Gods and men,
If ever thou hast listen'd to my voice, 260

Grant me the boon which now I ask, and win

My ceaseless favour in all time to come

When Jove thou seest in my embraces lock'd,

Do thou his piercing wyes in slumber seal

Each gaudon shall be thine, a gorgeous throne,

Immortal, golden, which my shalful son,

Vulcan, shall defly shape beneath, a stool

Whereon at leasce thy feet may softly rest."

"Whom answer'd thus the gentle God of Sleep

"Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen, 270

On any other of th' immortal Gods

I can with ease exert my almighty pow'r,

Evn to the streams of old Oceanus,

Prairie engin of all, but Saturn's son,

Imperial Jove, I dare not so approach,

Nor sink in sleep, save by his own desceit

Already once, obeying thy command,

A fearful warning I recey'd, that day

When from the capture and the sack of Troy

That mighty warrior, son of Jove, set sail,

For, circumfis'd around, with sweet constraint;

I bound the sense of signs bearing Jove,

While thou, with ill designe moving the forge

Of winds tempestuous o'er the stormy sea,

Durst cast him forth on Chaos' thriving isle,

Far from his friends, then Jove, awaking, pour'd

His wrath, promiscuous, on th' assembled Gods,

Me chief his anger sought, and from on high.

Had hurl'd me, plung'd beneath th' unfathom'd sea,
 But Night, the vanquisher of Gods and men,
 Her fugitive receiv'd me, he his worth
 Repress'd, unwilling to invade the claims
 Of holy Night, and now thou fair wouldest urge
 That I another reckless deed essay?"

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Whom answer'd thus the stag ey'd Queen of Heav'n
 "Why, Sleep, with thoughts like these perplex thy mind?
 Think'st thou that Jove as ardently desires
 To aid the men of Troy, as fiercely burn'd
 His anger on his valiant son's behalf?
 Grant my request, and of the Graces one,
 The youngest and the fairest, have to wife,
 Pasithaea, whom thy love hath long pursued."

300

Thus prou'd Juno, Sleep, rejoicing, heard,
 And answer'd thus "Soe'er then the awful oath,
 Invincible, by the stream of Styx,
 Thy one hand laid upon the fruitful earth,
 The other resting on the sparkling sea,
 That all the Gods who in the nether realms
 With Saturn dwell, may of our solemn bond
 Be witnesses, that of the Graces one,
 The youngest, fairest, I shall have to wife,
 Pasithaea, whom my love hath long pursued."

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He said nor did the white arm'd Queen refuse,
 She took the oath requir'd, and call'd by name
 On all the Titans, sub Taurian Gods
 Thea, sworn and ratified the oath, they pass'd
 From Lemnos, and from Imbros, veil'd in cloud,
 Skimming their airy way, on Lebium first,
 In spring abounding Ida, nurse of beasts,
 The sea they left, and journey'd o'er the land,
 While wav'd beneath their feet the lofty woods
 There Sleep, ere yet he met the eye of Jove,
 Remain'd, and, mounted on a lofty pine,
 The tallest growth of Ida, that on high
 Flung through the desert air its boughs to Heav'n,
 Amid the pine's close branches lay croon'd,
 Like to a mountain bird of shrillest note,
 When Gods the Chalces, even the night hawk call
 Juno meanwhile to Ida's summit sped,
 To Ganganus, the Cloud compeller saw,
 He saw, and sudden passion fir'd his soul,

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As when, their parents' eyes closing, first
 They tasted of the secret joys of love
 He rose to meet her, and address'd her thus
 "From high Olympus, Juno, whither bound,
 And how, to Ida hast thou come in haste?
 For horses here or chariot hast thou none?"

To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech
 Replied "To fertile earth's extremest bounds
 I go to visit old Oceanus

340

The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore
 Receiv'd, and nurtur'd me with tend'rest care
 I go to visit them, and reconcile

A lengthen'd flood, for since some cause of wrath
 Has come between them, they from rites of love
 And from the marriage bed have long abstain'd
 Me unheir'd at sprung abounding Ida's foot
 My horses wait me, that in all land and sea
 Ahke my chariot bear, on thine account
 From high Olympus hither have I come
 Let it displease thee, if, to thee unknown,
 I sought the Ocean a deeply flowing stream

350

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied

"Juno, thy visit yet awhile defer,
 And let us now in love's delights indulge
 For never yet did such a flood of love
 For Goddess, or for mortal fill my soul,
 Not for Jove's beauteous wife, who bore
 Pithous, sage in council as the Gods,
 Nor the near-foated maiden Diana,
 Achilus' daughter, her who Peneus bore,
 Th' observ'd of all, nor noble Phoenix' child,
 Who bore me Minos, and the godlike might
 Of Rhadamanthus, nor for Semele,
 Nor for Alcmena fair, of whom was born
 In Thebes the mighty warrior Hercules,
 As Bacchus, joy of men, of Semele
 No, nor for Ceres, golden-trussed Queen,
 Nor for Latona bright, nor for thyself,
 As now with fond desire for thee I burn."

360

To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech

"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
 If here on Ida, in the face of day,
 We celebrate the nuptial rites of love,

370

How if some other of th' immortal Gods
Should find us sleeping, and mid all the Gods
Should spread the tale abroad? I could not then
Straight to thy house, for very shame, return
But if indeed such passion fill thy soul,
Thou hast thy secret chamber, built for thee
By Vulcan, with close fitting doors secur'd,
Thither, if such thy pleasure, go we now."

380

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied
" Juno, nor fear the eye of God or man,
For all around us I will throw such veil
Of golden cloud, that not the sun himself
With sharpest beam of light may pierce it through."

Thus saying, in his arms he clasp'd his wife,
The teeming earth beneath them caus'd to spring
The tender grass, and lotus dew besprent,
Crocus and byacanth, a fragrant couch,
Profuse and soft, up-springing from the earth
There lay they, all around them spread a veil
Of golden cloud, whence heav'nly dews distill'd
There on the topmost height of Gargarus,
By sleep and love subdued, th' immortal Sire,
Clasp'd in his arms his wife, repos'd no peace.

390

Then Sleep arose, and to the Grecian ships
In haste repairing, to th' Earth-shaking King
His tidings bore, and standing at his side
Thus to the God his wing'd words address'd

400

" Now, Neptune, to the Greeks thy ready aid
Afford, that short in'd triumph they may gain,
While slumber holds the eyes of Jove, for I
In sweet unconsciousness have drown'd his sense,
Beguyl'd by Juno, in whose arms he lies."

He said, and vanish'd 'mid the tribes of men
But fir'd with keener zeal to aid the Greeks,
Neptune sprang forth in front, and call'd aloud

410

" Again, ye Greeks, shall our nemesis yield
The victory to Hector, Priam's son,
To seize our ship, and endless glory gain?
Such is his boast and menace, since in wrath
Achilles still beside his ships remains
Yet him we scarce should miss, if we, the rest,
But firmly stood for mutual defence
Hear then my counsel. Let us all agree,

Girt with our beat and broadest shields, our heads
 With flashing helmets guarded, in our hands
 Grasping our longest spears, to dare the fight
 Myself will lead you on, and Priam's son,
 Though bold he be, will fear with me to cope
 And if, among our bravest, any bear
 Too small a buckler, with some meaner man
 Let him exchange, and don the larger shield."

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He said, and they assenting heard his speech
 The Kings themselves, Ulysses, Diomed,
 And mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son
 Though sorely wounded, yet the troops array'd,
 Throughout the ranks they pass'd, and chang'd the arms,
 The bravest don'd the best, the worse the worst
 When with their dazzling armour all were girt,
 Forward they mov'd, th' Earth shaker led them on
 In his broad hand an awful sword he bore,
 Long-bladed, wondrous as the lightning's flash
 Yet in the deadly strife he might not join,
 But kindled terror in the minds of men.

437

Hector meantime the Trojan troops array'd
 Then fiercer grew, and more intense the strain
 Of furious fight, when Ocean's dark-hair'd King
 And Priam's noble son were met in arms,
 And aided, this the Trojans, that the Greeks
 High tow'r'd the tents uprose the surging sea,
 As with loud clamour met th' opposing hosts
 Less loud the roar of Ocean's wave, that driv'n
 By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach,
 Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage
 In the deep forest of some mountain glen,
 Less loud the wind, in wildest fury howl'd,
 Howl'd in the branches of the lofty oaks,
 Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks,
 As each, with furious shout, encounter'd each
 At Ajax first, who straight before him stood,
 Great Hector threw his spear, nor miss'd his aim,
 Where the two belts, the one which bore his shield,
 His silver-studded sword the other, met
 Across his breast, these two his life preserv'd
 Hector was strong, that from his stalwart hand
 The spear had flown in vain, and back he sprang
 For safety to his comrades' sheltering ranks

440

470

460

But mighty Ajax Telamon upheav'd
 A ponderous stone, of many, all around
 That scatter'd lay beneath the warriors' feet,
 And serv'd the ships to prop, with one of these,
 As Hector backward stepp'd, above the shield
 He smote him on the breast, below the throat
 With whirling motion circling as it flew,
 The mass he hurl'd. As by the bolt of Jove
 Uprooted prostrate lies some forest oak
 The sulphurous vapour taints the air appall'd,
 Bereft of strength the near beholder stands,
 And awestruck hears the thunder peal of Jove,
 So in the dust the right of Hector lay,
 470
 Dropped from his hand the spear the shield and helm
 Fell with him loud his polish'd armour rang
 On rush'd, with joyous shout, the sons of Greece,
 In hope to seize the spoal, thick flew the spear
 Yet none might reach or wound the fallen chief
 For gather'd close around the bravest all,
 Valiant Aeneas, and Polydamas,
 480
 Credite Agenor and the Lycian chief
 Saepedon, and the noble Glaucus stood
 Nor did the rest not aid their shields' broad orb:
 Before him still they held, while in their arms
 His comrades bore him from the battle-field
 To where, with chariot and well wrought car,
 Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood,
 Which bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town
 But when the soul was reach'd at Xanthus' stream,
 Broad flowing, eddying, by immortal Jove
 490
 Begetten, on the ground they laid him down,
 And dash'd the cooling water on his bier.
 Reviv'd, he lifted up awhile his eyes,
 Then on his knees half rising, he disgorge'd
 The clotted blood, but backward to the earth,
 Still by the blow subdued, again he fell,
 And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.

Onward, with zeal redoubled, press'd the Greeks,
 When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn
 Forsooth of all, Odysseus active son,
 500
 With sudden spring assailing, Satrus slew
 Him a fair maid nymph to Chnops bore

Who by the banks of Satnos kept his herds
 Him then, approaching near, Odysseus' son
 Thrust through the flank. He fell, and o'er his corpse
 Trojans and Greeks in stubborn fight engag'd
 But Panthous' son a swift avenger came,
 Polydamas, with brandish'd spear, and struck
 Through the right shoulder Prothoenor, son
 Of Arelycus, right through was driv'n
 The sturdy spear, he, rolling in the dust,
 Clutch'd with his palms the ground, then, shouting loud,
 Thus, with triumphant boast Polydamas

" From the strong hand of Panthous' noble son
 Meliusals that not in vain the spear has flown
 A Greek now bears it off, and he, perchance,
 May use it as a staff to Pluto's realm."

Thus he, the Greeks with pain his vaunting beard
 But chief it roos'd the spine within the breast
 Of Ajax Telamon, whom close beside
 The dead had fallen he at Polydamas,
 Retreating, nimbly in haste his glitr'ning spear,
 He, springing sideways, 'scap'd the stroke of fate,
 But young Archelochus, Antenor's son,
 Reciev'd the spear, for Neur a had call'd his death
 The spine it struck, the topmost point, where met
 The head and neck, and both the tendons broke,
 Forward he fell, and ere of lance or leg
 His head, and mouth, and nostrils struck the ground

Then Ajax, in his turn, exulting, thus
 " Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true,
 May thus be dear'd for Prothoenor's death
 A full equivalent? no common man
 He seems, and born of no ignoble race,
 Valiant Antenor's brother, or perhance
 His son, the bluntness spears him near akin."

Thus he, though well he knew, then bitter grief
 Possess'd the Trojans' souls, but Acamas,
 Guarding his brother's body, with his spear
 Slew the Boeotian Prothoenor, who soon
 Would by the feet have drawn away the dead
 Then Acamas, exulting, cried aloud

" Ye wretched Greeks, in boasting measured!'
 Not ours alone the labour and the loss

Of battle, ye too have your share of death
 Behold where lies your Promachus, subdued
 Beneath my spear, not long unpaid the debt
 Due for my brother's blood! "Tis well for him
 Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate"

Thus he, the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard, 530
 But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast
 Of Peneleus, on Acanthus he sprang,
 Who wanted not th' encounter, next he slew
 Thoneus, the son of Phorbas, Lord
 Of num'rous flocks, of all the Trojans most
 Belov'd of Hermes, who his wealth increas'd
 To him Thoneus, an only son,
 His mother bore, who now, beneath the brow
 And through the socket of the eye was struck,
 Thrusting the eyeball out, for through the eye, 560
 And backward through the head, the spear was driv'n
 With hands extended, down to earth he sank,
 But Peneleus his weighty sword let fall
 Full on his neck, the sever'd head and helm
 Together fell, remaining still infix'd
 The sturdy spear, then he, the gory head
 Uplifting, to the Trojans vaunting cried

" Go now, ye Trojans! bid that in the house
 Of brave Thoneus his parents raise
 The voice of weeping for their gallant son, 570
 As neither shall the wife of Promachus,
 The son of Alegon, with glad smile
 Her husband's coming hail, when home from Troy
 We sons of Greece, with vict'ry crown'd, return!"

Thus as he spoke, pale fear possess'd them all,
 Each looking round to seek escape from death

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
 Who, when th' Earth shaker turn'd the tide of war,
 First bore away his foeman's bloody spoils?

Great Ajax Telamon first Hyleus smote, 580
 The son of Gyrges, who to battle led
 The warlike Myrmeces, next Antilochus
 From Mermerus and Phalces strapp'd their arms,
 Menones Hippotion gave to death,
 And Morys, Teucer Peraphetes slew,
 And Prothoon, Menekus, through the flank.

Son of Hyperenor, as the grinding spear
Draw'd all his vitals, through the gaping wound
His spirit escap'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes
But chelest slayer of the Trojans wrought 590
Odysseus' active son, of all the Greeks
No foot so swift as his, when Jove had fill'd
Their souls with fear, to chase the flying foe

BOOK XV

ARGUMENT

Jove awaking and waging the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends her to advise Neptune to subdue the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Egg, puts to flight the Greeks. They are pursued back to their ships, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing his to but it

Now when the Trojans had recross'd the trench
And palisades, and in their headlong flight
Many had fall'n by Grecian swords, the rest,
Routed, and pale with fear, made head awhile
Beside their cars, then Jove on Ida's height
At golden throned Juno's side awak'd,
Rising, he saw the Trojans and the Greeks,
Those in confusion, while behind them press'd
The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst.
He saw too Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
His comrades standing round, senseless he lay,
Draping short breath, blood gushing from his mouth,
For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt

Pitying, the Sire of Gods and men beheld,
And thus, with sternest glance, to Juno spoke
" This, Juno, is thy work! thy wicked wiles
Have Hector quell'd, and Trojans driv'n to flight
Nor Loon I but thyself mayst reap the fruit,
By shameful scourging, of thy vile deceit
Hast thou forgotten how in former time,
I hung thee from on high, and to thy feet
Attach'd two pond'rous anvils, and thy hands
With golden fetters bound, which none might break?
There didst thou hang amid the clouds of Heav'n,
Through all Olympas' breadth the Gods were wroth,
Yet dar'd not one approach to set thee free
If any so had ventur'd, him had I
Hurl'd from Heav'n's threshold, till to earth he fell,
With little left of life. Yet was not quench'd
My wrath on jocund Hercules' account,

10

20

30

40

Whom thou, with boons, o'er the wavy waste
With fulminant dart send, and tempest toss'd,
Cast him ashore on Creos' frontier isle

I rescued him from thence, and brought him back,
After long toil, to Troy's grassy plains
Hus to thy mind I bring that thou mayst learn
To curse thy treacherous wife, nor hope to gain
By all thy lavish blandishments of love,
Wherewith thou hast deckt me, and belay'd

He said, and terror seized the stag & Queen,

40

Who thus with winged words address'd her Lord

' By Earth I swear, and you broad Heav'n above,
And Stygian stream beneath, the weightiest oath
Of solemn pow'r to bind the blessed Gods
By thine own sacred head, our nuptial bed,
Whose haly b' d I never could forswear
That not by my suggestion and advice
Earth striking Neptune on the Trojan host,
And Hector, pours his wrath and aids the Greeks,
In this he but obeys his own desire,

50

Who looks with pity on the Grecian host
Beside their ships o'erborne, and could my words
Prevail, my counsel were to shape his course,
O cloud-girt King obedient to thy will

She said, the Sue of Gods and men, well pleas'd,
Her answer heard, and thus with gravity spoke

' If stag ey'd Queen, in synod of the Gods
Thy counsels shall indeed with mine agree
Neptune, how strong soe'er his wish, must change
His course, obedient to thy will and mine,

60

And if in all sincerity thou speak,
Go to th' assembled Gods, and in their send
Iris, and Phœbus of the silver bow,
That she may to the Grecian camp repair,
And bid that Neptune from the battle-field
Withdraw, and to his own domain retire,
While Phœbus Hector to the fight restores
Inspiring o'er him vigour, and allaying
The mortal pangs which bow his spirit down,
Then, heartless fear infusing to the Greeks
Put them to fight, that flying they may fall
Beside Achille, ships, his comrade then,
Patroclus, he shall send to battle forth

70

To be by Hector slain, in front of Troy,
 Yet not to fall till many valiant youths
 Have felt his prowess, and, amid the rest,
 My son, Sarpedon, by his comrade's death
 Enrag'd, Achilles Hector shall subdue,
 Thenceforth my counsel is, that from the ships
 The Trojan force shall still be backward driv'n,
 Until at length, by Pallas' deep designs,
 The Greeks possess the lofty walls of Troy
 Yet will not I my anger intermit,
 Nor suffer other of th' immortal Gods
 To aid the Greeks, till Pelias' son behold
 His wish accomplish'd, and the boon obtain'd
 I promis'd once, and with a nod confirm'd,
 That day when sea bore Thetis clasp'd my knees,
 And pray'd me to avenge her warlike son!"

Thus he, the white arm'd Queen of Heav'n submits 90
 His mandate heard, and from th' Idaean mount
 With rapid flight to high Olympus sped
 Swift as the mind of man, who many a land
 Hath travell'd o'er, and with reflective thought
 Recalls, "here was I such a day, or here,"
 And in a moment many a scene survey'd,
 So Juno sped o'er intervening space,
 Olympus' heights she reach'd, and in the house
 Of Jove appear'd amid th' assembled Gods
 They at her coming rose, with golden cups, 100
 Greeting their Queen's approach, the rest she pass'd,
 And from the hand of fair fac'd Themis took
 The peerless cup, who first had run to meet,
 And thus with winged words address'd the Queen
 "Juno, why com'st thou hither? and with looks
 Of one distraught with fear? hath Saturn's son,
 Thy mighty Lord, thus sore affrighted thee?"
 To whom the white arm'd Goddess, Juno, thus

"Forbear thy question, Themis, well thou know'st
 How haughty and impetuous is his mood, 110
 Thou for the Gods in haste prepare the feast.
 Then shalt thou learn, amid th' Immortals all,
 What evil be designs, nor all, I ween,
 His counsels will approve, of men, or Gods,
 Though now in blissful ignorance they feast."

She said, and sat, the Gods oppress'd with care,

Her farther speech awaited, on her lips
There dwelt indeed a smile, but not a ray
Pass'd o'er her dark'ning brow, as thus her wrath
Amid th' assembled Gods foun'd vent in words

120

" Fools are we all, who madly strive with Jove,
Or hope, by access to his throne, to sway,
By word or deed, his course, from all apart,
He all our counsels heeds not, but derides,
And boasts o'er all th' immortal Gods to reign
In unapproach'd pre-eminence of pow'r
Prepare then such his rev'nal woe to bear,
Oo Men, even now, methinks, the blow hath full'n,
Since in the fight, the man he loves the best,
And boasts his son, Ascalaphus, is slain."

130

He said, and Mars, enraged, his brawny thigh
Smote with his hands and thus, lamenting, spoke

" Blame not, ye Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
That to the Grecian ships I hasten, to avenge
My slaugher'd son, though blasted by Heav'n's fire
'Twere mine mid corpses blood, and dust to lie"

He said, and gave command to Fear and Flight
To yoke his car and donn'd his glitt'ring arms
Then from the throne of Jove had heavier wrath
And deeper vengeance on th' Immortals fall'n,
But Pallas, to alarm for all the Gods,
Quitting in haste the throne whereon she sat,
Sprang past the vestibule, and from his head
The helmet lifted, from his arm the shield,
Thot from his sturdy hand, and rear'd upright
The brazen spear, then with reproachful words
She thus assul'd th' impetuous God of War

140

" Madman, wⁱd void of reason, thou art lost!
Hast thou no ears to hear? or are thy wⁱsdom
And sense of rev'rence utterly destroy'd?
Or heard'st thou not what white-mu'd Juno spoke,
Fresh from the presence of Olympian Jove?
Wouldst thou, thine evl destroy fulfill'd,
By hard constraint, despite thy grief, be driv'n
Back to Olympus, and to all the rest
Confusion and disaster with thee bring?
At once from valiant Trojans and from Greeks
His thoughts would be diverted, and his wrath
Embroul Olympus, and on all alike,

150

Gusty or not, his anger would be poor'd
 Waive then thy vengeance for thy gallant son,
 Others as brave of heart, as strong of arm,
 Have fall'n and yet must fall, and vain th' attempt
 To watch at once o'er all the race of men."

160

Thus saying, to his seat again she forc'd
 Th' impetuous Mars meanwhile, without the house.
 Juno, by Jove's command, Apollo call'd,
 And Iris, messenger from God to God,
 And thus to both her wing'd words address'd

170

Jove bids you with all speed to Ida haste,
 And when arriv'd, before his face ye stand,
 What's'er be order, that observe and do."

Thus Juno spoke, and to her throne return'd,
 While they to spring abounding Ida's heights,
 Wild nurse of forest beasts pursued their way,
 Th' all seeing son of Saturn there they found
 Upon the topmost crag of Garganus,
 An incense breathing cloud around him spread
 Before the face of cloud-compelling Jove
 They stood, nill pleas'd he witness'd their approach. 180
 In swift obedience to his comort's words,
 And thus to Iris first his speech address'd

180

' Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Ocean's King
 My message bear, nor time reporting aught,
 Nor aught omitting, from the battle field
 Bid him retire, and join th' assembled Gods,
 Or to his own domain of sea withdraw
 If my commands be heed not, nor obey,
 Let him consider in his bosom soul
 If, mighty though he be, he dare at all
 By hostile coming, mightier far than him,
 His elder born, nor man has spent his life
 To rival me, whom all regard with awe.'

190

He said, swift Iris, at the word,
 From Ida's heights to sacred Ilion sped

He bids thee straightway from the battle field
 Retire, and either join th' assembled Gods,
 Or to thine own domain of sea withdraw
 If his commands thou heldst not, nor obey,
 Hither he menaces himself to come,
 And fight against thee, but he wanes thee first,
 Beware his arm as mightier far than thee,
 Thine elder born, nor may thy spirit aspire
 To rival him, whom all regard with awe."

210

To whom in too ring wrath th' Earth shaking God

" By Heaven, though great he be, he yet presumes
 Somewhat too far, if me, his equal born,
 He seeks by force to baffle of my will.

We were three brethren, all of River born
 To Saturn, Jove and I, and Pluto third,
 Who o'er the nether regions holds his sway
 Threshold was our partition, each obtained
 His meed of honour due the boar's Sea

220

By, let my habitation be assigned,
 The realms of Darkness fall to Pluto's share,
 Broad Heaven amid the sky and clouds to Jove,
 But Earth, and high Olympus, are to all
 A common heritage, nor will I will

To please the will of Jove though great he be,
 With his own hand contumelious him met
 Nor let him think that I as wholly will
 Shall quail before his arm his lofty words
 Were better to his daughters, and his sons
 Address'd, his own begotten, who perforce
 Must listen to his mandates, and obey

230

To whom swift foisted Iris thus replied

" Is this then dark haif'd Circle of the Earth,
 The massive stern and hughty, which to Jove
 Thou bidd'st me be it perchance thine angry mood
 May bend to better counsels, noblest mind,
 We are not bent und over superior age.

Thou know'st th' avenging furies ever watch

To whom earth striking Neptune thus rufpled

240

Innumerable Iris, aught in the words
 And in good even spoken and to well
 What errors are by sound discretion led
 Let me my heart and mind with grief oppressed
 Within me, his equal both in birth and late

Homer's Iliad

256

He seeks with haughty words to overbear
 I yield but with undignant sense of wrong
 This too I say nor shall my threat be vain
 Let him remember if in my despite,
 Gavet Pallas Juno & Herne Vulcan's will,
 He spare to overthrust proud them to tow'rs,
 And crown with victory the Grecian arms,
 The leed between us never can be heal'd
 To Earth-shaker and and from the field withdraw'

To Earth-shaker and beneath the warrior Greek
 Beneath the ocean wave the warrior Greek
 His loss deploing to Apollo then
 The Cloud-compeller thus his speech address'd
 Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm,
 Good Phoebus, for beneath the ocean wave
 To Earth-shaker bade withdraw, escaping thus
 My high displeasure had he durst resist,
 The tumult of our strife had reach'd the Gods
 Who in the nether realms with Saturn dwell
 Yet thou to better both for me and him
 That though undignant to my will be yeild,
 For to compel buss were no easie task
 Take thou, and ride on high th' tall d shudd,
 The Grecian warrior dunting thou th' self
 War-during King thy special care beatow

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helmet
 With falting voice. "Who art thou, Prince of Gods, 290
 Who thus impairest of me? Know st thou not
 How a huge stone, by mighty Ajax hurl'd,
 Lie on his comrade by the Grecian ships
 I dealt destruction. Struck me on the breast,
 Dash'd to the earth, and all my vigour quell'd?
 I dream'd in youth that my soul, expir'd,
 Should see the dead, and Pluto's shadowy realm."

To whom again the far destroying King
 "Be of good cheer, from Saturn's son I come
 From Ida's height to be thy guide and guard, 300
 Phœbus Apollo, of the golden asper'd
 I, who of old have thy protector been,
 I burn, and thy city's walls' base strught,
 Surmoe thy arm now commands, bid then drive
 I hurt flying cars to wond the Grecian ships
 I go before, and will the horses way
 Make plain and smooth, and drawt the warrior Greeks."

His words fresh vigour in the chief infus'd
 As some proud steed, it will fill manger fed,
 His halter broken nigh, severs the plumb,
 And revels in the widely flowing stream
 To bathe his sides, then tossing high her head,
 While o'er his shoulder's strean's his ample man,
 Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,
 In the wide pastures of the mares he flies,
 So vigorous, Hector plied his active limbs,
 His horsemans summoning, at Hury's command

Is when a rustic crowd of men and dogs
 Hunt chases an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,
 That 'mid the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood 320
 Hath alway found and livid their pursuit
 If, by the tumult rous'd, a lean stand,
 With brawling man, before them brach they turn,
 Check'd in their mad career, ev'n so the Greeks,
 Who late in eager throngs were pressing on,
 Thrusting with swords and double pointed spears,
 When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,
 Recoil'd, and to their feet their courage fell
 To whom thus Idomæus spoke, Andromeda's son,
 Atolia's bravest warrior, skil'd to throw 330
 The jav lin, dauntless in the stubborn fight,

By few surpass'd in speech, when in debate
In full assembly Grecian youths contend
He thus with prudent speech began, and said

" Great is the marvel which our eyes behold,
That Hector see again to life restor'd,
Escap'd the death we hop'd him to have met
Beneath the bands of Ajax Telamon
Some God hath been his guard, and Hector say'd,
Whose arm hath slack'd the knees of many a Greek 350
So will he now, for not without the aid
Of Jove the Lord of thunder, doth he stand
So boldly forth, so eager for the fight
Hear, then, and all by my advice be rul'd
Back to the ships dismiss the gen'ral crowd,
While of our army we, the foremost men,
Stand fast, and meeting him with lour'd spears,
Hold him in check, and he, though brave, may fear
To throw himself amid our scirred ranks."

He said they heard, and ill obey'd his words 355
The mighty Ajax, and Idomeneus
The King, and Teucer, and Meriones,
And Meges, bold as Mars, with all their best.
Their stedfast battle rang'd, to wait th' assault
Of Hector and his Trojans, while behind,
Th' unwarlike many to the ships return'd
The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led
With haughty stride, before him Phœbus went,
His shoulders veil'd in cloud, his arm sustain'd
The awful Aegis, dread to look on, hung 360
With shaggy tassels round and dazzling bright,
Which Vulcan, skilful workman, gave to Jove,
To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men
Thus on his arm, the Trojan troops he led
First strook the mass of Greeks, from either side
Shrill clamours rose, and fast from many a strong
The arrows flew, and many a jav'lin, hurl'd
By vig'rous arms, some buried in the flesh
Of stalwart youths, and many, ere they reach'd
Their living mark, fell midway on the plain,
Fix'd in the ground, in vain athurst for blood 370
While Phœbus not bending his Aegis held,
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side, but when he turn'd its flush

Fall in the fates of the astonish'd Greeks,
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quail'd,
Their fiery courage home in mind no more
As when two beasts of prey, at dead of night,
With sudden onset scatter wide a herd

Of oxen, or a num'rous flock of sheep, 380
Their keepers absent, so unmerc'd by fear

The Greeks dispers'd, such panic mid their ranks,
That victory so nigh crown the Trojan arms,
Apollo sent, and as the mornes broke,

Each Trojan slew he man, by Hector's hand
Fell Stichus and Arcesilas, the one,

The leader of Boreas's brass clad host,

The other, brave Menestheus trusted friend,

Eneas, Medon slew, and Iasus,

Medon, the great Odysseus' blstnd son, 390
Brother of Ajax, he in Mylacte,

Far from his native home, was driv'n to dwell,

Since one to Ericos near akin,

His sire Oileus wife, his hand had slain

And Iasus, th' Athenian chief, was deem'd

The son of Sphelius, son of Eucerus

Polydamas amid the foremost ranks

Mecistus slew, Polites Echius,

Aygetor Clamis, while Iroa Paris hand

An arrow, 'twid the crowd of fugitives 400
Shot from behind, beneath the shoulder struck.

Dæcer, and through his chest was driv'n

'Then while the Trojans of their arms despol'd,

Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dash'd

The flying Greeks, and gain'd, hard press'd, the wall,

While loudly Hector to the Trojans call'd

To board the ships, and leave the bloody spoils

"Whom I elsewhere, and from the ships aloof

Shall find, my hand shall doom him on the spot,

For him no funeral pyre his kin shall light,

Or male or female, but before the wall

Our city's dogs his mangled flesh shall tear."

He ran, and on his horses' shoulder-point
Let fall the lash, and loudly through the ranks
Call'd on the Trojans, they, with swiftness about
And noise unspeakable, urg'd on with him
Their harness'd steeds, Apollo, in the van,

Trod down with ease th' embankment of the ditch,
And fill'd it in, and o'er it bridg'd a way
Level and wide, far as a jav'lin's flight

430

Hurl'd by an arm that proves its almost strength
O'er this their columnus pass'd, Apollo bore
His Aegis o'er them, and cast down the wall,
Easy, as when a child upon the beach,
In wanton play, with hands and feet o'erthrew
The mound of sand, which late in play he rais'd,
Se, Phœbus, then, the Grecian toil and pains
Confounding, sentest panic through their souls
Thus heros'd beside the ships they made their stand,
While each exhorted each, and all, with hands
Outstretch'd, to ev'ry God address'd their pray'r
And chief, Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,
With hands uplifted tow'r'd the starry Heav'n.

430

"O Father Jove! if any e'er to Thee
On corn-clad plains of Argos burnt the fat
Of bulls and sheep, and offer'd up his pray'r
For safe return, and those assenting nod
Confirm'd thy promise, O remember now
His pray'r, slave of the pitiless day of doom,
Nor let the Greeks to Trojan arms succumb "

440

Thus Nestor pray'd, loud thunder'd from on high
The Lord of counsel, as he heard the pray'r
Of Neleus' aged son, with double zeal,
The Trojans, as the mind of Jove they knew,
Press'd on the Greeks, with warlike ardour fir'd
An o'er the bulwarks of a ship pour down
The mighty billows of the wide path'd sea,
Drawn by the blast, that tosses high the waves,
So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans pour'd,
The cars admitted, by the ships they fought
With double-pointed spears, and hand to hand,
These on their chariots, on the lofty decks
Of their dark vessels those, with pond'rous spear,
Whirr on the ships were stor'd for naval war,
Compact and strong, their heads encas'd in brass

450

While yet beyond the ships, about the wall
The Greeks and Trojans fought, Patroclus stell'd
Within the tent of brave Euryalus
Remaining, with his converse sooth'd the chief,
And healing unguent to his wound applied,

460

On pow'r to charm away the bitter pains,
But when the Trojans pouring o'er the wall,
And routed Greeks in panic flight he saw,
Deeply he groan'd, and resting on his thigh
With either palm, in anguish thus he spoke

"Euryalus, how great so'er thy need,
I can no longer stan', so fierce the storm
Or battle rage, but th' attendant's care
Will all thy wants supply while I in haste
Achilles seek, and urge him to the war,
Who knows but Heav'n may grant me to succeed?
For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r
He said, and quickly on his errand sped

Meantime the Greeks in firm array endur'd
The onset of the Trojans, nor could those
Th' assailants though in number less, repel,
Nor these again the Grecian ranks break,
And force their passage through the ships and tents
As by a rule in crowning workman's hand,
Who all his art by Pallas and his learnt,
A vessel's plant in smooth and level lead,
So level lar' the balance of the fight

Others round other ship, maintain'd the war,
But Hector that of Iper sought alone
For that one ship they two unearned told d,
Nor Hector man from his post could move,
And burn the ship with fire nor he repel
The foe who came protected by a God

Then noble Ajax with his jav'lin smote
Calchas, son of Chitus, through the breast,
As tow rd the ship a blazing torch he bore,
Thund'ring he fell and dropp'd d his hand the torch
But Hector aben his eyes his Lusitanian
By the dark w'nd prostrate in the dust,
On Troyan, and on Locran call'd aloud

170

480

490

(Who flying from Cythere's lovely Isle
With guilt of bloodshed, near to Ajax dwelt),
Standing beside the chief, above the car
He struck, and pierc'd the brain from the tall prow
Backwards he fell, his limbs relax'd in death
Then Ajax, shrif'ning, on his brother call'd

"Good Teucer, we have lost a faithful friend, 510
The son of Nestor, our Cytherean guest,
Whom as a father all rever'd, who now
Lies slain by noble Hector. Where are then
These arrows, swift-wng'd messengers of fate,
And where thy trusty bow, Apollo's gift?"

Thus Ajax, Teucer heard, and ran in haste,
And stood beside him, with his beaded bow,
And well-star'd quiver on the Trojans last
He pour'd his shafts, and struck Pisenor's son,
Citus, the comrade of Polydamas, 520
The noble son of Panthous, he the reins
Held in his hand, and all his care bestow'd
To guide his horses, for, where'er the throng
Was thickest, there in Hector's cause, and Troy's,
He still was found, but o'er him hung the doom
Which none might turn aside, for from behind
The fateful arrow struck him through the neck,
Down from the car he fell, swerving aside,
The startled horses whipp'd the empty car
Then first the King Polydamas beheld, 530
And stay'd their course, to Prothaea's son,
Astynous, then he gave them, with command
To keep good watch, and still be near at hand,
Then 'mid the foremost join'd again the fray
Again at Hector of the brazen helm

An arrow Teucer smit'd, and had the shaft
The life of Hector quench'd in mid career,
Not long the fight had rag'd around the ships
But Jove's all-seeing eye beheld, who watch'd
O'er Hector's life, and Teucer's hopes deceiv'd
The bow's well twisted string he snapp'd in twain,
As Teucer drew, the horse-tipp'd arrow flew
Wid of the mark, and dropp'd his hand the bow
Then to his brother, all aghast, he cried
"O Heav'n, some God our best laid schemes of war
Confounds, who from my hands hath wrench'd the bow,

And snapp'd the nearly-twisted string, which I
But late attach'd, my swift-wing'd shafts to bear."

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax, Telamon

" O friend, leave there thine arrows and thy bow,
Marr'd by some God who gaudes our renown,
But take in hand thy ponderous spear, and cast
Thy shield about thy shoulders, and thyself
Stand forth, and urge the rest, to face the foe
Let us not tamely yield, if yield we must,
Our well-built ships, but nobly dare the fight."

Thus Ajax spoke, and Teucer in the tent
Restor'd his bow, and o'er his shoulders threw
His fourfold shield, and on his firm-set head
A helmet he plac'd well wrought, with horsehair plumes, 560
That nodded, fearful o'er his brow his hand
Grasp'd the firm spear, with sharpen'd point of brass
Then ran, and swifter stood by Ajax' side
Hector meanwhile who saw the weapon marr'd,
To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud

" Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans sum'd
In close encounter, quit ye now like men,

Against the ships your wonted valour show
Ev'n now, before our eyes, hath Jove destroy'd
A chieftain's weapon. Easy 'tis to trace

O'er human wars th' overruling hand of Jove,
To whom he gives the prize of victory.

And where, withholding all he crushes,
As now the Greeks, while we his favor gain

Pour then your force wasted on the ships,
And if there be among you, who this day

Shall meet his doom, by sword or arrow slain,
E'en let him die! a glorious death is his

Who for his country falls, and dying leaves
Preserv'd from danger, children, wife, and home,

His heritage unimpair'd, when the Greeks

Embarking hence shall take their homeward way."

His words fresh courage roun'd in ev'ry breast

Ajax, on th' other side, address'd the Greeks

" Shame on ye, Greeks! this very hour decides
If we must perish, or be sav'd, and ward
Destruction from our ships, and can ye hope
That each, if Hector of the glancing helm
Shall burn our ships, on foot can reach his home?

550

570

580

Or hear ye not, how, burning to destroy
 Our vessels, Hector cheers his forces on?
 Not to the dance, but to the fight he calls,
 Nor better counsel can for us be found,
 Than in close fight with heart and hand to join
 "Twere better far at once to die, than live
 Hamps'd up and straiten'd thus, in dire distress,
 Close to our ships, by meaner men beset"

590

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast
 Then Hector Schedius Pennedes' son,
 The Thracian leader, slew, on th' other side
 Ajax the captain of the foot o'ercame,
 Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,
 While of his arms Polydamas despoil'd
 Cyllonian Oius, friend of Phyleus' son,
 The proud Epeans' leader, Megez saw,
 And rush'd upon him, but Polydamas,
 Stooping, the blow evaded, but he miss'd,
 For Phoebus will not Panthous' son should fall
 In the front rank contending, but the spear
 Smote Creseus through the breast, thund'ring he fell, 610
 And from his corpse the victor stripp'd his arms
 Him Dolops, son of Lampus, spearman skill'd,
 Well train'd in ev'ry point of war, assail'd
 (The son of Lampus be, the prince of men,
 Son of Laomedon), from close at hand
 Forward he sprang, and thrust at Megez' shield,
 But him the solid corslet which he wore,
 With breast and back piece fitted, sav'd from harm
 The corslet Phyleus brought from Ephyra,
 By Sciles' stream, Euphates, King of men,
 Bestow'd it as a friendly gift, to wear
 In battle for a guard from hostile spears,
 Which from destruction now preserv'd his son
 Next Megez struck, with Leon edg'd spear, the crown
 Of Dolops' brass bound, horsehair crested helm,
 Sev'ring the horsehair plume, which, brilliant late
 With crimson dye, now lay drift'd in dust
 Yet fought he on, and still for vif'ry hop'd,
 But wadlike Menelaus to the end
 Of Megez came, of Dolops unobserv'd
 He stood, and from behind his shoulder pierc'd,
 The point, its course purusing, through his breast

600

620

630

Was down'n, and bending on his face he fell
 Forthwith advanc'd the two to seize the spoils;
 But loudly Hector on his Lippmen call'd,
 On all, but chief on Ictiaon's son,
 The valiant Melanippus, he erewhile,
 In far Percote, ere the foes appear'd,
 Pastur'd his herds, but when the ships of Greece
 Approach'd the shore, to Ilion back he came, 640
 There, 'mid the Trojans' comment, he dash'd
 In Priam's house below'd as Priam's son
 High Hector call'd by name, and thus address'd
 "Why, Melanippus, stand we idly thus?
 Doth not thy slaughter'd kinsman touch thy heart?
 See how they rush on Dolops' sons to slay,
 Then on! no distant war must now be wag'd,
 But hand to hand, till of the Greeks be slain,
 Or lofty Troy, with all her children, fall."

He said, and led the way, him follow'd straight 650
 The godlike chief, great Ajax Telamon.
 Meanwhile the Greeks encouag'd to the fight,
 And cried, "Brave comrade, quit ye now like men,
 Bear a stout heart, and in the stubborn fight
 Let each to other mutual succour give,
 By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall,
 In turn'd flight nor fame nor safety lies."

He said, and pond'ring well his words, they stood,
 Firm in defence, as with a wall of brass
 The ships they guarded, though against them lo're 660
 Led on the Trojans, Menelaus then
 With stirring words Antilochus address'd
 "Antilochus, then thou, of all the Greeks
 Is none more active, or more light of foot,
 None stronger hurls the spear, than from the crowd
 Sprung forth, and run to reach some Trojan's life."

Thus saying, he withdrew, fir'd by his words,
 Forth sprang the youth, and pus'd his glitt'ring spear,
 Glancing around him, back the Trojans drew
 Before his arm, nor flew the spear in vain, 670
 But through the breast it pierc'd, as on he came,
 Brave Melanippus, Ictiaon's son
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang
 Forth sprang Antilochus, as springs a hound
 Upon a fawn, which from its lair disturb'd

A hunter's shaft has struck, and quell'd its power,
 So, Melampus, sprang to seize thy spoils
 The stout Antilochus, but not unmark'd
 Of Hector's eye, who, hast'ning through the press,
 Advanced to meet him, waited not th' attack, 680
 Bold warrior as he was, Antilochus,
 But trembling fled as when a beast of prey,
 Conscious of evil dead, amid the herd
 The guardian dog or herdsman's self has slain,
 And flies, ere yet th' avenging crowd collect,
 So fled the son of Hector, onward press'd,
 By Hector led, the Trojans, loud their shouts,
 As on the Greeks their mould'rous shafts they pour'd
 Yet turn'd he, when his comrades' ranks he reach'd
 Then on the ships, as rav'ning lions, fell 690
 The Trojans. They but work'd the will of Jove,
 Who still their courage rais'd, and quell'd the Greeks,
 Of victory these debar'd, and those inspir'd,
 For so he will'd, that Hector, Priam's son,
 Should wrap in fire the beaked ship, of Greece,
 And Thetis to the uttermost obtain
 Her over-bold petition, yet did Jove,
 The Lord of counsel, wait but to behold
 The flame, ascending from the blazing ships 700
 For from that hour the Trojans, backward driv'n,
 Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave
 With such design, to seize the ships, he fir'd
 Th' already burning zeal of Priam's son,
 Fury'd he rag'd, as terrible as Mars
 With brandish'd spear, or as a raging fire
 'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side
 The want was on his lips, bright flash'd his eyes
 Beneath his awful brows, and terribly
 Above his temples wav'd amid the fray
 The helm of Hector, Jove himself from Heaven 710
 His guardian hand extending, him alant
 With glory crowning 'mid the host of men,
 But short his term of glory, for the day
 Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas aid,
 The might of Peleus' son should woe his doom
 Oft n'er assay'd to break the ranks, where at
 The darest strong and noblest arms he saw,
 But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain

They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstand,
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high,

720

Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd
The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,

And the big waves that bellow round its base
So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undisturbd

At length, all blazing in his arms he sprung
Upon the mass so plunging down as when

On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds
A giant bellow tempest nimb'd descends

The deck is drench'd in foam, the stormy wind
Howls in the shrouds, th affrighted seamen quell,

730

In fear but little way from death remov'd,
So quail'd the spirit in evry Grecian breast

't is when a rav'ning lion on a herd

Of hewers falls which on some marshy mead
Feed numberless beneath the care of one

Unshiel'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge
And while beside the front or rear he walks,

The lion on th unguarded centre spring-

Seizes on one and scatter's all the rest

So Hector, led by Jove's wild alarm

740

Scatter'd the Greeks all, but one alone.

Brawl Periphetes of Mycenæ did

The son of Capus whom Euryalus sent
His envoy to the might of Hercules

Far nobler than the father was the son

In speed of foot in warlike might in mind
In all among Mycenæ foremost he

Who now in Hector fresh runs in center'd

For o'er him as far stapp'd, a, west the sun
Of the broad shield which for the last he bore.

750

Now hardly press'd, the Greeks performe retr'd,
 But clo the mass'd before the tents they stood,
 Not scatter'd o'er the camp, by shame restrain'd,
 And fear and hauily each eduarted each
 Gerenion Hector chieft, the prop of Greece,
 Thus by their fathers singly each adjur'd
 ' Quit we like men, dear friends, and think it shame
 To forfeit now the praise of other men,
 Let each man now his children and his wife,
 His fortunes and his parents, bear in mind,
 And not the living only, but the dead,
 For them, the ab ent, I, your suppliant, pray
 That firm ye stand, and scorn disgraceful flight'

His words fresh courage fous'd in ev'ry breast,
 And from their eyeball Pallas purg'd away
 The film of darkness, and on ev'ry side,
 Both tow'r'd the ships and tow'r'd the level fight,
 Clear light diffus'd there Hector they discern'd.
 And all his comrade, those who stood aloof,
 And those who near the ships maintai'n'd the war
 Then was not Ajax' mighty soul content
 To stand where stood the other sons of Greece,
 Along the res'ls' lofty deck he mor'd
 With haughty stride, a pond'reous boarding pike
 Well-polish'd, and with r.els well scar'd,
 Of two and twenty cubits length, he bore
 As one well skil'd in feats of horsemanship,
 Who from a troop of horses on the plain
 Has parted four, and down the crowded road,
 While men and women all in wonder gaze,
 Drives tow'r'd the city, and with force untr'd
 From one to other springs, as on they fly,
 O'er man a vessel's deck so Ajax pass'd
 With loit' stride, and voice that reach'd to Heav'n.

770

780

790

Pierce round the ships again the battle rag'd,
Well nautht ye deem no previous toil had worn
Their strength, who in that dread encounter met,
With edge so keen, and stubborn will they fought
But varying far their hopes and fears the Greeks
Of safety and escape from death despat'd,
While high the hopes in ev'ry Trojan's breast,
To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks
So minded each, oppos'd in arms they stood

810

On a swift sailing vessel's stern, that bore
Proteus to the coast of Troy,
But to his native country bore not thence,
Hector had laid his hand, around that ship
Trojans and Greeks in mutual slaughter join'd
The arrows at the yov lin's distant flight
They waited not, but, fir'd with equal rage,
Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,
And mighty war-ords and double pointed spears
Many a fair hilted blade, with iron bound,
Dropp'd from the hands, or from the sever'd arms,
Of warrior chiefs, the dark earth ran with blood
Yet loo'd not Hector of the stern his hold,
But grasp'd the poop, and on the Trojans call'd

820

" Bring fire, and all together loud and clear
Your war cry raise, this day will Jove repay
Our labours all, with capture of these ships,
Which hither came, against the will of Heav'n,
And which on us unnumber'd ill have brought,
By our own Elders' fault, who me, desiring
Ev'n at their vessels' stern to urge the war,
Withheld, and to the town the troops confin'd
But Jove all seeing, if he then o'errei'd
Our better mind, himself is now our aid."

830

Thus he they onward press'd with added zeal,
Nor Ajax yet endur'd by hostile spears
Now scorched, gall'd, yet but a little space,
Back to the helmsman's nev a-foot board he mov'd,
Expecting death, and left the lofty deck,
Where long he stood on guard, but still his spear
The Trojans kept acof, whosoe'er essay'd
Amid the ships to launch th' unwarred flame,
And, loudly shouting, to the Greeks he call'd
" Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Vice,

840

Quit ye like men! dear friends, remember now
Your wonted valour! think ye in your rear
To find supporting forces, or some fort
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe? 850
No city is nigh, whose well appointed tow'rs,
Mann'd by a friendly race, may give us aid,
But here upon the well arm'd Trojans' soil,
And only resting on the sea, we lie
Far from our country, not in faint retreat,
But in our own good arms our safety lies."

He said, and with his sharp edg'd spear his words
He follow'd up, if any Trojan dur'd,
By Hector's call inspir'd, with fiery brand 860
To assault the ships, him with his sharp edg'd spear
Would Ajax meet, and thus before the ships
Twelve warriers, hand to hand, his prowess felt

BOOK XVI

ADMIREMENT

Achilles, at the west of Patroclus' stately bier, in armour and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They rally, popular the Trojan Patroclus, slay Sarpedon and Hector when Apollo had first stripp'd off his armour and Laphontes impaled him slays Patroclus.

Thus round the well-mann'd ship they wiz'd the war.
Meanwhile by Peleus son Patroclus stood
Weeping hot tears, as some dark water'd fountain
Pours o'er a craggy rock its gloomy stream,
Whiles snail of foot with pin-she
And to his friend these wing'd words address'd
Why weep, Patroclus, like an infant girl,
That prays her mother by whose side she runs,
To take her up, and clinging to her gown,
Impedes her way and still with tearful eyes
Looks in her face would she take her up?
Lo & as that girl, Patroclus such art thou
Shedding soft tears hast thou some tidings brought
Touching the general or me alone?
Or have some wild news from Phethon come,
Known but to the? Minerva, Ixion's son,
Yet surely loves and mad his Myrmidons
Lives aged Peleus son of Ocean
Their deaths nulled might well demand our tears
Or was it thou for the Grecians who round their ship,

My anger to abate, till my own ships
 Should hear the war cry, and the battle bear
 But go, and in my well-known tunour clad,
 Lead forth the valiant Myrmidons to war,
 Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round
 The ships in force, and on the shingly beach,
 Punt up in narrow bands, be the Greeks,
 And all the city hath pour'd its numbers forth
 In hope undoubting, for they see no more
 My Helen among them flashing, else in flight
 Their dewi would choke the streams, if but to me
 Great Agamemnon bore a kindly mind
 But round the camp the battle now is wag'd
 No more the hands of valiant Diomed
 The Greeks protecting, here his fiery spear,
 Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,
 The shout of Agamemnon, all around
 Is heard the warrior slayer Hector's voice,
 Cheering his Trojans with triumphant cries
 They, from the vanquish'd Greeks, hold all the plun
 Nutless do thou, Patroclus, in despite
 Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire
 Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat
 But hear, and ponder well the end of all
 I have to say, and so for me obtain
 Honour and glory in the eyes of Greeks,
 And that the beauteous maiden to my arms
 They may restore, with costly gifts to boot
 The ships relev'd, return toothwith, and though
 The Thund'rer, Juno's Lord, should deign to crown
 Those arms with triumph, be not over bold
 To combat with the warlike sons of Troy,
 (So should my name in less repute be held.)
 Nor, in the keen excitement of the fight
 And slaughter of the Trojans, lead thy troops
 On tow'r'd the city, lest thou find thyself
 By some one of th' immortal Gods oppos'd,
 For the far darting Phœbus loves them well,
 But when in safety thou hast plac'd the ships,
 Delay not to return, and leave the rest
 To battle on the plain for world to Jove,
 To Pallas and Apollo, that not one,
 Or Greek or Trojan, might escape from death,

80

90

100

110

Save only thou and I, that so we two
Alone might raze the sacred tow'rs of Troy."

Such converse held they, while by hostile spear
Hard press'd no longer Ixax might endure,
At once by Jove's high will and Trojan foes
O'ermaster'd laid beneath repeated blows
Clatter'd around his brow the ghastly helm,
As on the well wrought crest the weapons fell,
And his left arm grew faint, that long had borne
The burthen of his shield yet now but avail'd
The press of spears to drive him from his post,
Labring he drew his breath his ev'ry limb
With sweat was seeling, breathing spic'd was none,
Blow follow'd blow, and ill were heap'd on ill

120

130

Say now to Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
How first the son us'd the Grecian ship.

Hector approach'd, and on the ashen spear
Of Ixax close behind the head, let fall
His mighty sword right through he clove the wood,
And in his hand the son of Telamon
The headless shaft held bondless, far away,
Loud ringing, fell to earth the brass'n point
Great Aineas and drew his noble soul

Worthy and strong and on his firm set head
A helm he wore, well wrought with horsehair plume
That nodded, livid o'er his brow his hand
Grasp'd two stout spears, nimble to his hold
One spear Achilles' but long, point was tough
But this he touch'd not, none of all the Greeks,
None save Achilles self that spear could pierce,
The fair sum of Palus ash which to his use
On Pelion's summit fell'd to be the bar.
Of swiftest chief the Cimmerian Ulysses gave
Then to Iphiclus he gave command
To yoke the horses, him he honour'd most,
Next to Achilles self the trusty he
In battle to merit had, chief without
The flying stood he harnessed to the car
Xanthus and Echus faster than the winds
Whom grazing, in the marsh by ocean's stream
Podarge snift off to Laphis' base
And by their side the matchless Podargi
Whom from the capture of Leucas' town
Achilles bore, wily, a mortal bore
But with immortal coursers meet to see
160
170
180

Menatane Achilles through their several tents
Summoc'd to arms the warlike Myrmidons
They all like ravening wolves of courage high
That on the mountain side have hunted down
An antler'd stag and batten'd on his flesh
Their chaps all dyed with blood in troops they go,
With their lean tongues from some black water droust
To lap the surface of the dark cool wave,
Their jaws with blood yet reeking unsmeared
190
Then courage and their bellies gone'd with flesh
So round Polites valiant follower throng'd
The chiefs and rulers of the Myrmidons
Achilles in the midst to charioteer
And buckler'd warrior bared his commands
Fifty swift ships Achilles dear to Jove
Led to the coast of Troy and rang'd in each
Fifty brave comrade, man'd the towers sent
Over these four ships are whom he most relied
He plac'd himself the Sov'reign Lord of all
200
One band Menestheus led with gleaming mail
Son of Spercheus, Heav'n descended stream,

Hun Pelous' daughter, Polydora fair,
 A mortal in a God's embrace compress'd,
 To stout Sperchus bore, but, by repute,
 To Borus, Peleus' son, who her
 In public, and with ample dow'r, espous'd
 The brave Eudorus led the second band,
 Whom Phyleas daughter, Polymede fair,
 To Hermes bore, the morn he saw, and lov'd, 210
 And the virgins, mingling in the dance
 Of golden shafted Dawn, Huntress Queen,
 He to her chamber access found, and gain'd
 By stealth her bed, a valiant son she bore,
 Eudorus, swift of foot in battle strong
 But when her infant, by Lycus' aid,
 Was brought to light, and saw the face of day,
 Her to his home, with ample dow'r enrich'd,
 Echeclus, son of Actor, bore away,
 While hun the aged Phyleas kept, and nurst
 With tender care, and cherish'd as his own
 The brave Pessander, son of Mæmalus,
 The third commanded, of the Myrmidons,
 Next to Pehdes' friend, the noblest spear
 The fourth, the wily warrior Phoenix led,
 The fifth, Alamedon, Laereus' son
 These in their order due Achilles first
 Array'd, and next with stirring words address'd

"Ye Myrmidons, forget not now the vaunts
 Which, while my wrath endur'd, ye largely pour'd
 Upon the Trojans, me ye freely blust'red,
 ' Ill omes'd son of Pelous, sure in wrath
 Thou wast concern'd, implacable, who here
 In idleness enfore'd thy comrades keep st'
 'Twere better far our homeward way to take,
 If such pernicious rancor fill thy soul!'
 Thus ye reproach'd me oft! Lo! now ye have
 The great occasion which your souls deir'd!
 Then on, and with brave hearts the Trojans meet!"

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast,
 And more compact, beneath their monarch's eye,
 Their ranks were form'd, as when the builder lays
 'The closely fitting stones, to form the wall
 Of some great house, and brave the winds of Haly'n,
 So close were fitted helm and boarish shield,

210

215

220

225

Buckler on buckler press'd, and helm on helm,
 And man on man, the horsehair plumes above,
 That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's brow,
 Each other touch'd, so closely mass'd they stood
 Before them all stood prominent in arms

250

Two chiefs, Patroclus and Automedon,
 Both with one thought possess'd, to lead the fight
 In the fore-front of all the Myrmidons
 Achilles then within his tent withdrew,

And of a gorgeous cedar rais'd the bed,
 Well wrought, by silver footed Thetis plac'd
 On board his ship, and fill'd it with rich attire,
 With store of wind proof cloaks, and carpets soft
 There lay a goblet richly chased, whence none,

But he alone, might drak the ruddy wine,
 Nor might libations thence to other Gods
 Be made, save only Jove, this brought he forth,
 And first with sulphur purifid, and next

Wash'd with pure water then his hands he wash'd,
 And drew the ruddy wine, then standing forth
 Made in the centre of the court his pray'r,
 And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,
 Not unsheld of Jove, the lightning's Lord

"Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelasgian Jove,
 Who dwell'st on high, and rulest with sovereign sway
 Dodona's wintry heights, where dwell around
 Thy Sallian priests men of unwashen feet,

That on the bare ground sleep, thou once before
 Hast heard my pray'r, and me with honour crown'd,
 And on the Greeks inflicted all thy plagues,
 Hear yet again, and this my boon accord
 I bid the throng of ships myself remain,
 But with a numerous force of Myrmidons
 I send my comrade in my stead to fight

On him, all seeing Jove, thy favour pour,
 Strengthen his heart, that Hector's self may learn

If, ev'n alone, my follower knows to fight,
 Or only then regardless pow'r displays,

When I myself the toil of battle share

And from our vessels when the foe is driv'n,
 Grant that with all his arms and comrades true

He may in safety to the ships return."

Thus pray'd he, Jove, the Lord of counsel, heard,

And half his pray'r he granted, half denied
 For from the ship, the battle to repel
 He granted, but denied his safe return
 His pray'r, and offspring ended, to the tent
 Achilles turn'd again, and in the chest
 Replac'd the cup, then issuing forth, he stood
 Before the tent, for much he long'd to see
 The Greeks and Trojans join in battle strife
 They who in arms round brave Patroclus stood
 Their line of battle form'd, with courage high
 To dash upon the Trojans, and as wasp
 That have their nest beside the public road,
 Which boy a delight to vex and irritate
 In wanton play, but to the gen'ral harm,
 Them in some passing trav'ler unawares
 Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush
 In one continuous spear arm, to guard their nest
 Even with such courage pour'd the Myrmidons
 Forth from the ship, then up roar wild arose,
 And loud Patroclus on his comrades call'd

"Ye valiant Myrmidons, who boast yourselves
 Achilles' comrades, quit ye men like men,
 Your ancient valour prove, to Peleus' son,
 Of all the Greeks the noblest, so shall we,
 His faithful followers, honest honour give,
 And Agamemnon's haughty self shall mourn
 The slight an Greek's bravest warrior cast."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast
 Thick on the Trojan host their masses fell,

290

300

310

Through the right shoulder, backwards in the dust,
Groaning, he fell, around him quail'd with fear
His Pæons all, such terror in their ranks
Patroclus threw, their bravest leader slain,
The foremost in the fight, the crowd he drove
Far from the ships, and quench'd the blazing fire
There lay the half burnt ship, with shafts confus'd
The Trojans fled, and from amid the ships
Forth pour'd the Greeks, and loud the clamour rose. 340

As when around a lofty mountain's top
The lightning's Lord dispels a mass of cloud,
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak
Is plainly seen, and ev'ry forest glade,
And the deep vault of Heav'n is open'd wide,
So when the Greeks had clear'd the smoke of fire,
They breath'd awhile, yet eas'd not so the strait,
For not in howling panic from the ships
The Trojans by the valiant Greeks were driv'n,
But, though perverse returning, still made head. 350

Then of the chiefs, as wider spread the fight,
Each singled each, Menœtus' noble son
First threw his pointed spear, and on the thigh
Struck Areilochus, in act to turn,
Right through the point was driv'n, the weighty spear
Shatter'd the bone, and prone to earth he fell
The warlike Menœtus arm'd his spear
Where Thras' breast, unguarded by his shield,
Was left expos'd, and slack'd his limbs in death
Phyleus' brave son, as rash'd Areilochus won, 360

Stood firm, with eye observant, then th' attack
Prevailing, through his thigh, high up, where lie
The strongest muscles, smote, the weapon's point
Sever'd the tendon, darkness clos'd his eyes
Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus, the first,
Atymnius wounded, driving through his flank
The brazen spear, prone on his face he fell
Then, burning to avenge his brother's death,
Stood Mænius o'er the corpse, and hand to hand
Engag'd Antilochus, but on a blow
Was struck, the godlike Thrasyomedes drove
Through his right shoulder, with burning aim,
His glittering spear the point his upper arm
Tore from the muscles, shatter'd all the bone. 370

Thund'ring he fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes
 So to the shades, by those two brethren's hands
 Subdu'd, Sarpedon's comrades brave were sent,
 The sons of Amisodarus, who rear'd
 The dread Chimaera, bane of mortal men
 On Ctenobulus, wounded in the press,
 Apax Oileus sprang, and captive took,
 Alive, but sudden on his neck let fall
 His hilted sword, and quench'd the fire of life
 The hot blood dyed the sword, the darkling shades
 Of death, and thy rous fate, his eyes o'erspread
 Then Peneleus and Lycon, hand to hand,
 Engag'd in combat, both had miss'd their aim,
 And bootless hurl'd their weapons, then with sword
 They met, first Lycon on the crested helm
 Dealt a fierce blow, but in his hand the blade 390
 Up to the hilt was shiver'd, then the sword
 Of Peneleus his neck, below the ear,
 Dissever'd, deeply in his throat the blade
 Was plung'd, and by the skin alone was stay'd,
 Down droop'd his head, his limbs relax'd in death
 Meninges by speed of foot o'ertook,
 And, as his car he mounted, Acastus
 Through the right shoulder pierc'd, down from the ear
 He fell, the shades of death his eyes o'erspread
 Full on the mouth of Erymanthus was thrust 400
 The weapon of Idomeneus, right through,
 The white bones crushing, pass'd the brazen spear
 Below the brain, his teeth were shatter'd all,
 With blood, which with convulsive sobs he blew
 From mouth and nostril, both his eyes were fill'd,
 And death's dark cloud encompass'd him around
 Thus slew the Grecian leader, each his man

As rav'ning wolves, that lambs or kids assay!,
 Stray'd from their dams, by careless shepherds left
 Upon the mountain scatter'd, these they see,
 And tear at once their unresisting prey,
 So on the Trojans fell the Greeks, in rout
 Disastrous they, unman'd by terror, fled
 Great Ajax still, unweaned, long'd to hurl
 His spear at Hector of the brazen helm,
 But he, well shiel'd in war, his shoulders broad
 Protected by his shield of tough bull's hide,

Watch'd for the whizzing shafts, and jav'ins' whirr,
Full well he knew the tide of battle turn'd,
Yet held his ground, his trusty friends to save .120

As from Olympus, o'er the clear blue sky
Pour the dark clouds, when Jove the vault of Heav'n
O'erspreads with storm and tempest, from the ships
So pour'd with panic cries the flying host.
And in disorder'd rout recross'd the trench
Then Hector's flying coursers bore him safe
Far from the struggling masses, whom the ditch
Detain'd perforce, there may a royal car
With broken pole th' unharness'd horses left
On, shouting to the Greeks, Patroclus press'd
The flying Trojans, they, with panic cries,
Desper'd, the roads encumber'd, high uprose
The storms of dust, as from the tents and slaps
Back to the city stretch'd the flying steeds,
And ever where the dustiest throng appear'd
With furious threats Patroclus urg'd his course,
His glowing axe true'd by prostrate men
Burl'd from their cars, and chariots overthrown
Flew o'er the deep sunk trench th' immortal steeds,
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave, 430
Still onward straining, for he long'd to reach,
And hurl his spear at Hector, him meanwhile
His flying steeds in safety bore as w

As in th' autumnal season, when the earth
With weight of rain is saturate, when Jove
Pours down his fiercest storms of wrath to men,
Who in their courts unrighteous judgments pass,
And justice yield to knaves violence,
The wrath of Heav'n despising, ev'ry stream
Is brimming o'er, the hills in gullies deep 440
Are by the torrents scar'd, which, rushing down
From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea.
With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,
Wasting the works of man, so urg'd their flight,
So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groan'd
The foremost ranks cut off, back tow'r'd the ship.
Patroclus drove them, bailing their attempts
To gain the city, and in middle space
Between the ships, the stream, and lofty wall,
Dealt slaughter round him, and of many a chief 450

The bitter penalty of death requir'd

Then Protonos with his gilt'ning spear he struck,
Where by the shold his breast was left a pos'd,
And slack'd his limbs in death, thund'ring he fell
Next Thesstor, son of Cnops, he assaill'd,
He on his polsh'd ear, down crouching, sat,
His mind by fear disorder'd, from his hands
The reins had dropp'd, him, thrusting with the spear,
Through the right cheek and through the teeth he smote,
Then dragg'd him, by the weapon, o'er the rail 47^D
As when an angler on a prominent rock
Drogs from the sea to shore with hook and line
A weighty fish, so him Patroclus dragg'd,
Gaping, from off the ear, and dash'd him down
Upon his face, and his forsook his limbs
Next Erythos, eager for the fray,
On the mid forehead with a mighty stone
He struck, beneath the pond'rous helmet's weight
The skull was split in twain, prostrate he fall,
By life consuming death encompass'd round 48^C
Forthwith Amphotenes, and Erymas,
Echus, Epaltes, and Tlepolemus,
Son of Damastor, Pyrr, Iphaeus brave,
Euippus, Polymelus, Argues' son,
In quick succession to the ground he brought
Sarpedon his unguided forces saw
Promiscent fall before Menoritus' son,
And to the Lycians call'd in loud reproof
"Shame, Lycians! whither fly ye? why this haste?
I will my self this chieft confront, and learn 49^B
Who this may be of bearing proud and high,
Who on the Trojans gneuous harm hath wrought,
And many a warrior's limb relax'd in death"

He said, and from his ear, unrooted, sprang,
Patroclus saw, and he too leap'd to earth
Is on a lofty rock, with angry screams,
Hook-beak'd, with talons curv'd, two vultures fight,
So with loud shrills these two to battle rush'd
The son of Saturn pitying saw and thus
To Juno spoke, his sister and his wife 50^C

"Woe, woe! that fate decreas my best belov'd,
Sarpedon, by Patroclus' hand to fall,
Ev'n now conflicting thoughts my soul divide,

To bear him from the fatal strife unhurt,
And set him down on Lycia's fertile plains,
Or leave him by Patroclus' hand to fall."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n
" What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
Wouldst thou a mortal man from death withdraw
Long since by fate decreed? Do what thou wilt, 510
Yet cannot we, the rest, applaud thine act
This, too, I say, and turn it in thy mind
If to his home Sarpedon thou restore
Alive, behayk thee, will not other Gods
Their sons too from the stubborn fight withdraw?
For in the field around the walls of Troy
Are many sons of Gods, in all of whom
This act of thine will angry feelings rouse
But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight 520
Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall
Then, when he spent hath fled, the charge assign
To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms
They bear him safe to Lycia's wide spread plains
There shall his brethren and his friends perform
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

Thus she, the Sire of Gods and men coupl'd
Buc to the ground some drops of blood let fall,
In honour of his son, whom fate decreed,
Far from his country, on the fertile plains 530
Of Troy to perish by Patroclus' hand
As near the champions drew, Patroclus first
His weapon hurl'd, and Thrasymedes brave,
The faithful follower of Sarpedon struck
Below the waist, and slack'd his limbs in death
Thrown in his turn, Sarpedon's ghast'ning spear
Flew wide, and Podestus, the gallant horse,
Through the right shoulder wounded, with a scream
He fell, and in the dust breath'd forth his life, 540
As, shrinking low, his noble spent fled
This way and that his two companions swerv'd,
Creak'd the strong yoke, and tangled were the reins,
As in the dust the prostrate courser lay
Antomedon the means of safety saw,
And drawing from beside his breastway thigh

Among the foremost, so, against the Greeks,
With fiery zeal they rush'd, by Hector led,
Griev'd for Sarpedon's loss, on th' other side
Patroclus men heart th. Greeks arose d,
And to th' Achaians first, themselves inspir'd
With martial ardour, thus address'd his speech

'Behold on Apia, no . t. come the time

You former tame to rival or surpass.

640

The man hath fall'n, who ne'er o'erleap'd our wall,
Sarpedon, nor remains, that, having lain,
We should h. corpse dishonour, and his arms
Strip off, and should some comrade dare attempt
His rescue him too wth our spears subdue'

He said, and then, with martial ardour stir'd,
Rush'd to the conflict. When on either side
The reinforce'd battalions were array'd,
Trojans and L.ians, Myrmidons and Greeks,
Around the dead in steepest combat met,
With fearful shout, and loud their armour rang
Th-e, to enhance the horror of the strife.

650

Fell on his neck, and all the muscles crash'd
Back drew gr. it Hector and the chief of Trov,
For as a pav'ln's flight, in sportive strife,
Or in the deadly battle, head'd by one
His utmost strength exerting, back so far 630
The Trojans drew, so far the Greeks pursued
Glaucus, the leader of the Lacedaonians,
First turning skew the mighty Bathycles,
The son of Chaleon he in Hilles dwelt,
In wealth surpassing all the Myrmidons
Him, as he gain'd upon him in pursuit
Quick turning, Glaucus through the br. ist transfir'd,
Thunder ring he fell deep ysel power'd the Greeks
At loss of one so stout forth jo' d
The Trojans, and around him crowded thick, 640
Nor of their wanted valour wert the Greeks
"

Address'd with grave rebuke "Menones,
Brave warrior, why thus waste the time in words? 720
Trust me, good friend, 'tis not by vaunting speech,
Unseconded by deeds, that we may hope
To scare away the Trojans from the slain.
Hands are for battle, words for council meet,
But 't is not now to wrangle, but to fight."

He said, and led the way, him follow'd strait
The godlike chief, forthwith, as loudly rings,
And the mountain forest's deep recess,
The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound,
So from the wide spread earth their clarion rose, 730
As brazen armes, and shields, and tough bull's hide
Encounter'd swords and double pointed spears
Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,
From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust
Dusky'd, shockly round the dead they swar'd
As when at spring tide in the cattle shedd
Around the milk-cans swarm the buzzing flies,
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail,
So swar'd they round the dead, nor loye the while
Turn'd from the stadium light his piercing glance, 740
But still look'd down with gaze intent, and mus'd
Upon Patroclus' coming fate in doubt.

If he too there beside Sarpedon slum,
Should perish by illustrious Hector's hand,
Spoil'd of his arms, or yet be spar'd awhile
To swell the labours of the battle field
He judg'd it best at length, that once again
The gallant follower of Peleus' son
Should tow'red the town with fearful slaughter drove
The Trojans, and their brazen-helmed chief

First Hector's soul with panic fear he fill'd,
Mounting his car, he fled, and urg'd to flight
The Trojans, for he saw the scales of Jove
Then nor the valiant Lycian held their ground,
All fled in terror, as they saw their King
Pierc'd through the heart, amid a pile of dead,
For o'er his body many a warrior fell,

When Saturn's son the conflict force inflam'd
Then from Sarpedon's breast they stripp'd his arms,
Of brass resplendent, these Menelaus' son
Sent by his comrades to the ships of Greece.

To Phœbus, then the Cloud compeller thus.
 Ho thee, good Phœbus, from yond the spears
 Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds
 Cleanse the dark gore. thou bear him far away,
 And leave his body in the flowing stream,
 Then with dirges unbosom all his limbs
 Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes
 To the swift horses give him then in charge,
 To Sleep and Death twin brothers in their arms
 To bear him west to Lycia's wide spread plains
 There shall his brethren and his friends perform
 His funeral rites, and mound and column raise,
 The fitting tribute to the mighty dead.

He said, obedient to his father's words,
 Down to the battle field Apollo sped
 From Ida's height, and from yond the spears
 Withdrawn he bore Sarpedon far away
 And left his body in the flowing stream,
 Then with dirges unbosom all his limbs
 Anointing, cloth'd him in immortal robes
 To two swift bears, twin brothers in charge,
 To Sleep and Death twin brothers in their arms

770

780

In hostile attitude, for Troy's defence
 Theutting angle of the lofty wall
 Patroclus thrice assaile'd, his onset thrice
 Apollo, with his on' r immortal hand,
 Repelling, backward thrust him, glitt'ring shield
 But when again, with more than mortal force
 He made his fourth attempt, with zwifl mien
 And threat ring voice the Far destroyer spoke

810

"Back, Hear a born chief, Patroclus! not to thee
 Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy
 The warlike Trojan city, no, nor yet
 To great Achilles, mightier far than thou!"

Thus as he spoke, Patroclus backward stepp'd,
 Shrieking before the Far destroyer's wrath.
 Still Hector kept before the Scean gates
 His courses, doubtful if again to dare
 The battle-strong, or summon all the host
 To seek the friendly shelter of the wall
 Tho, as he rous'd, beside him Phoebus stood,
 In blazess of a warrior stout and brave,
 Brother of Hecuba, the uncle thence
 Of noble Hector, Aias, Dymas' son,
 Who dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' stream,
 His form assuming, thus Apollo spoke

820

"Hector, why shank'st thou from the battle thus?
 It ill becomes thee! Would to Heaven that I
 So far thy greater were, as thou art mine,
 Then surely shouldst thou rue this absence
 But, forward thou' st against Patroclus urge
 Thy fiery steeds, so haply by his death
 Apollo thus with eagles fame may crown."

830

This said, the God repon'd the strife of men,
 And noble Hector bade Cabusses
 Drive 'mid the fight his car, before him mov'd
 Apollo, scatt'ring terror 'mid the Greeks,
 And lustre adding to the arms of Troy
 All others Hector pass'd unnoticed by,
 Nor stay'd to stay, Patroclus was the mark
 At which his courses' clattering hoofs he drove
 On th' other side, Patroclus from his car
 Leap'd to the ground his left hand held his spear,
 And in the right a pond'reous mass he bore
 Of rugged stone, therewith fill'd his ample grasp

840

This seat he whirling, not in vain it flew,
Nor miss'd its mark, but Hector's chariot:
It struck, Cebrenes, a basted son
Of royal Pham, as the reins he held
Full on his temples fell the jagged mace
Drove both his eyebrows in, and crush'd the bone,
Before him in the dust his eyeballs fell,
And, like a diver, from the well wrought car
Headlong he plung'd, and life forsook his limbs
O'er whom Patroclus thus with bitter jest
"Heav'n! what agility! how dexterly thrown
That somersault! if only in the sea
Such feats he wrought, with him might few compete," 360
Diving for oysters, if with such a plunge
He left his boat, how rough see er the waves,
As from his car he plunges to the ground
Troy can it seems, accomplish'd tumblers boast!"

Thus having on Cebrenes he sprang,
As sprungs a hen, through the breast transfir'd,
In act the sheepfold to despoil and dice
The victim of his courage, so didst thou
Upon Cebrenes, Patroclus spring
Down from his car too Hector leap'd to earth
So, o'er Cebrenes, opp'd thy stood,
As on the mountain, o'er a slaughter'd stag,
Both hunger-pinch'd, two lions fieredly fight,
So o'er Cebrenes two mighty chiefs,
Menestheus' son and noble Hector, strive,
Each in the other bent to plunge his spear
The beau, with grasp unyielding, Hector leapt,
Patroclus set'd the foot, and, crowding round,
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict clos'd
As when encount'ring in some mountain glen, 380
Eurus and Notus shall* the forest deep,
Of oak, or ash, or slender cornel tree,
Whose top ring branches are tog ther thrown,
With fearful din, and crash of broken boughs
So mix'd confus'dly, Greeks and Trojans fought,
No thought of flight by either entertain'd
Then o'er Cebrenes the jav'ns flew,
And feather'd arrows, bounding from the string,
And pond'rous stones that on the boulders rang,
As round the dead they fought, 'mid the dust

Ye fate hath slain, and Phœbes, and, of men,
 Euphorbus, thou wast but the third to strike
 This too I say, and bear it in thy mind,
 Not long shalt thou survive me, death e'en now 980
 And final doom hangs o'er thee, by the hand
 Of great Achilles, Peleus' matchless son."

Thus as he spoke, the gloom of death his eyes
 O'erspread, and to the shades his spirit fled,
 Mourning his fate, his youth and strength cut off

To whom, though dead, the noble Hector thus
 "Patroclus, why predict my coming fate?
 Or who can say but fair har'd Thetis' son,
 Achilles, by my spear may first be slain?"

He said, and planting firm his foot, withdrew
 The brazen spear, and backward drove the dead
 From off the weapon's point, then, spear in hand,
 Intent to slay, Automedon pursued,
 The godlike follower of Aesculapius
 But him in safety bore th' immortal steeds,
 The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave

BOOK XVII

ARGUMENT

SARPE CONTINUED: ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector passes on the answer of Achilles. Nestor's Irving despatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle and together with Nestor beats Patroclus off the field while the Greeks cover their retreat.

Now was Patroclus fall, by Trojans slain,
Of warlike Menelaus unshew'd,
Forward he sprang, in dashing stirs array'd,
And round him mov'd as round her new drapp'd self,
Her first a bairn morn'd with plashwo moan
So round Patroclus Nestor was won a
His shield's broad orb and spear before him held,
To all who might oppose him threatening death
Nor, on his side, was Patroclus noble son
Unmindful of the stern and stanching near,
The warlike Menelaus thus address'd

" Illustrious son of Atreus, Meno 'n born chieft.
Quoth thou the dead, yield up the bloody spoils,
For, of the Trojans and their fain d allies,
Mine was the hand that in the stubborn fight
First struck Patroclus, leave me then to wear
Among the men of Troy my honours due,
Lest by my spear thou lose thy dearest life "

To whom in anger Menelaus thus
" O Father Jove, how ill this wounding tuse
Beseeches this braggart ! In their own esteem,
With Patroclus' sons for courage most may vie,
Nor pard, nor hon, nor the forest hoar,
Fiercest of beasts, and proudest of his strength
Yet nought so aw'd to Hyperenor's might
His youthful vigour, when he held me cheap,
And my encounter dur'd, of all the Greeks
He deemed my prowess least, yet he, I ween,
On his own feet return'd not, to repose
His tender wife & his honour'd parents' sight

20

20

30

So shall thy pride be quall'd, if me thou dare
 Encounter, but I warn thee, while 'tis time,
 Ere ill brude thee, mod the gen'ral thursting
 That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd
 After th' ev'nt may ev'n a fool be wise."

He spoke in vain, Euphorbus thus replied

"Now Heav'n born Menelaus, shalt thou pay
 The forfeit for my brother's life, o'er whom,
 Slain by thy hand thou mak'st thy boasting speech
 Thou in the chambers of her new found home
 Hast made his bride a weeping widow, thou
 Hast fill'd with batt'ret grief his parents' hearts
 Some solace might those hapless mourners find,
 Could I thy head and armour in the hands
 Of Panthous and of honour'd Phrontis place,
 Nor uncontested shall the proof remain,
 Nor long deliv'r'd, of victory or defeat.

He said, and struck the centre of the shield,
 But broke not through, against the stubborn brass
 The point was bent then with a pray'r to Jove
 The son of Atreus in his turn advanc'd,
 And, backward as he stepp'd, below his throat
 Took aim, and pressing hard with stalwart hand
 Drove through the yielding neck the pond'reous spear
 Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang
 Those locks, that with the Greeks' hair might vir.,
 Those tresses bright, with gold and silver bound,
 Were dabbled all with blood. 'Tis when a man
 Hath ne'er'd a fair and true manly heart

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To meet his rage, for fear is on them all,
So there was none so bold, with dauntless breast
The noble Menelaus' wrath to meet
Now had Aules borne many with ease:
The spoils of Panthous' son, but Phœbus grudg'd
His prize of vict'ry, and against him lurch'd
The might of Hector, terrible as Mars
To whom his winged winds, in Meutes' form,
Chief of the Cannibals, he thus address'd

" Hector, thy labour all is vain, pursuing
Peleus' flying steeds, and hard are they
For mortal man to harness, or control,
Save for Achille's self, the Goddess born
The valiant Menelaus Atreus son,
Deigns me no help Patroclus, and ev'n now
Hath slain a noble Trojan, Panthous' son,
Euphorbus, and his youthful vigour quell'd."

He said, and you'd agree the stirs of men
Hector's dark soul with bitter gnet was fill'd,
He look'd amid the ranks, and saw the two,
One slain, the other stripping off his arms,
The blood outpouring from the gaping wound
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,
Ioul shouting, blazing like the quenchless flames
Of Vulcan Menelaus heard the shout,
And, troubled, commun'd with his valiant heart

" Oh, woe is me! for should I now the spoil
Abandon, and Patroclus, who for me
And in my cause has slain, of any Greek.
Who saw me, I might well incur the blame
And yet if here alone I due to fight
With Hector and his Trojans, much I fear,
Singly, to be by numbers overwhelmed,
For Hector all the Trojans hither brings
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Who strives, against the will divine, with one
Believ'd of Heaven, a bitter doom must meet
Then none may blame me, though I should retreat
From Hector, who with Heaven's assistance wars
Yet could I hear brave Ajax' battle-cry,
We two, returning, would th' encounter dare,
Ev'n against Heaven, if so far Peleus' son
We might regain, and bear away the dead

80

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100

110

Some solace of our loss might then be out."

While in his mood and spirit thus he mus'd,
By Hector led, the Trojan ranks advanc'd
Backward he mov'd, abandoning the dead,
But turning oft, as when with shouts and spears
A bearded lion from the fold is driv'n
By men and dogs, yet praves his mighty heart,
And with reluctant step he quits the yard
So from Patroclus Menelaus mov'd,
Yet when he reach'd his comrades' ranks, he turn'd,
And look'd around, n haply he might find
The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon
Him on the battle's farthest left he spied,
Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight,
For sorely Phoebus had their courage tried,
And hast'ning to his side, address'd him thus

"Ajax, haste brother, to the rescue come
Of slain Patroclus, if perchance we two
May to Achilles, Peleus' son, restore
His body—his naked body, for his arms
Are prize to Hector of the glinting helm!"

He said, and Ajax' spirit within him stirr'd,
Forward he sprang, and with him Atreus' son
Hector was dragging son Patroclus' corpse,
Stripp'd of its glitt'ring armour, and intent
The head to sever with his sword, and give
The mangled carcase to the dogs of Troy
But Ajax, with his cow'r like shield, approach'd,
Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrew,
Rush'd to his car, and bade the Trojans bear
The glitt'ring arms, his glorious prize, to Troy
While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread
Menelaus' car, and stood, as for his cubs
A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware,
Have with his offspring met amid the wood.
Proud in his strength he stands, and down are drawn,
Cov'ring his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,
And by his side, his heart with grief oppress'd,
The warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son

Then Glauco, leader of the Lycian host,
To Hector thus, with mournful glance, address'd
His keen reproache, "Hector, fair of form,

120

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How art thou wanting in the fight! thy fame,
Coward and runaway, thou hast belied
Bethunk tree now, if thou alone canst save
The city, ended but by Trojans born,
Henceforth no Lycian will go forth for Troy
To fight with Greeks, since favour none we gain
By unremitting toil against the foe.

How can a weaker man expect these aid,
Who basely to the Greeks a prize and spoil
Suspicion leav'st thy comrade and thy guest?
Greatly he serv'd the city and thyself.

While yet he liv'd and now thou dar'st not save
His body from the dogs! By my advice
If Lycaons will be rul'd we take at once
Our homeward way, and Troy may meet her doom
But if in Trojan bosoms there abode
The daring dauntless courage, meet for men
Who in their country's cause against the foe
Endure both toil and war we soon should see
Patroclus brought within the walls of Troy.

Him from the battle could we bear away,
And, lifeless, bring to royal Iliam's town,
Soon would the Greek, Sarpedon's arms release,
And we to Ilium's heights himself might bear
For with his valiant comrade there his share
The follower of the bravest chief of Greece
But thou before the mighty Ajax stood'st
With downcast eyes, nor durst in manly fight
Contend with one thy better far unless'd!

In whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
With stern regard, replied Why, Glaucus, speak, 299
Brave as thou art in this a赫uring strain?
Good friend I laste lowe have held thee wise
Of all who dwell in Lycaon's fertile soil,
But now I change, and hold thy judgment cheap,
Who chargest me with thine from the might
Of giant Ajax, never have I shrank
From the stern fight and clatter of the cars,
But ill o'erwhelming is the mind of Jove,
Who strikes with panic and of vict'ry robs
The bravest, and upon ev'ryone so near
Stand men beside me and beheld my deeds,
And see if through the day I merit blame,

Or suffer that a Greek, how brave so'er,
Shall rescue from my hands Patroclus' corpse?"

He said, and loudly on the Trojans call'd
"Trojans and Lycaons, and ye Daedans, fam'd
In close encounter, quit ye now like men,
Maintain awhile the stubborn fight, while I
The splendid armour of Achilles don,
My glorious prize from slain Patroclus torn"

210

So saying, Hector of the glancing helm,
Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps
His comrades follow'd, and ere long o'ertook,
Who tow'rd the town Achilles' armour bore,
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof
The armour he exchang'd, his own he bade
The warlike Trojans to the city bear,
While he, of Peleus' son, Achilles, donn'd
The heav'ly armour, which th' immortal Gods
Gave to his sire, he to his son convey'd,
Yet in that armour grew not old that son

220

Him when apart the Cloud compeller saw
Girt with the arms of Peleus' godlike son,
He shook his head, as ialy thus he mur'd
"Ah hapless! little deem'st thou of thy fate,
Though now so nigh! Thou of the prime of men,
The dread of all, hast donn'd th' immortal arms,
Whose comrade, brave and good, thy hand hath slain,
And shun'd hem, stripping from his head and breast
Helmet and cuirass, yet thy latest hour.
Will I with glory crown, since ne'er from thee,
Return'd from battle, shall Andromache
Receive the spoils of Peleus' godlike son?"

230

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows,
Thus with the armour, gild'd to his form
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars
The fierce and terrible, with vig'rous strength
His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies
He sprang, loud shouting, glitt'ring on his arms,
To all he seem'd Achilles' godlike self
To each and all in cheering tones he spok'e,
Mesthiks and Claucus and Thessalochus,
Asteropaeus and Hippothous,
Medon, Deisenor, Phœnix, Charonius,
And Euenomus the seer to all of these

240

His winged words he cheerfully address'd

" Hear me, ye countless tribes, that dwelling round
Against our cause! You from your sea 'ral homes
Not for display of numbers have I call'd,
But that with willing hearts ye should defend
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks
For thus I drain my people's stores, for food
And gifts for you, evicting your estate,
Theo, who will boldly onward, be may fall,
Or safe escape, such is the chance of war,
But who within *our* i' th' Trojans' ranks
Shall beat the body of Patroclus bring,
Despite the might of Ajax, he the spoils
To him I give, the other half myself
Retaining, and his praise shall equal mine" 250

He said, and onward with uplifted spears,
They march'd upon the Greeks, high rose their hopes
From Ajax Telamon to snatch the dead,
Vain hopes which cost them many a life! Then thus
To valiant Menelaus Ajax spoke

" O Hero's born Menelaus, noble friend,
For safe return I dare no longer hope
Not for Patroclus' corpse so much I fear,
Which was will glut the dogs and birds of Troy,
As for my life and thine I tremble now
For, like a war cloud, Hector's might I see
O'ershadowing all around, now is our doom
Apparent, but do thou for me count call
On all the chiefs, if haply they may hear!" 270
Thus Ajax spoke, obedient to his word,
On all the chiefs Aulus call'd aloud

" O friends, the chiefs and counsellors of Greece,
All ye that banquet at the general cost
With Atreus' sons, and o'er your several states
Dominion hold, whose honour is of Jove,
Twere hard to call by name each single man,
So fierce the combat rages, but let each
And all their aid afford, and deem it shame
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy" 280

He said, first bared Odysseus' active son,
And hast'ning through the fray, beside him stood.
Next him Idomeneus, with whom there came,
Valiant as Maro, his friend Menelaus

But who can know or tell the names of all,
 Who, following, swell'd the battle of the Greeks? 290
 Onward the Trojans press'd, by Hector led
 With such a sound as when the ocean wave
 Meets on the beach th' outpouring of a stream,
 Swell'd by the rains of Heav'n, the lofty cliffs
 Resound, and belows the big sea without,
 With such a sound advance'd the Trojan host
 While round Patroclus with one heart and mind,
 The Greeks a fence of brass clad bucklers rais'd
 O'er their bright helms the son of Saturn shed
 A veil of darkness for Menelaus' son,
 While yet he liv'd, Achilles' faithful friend,
 Jove hated not, nor would that now his corpse
 Should to the dogs of Troy remain a prey,
 But to the rescue all his comrades sturd
 At first the Trojans drove the hardy Greeks,
 Leaving the corpse, they fled, nor with their spears
 The valiant Trojans reach'd a single Greek,
 But on the dead they stiv'd, yet not for long
 Endur'd their flagit, then Ajax rallied soon,
 In form pre eminent, and deeds of arms,
 Over all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son
 Coward he sprang, as springs a mountain boar,
 Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,
 Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths,
 So Ajax scatter'd 'oun the Trojan ranks,
 That round Patroclus closing, hop'd to bear,
 With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy
 Hippothous, Peleus' Lethus' son,
 Was dragging by the feet the noble dead,
 A leather belt around his ankle bound,
 The favour seeking of the men of Troy,
 But on himself he brought destruction down,
 Which none might turn aside, for from the crowd
 Outsprang the son of Telamon, and struck
 In close encounter, on the brass-cheek'd helm,
 The plumed helm was shiver'd by the blow,
 Dealt by a weighty spear and stalwart hand,
 Gash'd from the wound the mingled blood and brain,
 His vital spirit quench'd, and on the ground
 Fell from his pow'rless grasp Patroclus' foot,
 While he himself lay stretch'd beside the dead,

300

310

320

330

Far from his own Lanks a bairning soul
Not destin'd be his parents to repay
Their early care, for short his term of life,
By godlike Ajax mighty spear subdued

At first Hector threw his glitt'ring spear
He saw, and narrowly the brazen point
Escap'd, but Schedius son of Iphitus,
(The bravest of the Phœnix chiefs, who dwelt
In far Ida & Panopæus the mighty Lord
Of num'rous hosts) below the collar bone
It struck, and passing through the brazen point
Came forth again beneath his shoulder blade
Taenid ring he fell, and loud his armour rang

345

As Phœtys, son of Phœbus kept his watch
O'er slain Hippothous him Ajax smote
Below the waist the weighty spear broke through
The hollow breastplate and th' intestines tore,
Prone in the dust he fell and clutch'd the ground
At this the Trojan chief and Hector's self

350

Gan to give wⁿ the Greeks with joyful shouts,
Sax'd both the dead, and stapp'd their armour off.
To Ilion now, before the white Greeks,
O scene by panic, had the Trojans died,
And now had Greeks despite the will of Jove,
By their own strength and courage won the day,
Had not Apollo's self Eneas mus'd,
In ill-temper of a herdsman, Peraphas,
The son of Epytus, now aged grown
In service of Aeneas aged sire,
A man of kindest soul his form assum'd
Apollo, and Eneas thus address'd

360

'Eneas, how, against the will of Heaven,
Could ye defend your city, as others now
In their own strength and courage confident,
Their numbers, and their troops undaunted hearts,
I see their cause maintaining if when sole
Rather to us than them the victory will.
Wh^t fear unspeakable ye shun the fight?

He said the presence of the Archer God
Creas him, and loud to Hector call'd

370

Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,
And bears. What lost shame it were that we,
O scene by panic, should to Ilion go !

In flight he driv'n before the warlike Greeks,
And by my side, but now, some God there stood,
And told how Jove, the sov'reign arbiter
Of battle on our side bestow'd his aid.
On then! nor undisturb'd allow the Greeks
To bear Patroclus' body to their ships."

380

He said, and far before the ranks advanc'd,
They rallying to'rd, and fac'd again the Greeks

Then first Alcestes spear the comrade brave

Of Lycomedes struck, Leocentus,

Son of Anisbas Lycomedes son

With pitying eyes his gallant comrade's fall,
And standing near, his glittering spear he threw,

And through the madriff Apsaon struck,

Fir people's guardian chief, the valiant son

Of Hippasus, and slach'd his limbs in death

390

He from Picocia's fertile fields had come,

O'er all his comrades eminent in fight,

All save Asteropaeus who with eyes

Of pity saw his gallant comrade's fall,

And forward sprang to battle with the Greeks,

Yet could not force his way, for all around

Patroclus toss a series of sacred shields,

And spears projecting such the orders giv'n

By Ajax, and with earnest care enforce'd,

That troz around the dead should none return,

Nor any to the front advance alone

Before his fellows, but their steady guard

Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage

So order'd Ajax, then with crimson blood

The earth was wet, and hand to hand they fell,

Trojans alike, and brave Allies, and Greeks,

For neither these a bloodless fight sustain'd,

Though fewer far their losses, for they stood

Of mutual succour mindful, and support

Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought,

410

Nor might ye deem the glorious sun himself

Nor moon was safe, for darkest clouds of night

O'erspread the warriors, v'ho the battle wag'd

Around the body of Meocetus' son

Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks

Fought, undisturb'd, in the dear light of day,

The sun's bright beams were shed abroad, no cloud

Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops,
They beat by fits, at distant intervals,
And far apart, each seeking to avoid
The hostile missiles, fought, but in the midst
The bravest all, in darkness and in strife
Sore press'd, toil'd on beneath their armour's weight

As yet no tidings of Patroclus' fall

Had reach'd two valiant chiefs, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes, but they deem'd him still
Alive, and fighting in the front ranks
They, witnessing their comrades' flight and death,
Fought on apart by Nestor so adjurd,
When from the ships he bade them join the fray

430

Great was meanwhile their labour, who sustaynd,
Throughout the livelong day that weary fight,
Reek'd with continuous toil and sweat, the knees,
And legs and feet, the arms, and eyes of all
Who round Achilles' faithful comrade fought
As when a chaff bes people bids to stretch

A huge bull's hide, all drench'd and soak'd with grease,
They in a circle rang'd, this way and that,
Full the tough hide, till ent'ring in, the grease

Is all absorb'd, and dragg'd by num'rous hands

The supple skin to th' utmost length is stretch'd,

So these in narrow space thus way and that
The body dragg'd, and high the hopes of each

To bear it off in triumph, to their ships

The Greeks, to Troy the Trojans, fiercely rag'd

The struggle, spent stirring Mars himself,

Or Pallas to her utmost fury rous'd,

Had not that struggle with contempt beheld

Such grievous labour o'er Patroclus' corpse

Had Jove to horses and to men decreed

440

450

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet

Had reach'd Achilles, for the war was wag'd

Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy,

Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd

That when the Trojans to their gates were driv'n,

He would return in safety, for no hope

Had he of taking by assault the town,

With, or without, his aid, for oft apart

His Goddess mother had his doom foretold,

Revealing to her son the mind of Jove,

460

Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss

Still round the dead they held their pointed spears,
Tough hand to hand, and mutual slaughter dealt,
And thus perchance some brass-clad Greek would say

"O friends, 'twere shameful should we to the ships
Ingloriously return, ere that should be,
Let earth engulf us all, so better far
Than let these Trojans to their city bear
Our dead, and boast them of their triumph gain'd" 470
On th' other hand some valiant Trojan thus
Would shout "O friends, though fate decreed that here
We all shoud die, yet let not one give way" "

Thus, cheering each his comrades, would they speak,
And thus they fought, the iron clangour pierc'd
The empty air, and brazen vault of Heav'n
But, from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid
Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand
Automedon, Diores' valiant son, 480
Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,
In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats,
Nor to the ships would they return again
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray,
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb
Of man or woman, so immovable
Beneath the splendur car they stood, their heads
Down-dropping to the ground, while scalding tears
Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd
Their charioteer, and o'er the yoke band sheil 490
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust delil'd
The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,
And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mus'd

"Ah hapless horses! wherefore gave we you
To royal Peleus, to a mortal man,
You that from age and death are both exempt!
Was it that you the mares might share
Of wretched mortals? for of all that breathe,
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought
More wretched than th' unhappy race of man
Yet shall not ye, nor shall your well-wrought car,
By Hector, son of Pram, be controll'd,
I will not suffer it, enough for ham" 500

To hold, with vanquishing host, Achilles' arms,
 But to your limbs and spirits all I implore
 Such strength, that from the battle to the ships
 Ye shall in safety bear Automedon,
 For yet I will the Trojans shall prevail,
 And slay, until they reach the well-manned ships,
 Till sets the sun, and darkness shrouds the earth."

He said, and in their breasts fresh spirit inflas'd,
 They, shaking from their manes the dust, the car
 Amid the Greeks and Trojans lightly bore
 Then, as a vulture 'mid a flock of geese,
 Amid the battle rush'd Automedon,
 His horses' course directing, and their speed
 Everling, though he mourn'd his comrade slain
 Swiftly he fled from out the Trojan host,
 Swiftly again stood o'er them in pursuit
 Yet, speedy to pursue, he could not slay,
 Nor, in the car alone, had power at once
 To guide the flying steeds, and hurl the spear
 At length a comrade brave Alcmedon,
 Leocrates' son, beheld, behind the car
 He stood, and thus Automedon address'd

" Automedon, what God has fill'd thy mind
 With counsels vain, and thee of sense bereft?
 That with the Trojans in the foremost ranks,
 Thou fain wouldest fight alone, thy comrade slain,
 While Hector proudly on his breast displays
 The glorious arms of great Hades!"

To whom Automedon, Deuses' son
 " Alcmedon, since none of all the Greeks
 May vie with thee, the battle to control
 Of these immortal horses save indeed,
 While yet he liv'd, Patroclus, godlike chief,
 But num stern death and tale have overtake'n,
 Take then the whip and shining reins, while I,
 Descending from the car, engage in fight."

He said, and mounting on the war-car straight, 540
 Automedon the whip and reins assum'd,
 Down leap'd Automedon, great Hector saw,
 And thus address'd Aeneas at his side

" Aeneas, prince and counsellor of Troy,
 I see, committed to unskillful hands,
 Achilles' horses on the battle-field

510

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"These we may hope to take, if such thy will,
For they, methinks, will scarcely stand opp'red,
Or dare th' encounter of our joint assault."

He said Anchises' valiant son comph'd,
Forward they went, their shoulders cover'd o'er
With stout bell's hide, thick overlaid with brass
With them both Chryses and Aretus went,
And high their hopes were rais'd, the warriers both
To slay, and make the strong neck'd steeds their prize
Blind fools! nor destin'd scathless to escape
Automedon & encouterer he his prov'r
To Jove address'd, and straught with added strength
His soul was fill'd, and to Menelaus,
His trusty friend and comrade, thus he spoke

"Menelaus, do thou the horses keep
Not far away, but breathing on my neck,
For Hector's might will not, I deem, be stay'd,
Ere us he slay and mount Achilles' car
And carry terror 'mid the Grecian host,
Or in the foremost ranks himself be slain

Thus spoke Automedon, and loudly call'd
On Menelaus and th' Ajaes both

Ye two Ajaes, leaders of the host,
And, Menelaus with our bravest all,
Ye on the dead alone your care bestow,
To guard him, and stave off the hostile ranks
But haste, and us, the living, save from death,
For Hector and Alcidas bitherward,
With weight o'erpow'ring, through the bloody press,
The bravest of the Trojans force their way,
Yet is the issue in the hands of Heaven,
I hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow!"

He said, and, pausing, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,
Full on 'retus broad orb'd shield it struck,
Nor stay'd the shield its course, the brazen point
Drove through the belt, and in his body lodg'd
As with sharp axe in hand a stalwart man,
Striking behind the horns a sturdy bull,
Severs the neck, he, forward, plunging, falls,
So forward first he sprang, then backwards fell
And quiv'ring, in his vitals deep infix'd.
The sharp spear soon relax'd his limb, in death
Then at Automedon great Hector threw

His glittering spear, he saw, and forward stoop'd,
And shun'd the broken death, behind him far
Deep in the soil infix'd, with quiver'ring shaft
The weapon stood. there Mars its impulse slay'd
And now with swords, and hand to hand, the fight
Had been renew'd, but at their comrade's call
The two Ajaots, pressing through the throng,
Between the warriors interpos'd in haste
Before them Hector and Menœus both,
And godlike Chromis in alarm recoil'd,
Pierc'd through the heart Arctus there they left, 600
And, terrible as Mars, Automedon
Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried
" Of some small portion of its load of grief,
For slain Patroclus, it my heart reliev'd,
In slaying thee, all worthless art thou ! "

Then, throwing on the car the bloody spoils,
He mounted, hand and feet imbrued with blood,
As 'twere a lion, fresh from his repast
Upon the carcase of a slaughter'd bull

Again around Patroclus' body rag'd
The stubborn conflict, direful, sorrow fraught
From Heav'n descending, Pallas starr'd the strife,
Sent by all seeing Jove to stimulate
The warlike Greeks, for so his will inclin'd
As o'er the face of Heav'n when Jove extends
His bright hue'd bow, a sign to mortal men
Of war, or wintry storms, which had surceas'd
The rural works of man, and proach the flocks,
So Pallas, in a bright hue'd cloud array'd,
Pass'd through the ranks, and rous'd each sev'ral man
To noble Menœus, Alcæus' son, 622
Who close beside her stand, the Goddess first,
The form of Phoenix and his pow'ful voice
Assuming, thus her stirring words addres'd

" On thee O Menœus, basal reproach
Will fasten, if Achilles' faithful friend
The dogs devour beneath the walls of Troy,
Then hold thou firm, and all the host inspir'd "

To whom thus Menœus, good in fight
" O Phoenix, aged & tried, honour'd sire,
If Pallas would the perillous pow'r support,
And o'er me spread her wings, then would I

Undaunted for Patroclus' rescue fight,
For deeply by his death my heart is touch'd,
But valiant Hector, with the strength of fire
Still rages, and destruction deals around
For Jove is with him, and his triumph wills."

He said—the blue-ey'd Goddess heard with joy
That, chief of all the Gods, her aid he sought
She gave fresh vigour to his arms and knees,
And to his breast the boldness of the fly,
Which, oft repell'd by man, renew'd th' assault
Incessant, lor'd by taste of human blood,
Such boldness in Atreus' manly breast
Pallas inspir'd, beside Patroclus' corpse
Again he stood, and pol'd his gutt'ring spear

There was one Podæ in the Trojan ranks,
Son of Ecton, rich, of blanchless life,
Of all the people most to Hector dear,
And at his table oft a welcome guest
Him, as he turn'd to fly, beneath the waist
Atreus struck, right through the spear was driv'n,
Thund'red he fell, and Atreus' son the corpse
Dragg'd from the Trojans 'mid the ranks of Greece

Then close at Hector's side Agenor stand,
Clad in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,
Who in Abydos dwelt, of all th' Allies
Honour'd of Hector most, and best belov'd,
Clad in his form, the Far destroyer spoke

"Hector, what other Greek will scare thee next?
Who shrink'st from Menelaus, heretofore
A warrior deem'd of no repute, but now,
Alone, he robs our Trojans of their dead.
And in the foremost ranks 'mi now hath slain
Podæ, thine own good friend, Ecton's son!"

He said, dark grief o'erclouded Hector's brow,
As to the front in dazzling arms he sprang
Then Saturn's son his tassell'd segis wav'd,
All gutt'ring bright, and Ida's lofty head
In clouds and darkness shrouded, then he bade
His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar,
That shook the mountain; and with vict'ry crown'd
The Trojan arms, and panic struck the Greeks

The first who turn'd to fly was Peneleus,
Bœotian chief, him, facing still the foe,

640

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And by our own return rejoice those friends
 Who look with sorrow on our plight, and deem
 That we, all pow'less to resist the might
 Of Hector's arm, beside the ships must fall
 Would that some comrade were at hand, to bear
 A message to Achilles, him, I ween,
 As yet the mournful tidings have not reach'd,
 That on the field his dearest friend lies dead.
 But such I see not, for a veil of cloud
 O'er men and horses all around is spread
 O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece
 Remove this cloudy darkness, clear the sky,
 That we may see our fate, and due at least,
 If such thy will, in th' open light of day."

He said, and, pitying, Jove beheld his tears,
 The clouds he scatter'd, and the mist dispers'd,
 The sun shone forth, and all the field was clear,
 Then Ajax thus to Menelaus spoke

"Now, Heav'n born Menelaus, look around
 If haply 'mid the living thou mayst see
 Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son,
 And bid him to Achilles bear in haste
 'The tidings, that his dearest friend lies dead.'"

He said, nor did Atreus' son comply,
 But slow as moves a hen from the fold,
 Which dogs and youths with ceaseless toil hath worn,
 Who all night long have kept their watch, to guard
 From his assault the choicest of the herd,
 He, hunger parch'd, hath oft th' attempt renew'd,
 But nought prevail'd, by spears on ev'ry side,
 And jav'lins met, wickled by stalwart hands,
 And blazing torches, which his courage daunt,
 Till with the morn he sullenly withdraws,
 So from Patroclus, with reluctant step
 Atreus' son mov'd, for much he fear'd the Greeks
 Might to the Trojans, panic struck, the dead
 Abandon, and departing, he besought
 The two Ajaes, and Menoros:

"Ye two Ajaes, leaders of the Greeks,
 And thou, Menoros, remember now
 Our lost Patroclus' gentle courtesy,
 How kind and genial was his soul to all,
 While yet he liv'd—now sunk, alas! in death."

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Thus saying, Menelaus took his way,
 Casting his glance around on ev'ry side,
 Like to an eagle, fam'd of sharpest sight
 Of all that fly beneath the vault of Heav'n,
 Whom, soaring to the clouds, the rousing harc
 Eludes not, though in bashest covert hid,
 But swooping down, he rends her life away
 So, Menelaus, through the ranks of war
 Thy piercing glances ev'ry way were turn'd,
 If Nestor's sun, alive, thou mightst destroy,
 Hymen on the field's extremest left he found,
 Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight,
 He stood beside him, and address'd him thus

770

"Antilochus, come hither, godlike friend,
 And woful tidings hear, which wouldest to hear n
 I had not to report, thyself thou seest
 How Jove hath heap'd disaster on the Greeks,
 And victory given to Troy, but we has fall n,
 Our heaviest best! Patroclus lies in death,
 And deeply mourn the Greeks his loss deplore
 But haste thee to the ships, to Peleus' son
 The young bear, if haply he may save
 The body of Patroclus from the foe.
 His naked body, for his arms are now
 The prize of Hector of the gleaming helmet."

780

He said, and at his words Antilochus
 Astounded stood, long since his tongue in vain
 For utterance strove, his eyes were fill'd with tears
 His cheerful voice was mute, yet not the less
 To Menelaus' bidding gave his care
 Swiftly he sped but to Laomedon,
 His comrade brave who waited with his car
 In close attendance, first coverg'd his arms,
 Then from the field with active limb he flew,
 Worpang, with mournful news, to Peleus' son
 Nor, noble Menelaus, did thy heart
 Incline thee to return, and all thy friends,
 Where from their war-worn ranks the Pylian troops
 Deplored the absence of Antilochus,
 But these in godlike Thrasymedes' charge
 He left, and to Patroclus hast'ning back
 Beside th' Agyres stood, as thus he spoke
 "Him to Achilles, to the ships, in haste

790

800

I have despatch'd, yet fiercely as his wrath
 May burn tow'rd Hector, I can scarce expect
 His presence here, for how could he, unarm'd,
 With Trojans fight? But take wt counsel now
 How from the field to bear away our dead,
 And 'scape ourselves from death by Trojan hands" 810

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon.

"Illustrous Menelaus, all thy words
 Are just and true, then from amid the press,
 Thru and Marpesia, take up in haste,
 And bear away the body, while behind
 We two, in heart united, as in name,
 Who side by side have still been wont to fight,
 Will Hector and his Trojans hold at bay"

He said, they, lifting in their arms the corpse, 820

Uprais'd it high in air, then from behind
 Loud yell'd the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks
 Retiring with their dead, and on they rush'd,
 As dogs that in advance of hunter youths
 Pursue a wounded boar, awhile they ran,
 Eager for blood, but when, in pride of strength,
 He turns upon them, backward they recoil,
 This way and that in fear of death dispers'd
 So onward press'd awhile the Trojan crowd,
 With thrust of swords, and double pointed spears,
 But ever as th' Aypes turn'd to bay,

Their colour chang'd to pale, not one so bold
 As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse
 Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field
 Bore tow'rd the ships their dead, but on their track
 Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce,

As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire
 Seizes some populous city, and devours
 House after house amid the glare and blaze,
 While rear the flames before the gusty wind,
 So fiercely press'd upon the Greeks' retreat

The clattering tramp of steeds and arm'd men
 But as the mules, with stubborn strength endued,
 That down the mountain through the trackless waste
 Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships,
 And spent with toil and sweat, still labour on
 Unflinchingly, so the Greeks with patient toil
 Bore on their dead, th' Aypes in their rear

830

830

840

Stemming the war as stems the torrent's force
Some wounded cliff, far stretching o'er the plain,
Cheching the mighty river's rushing stream,
And flinging it aside upon the plain,
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood
So firmly, at the rear, th' Ajaes stemm'd
The Trojan force, yet these still onward press'd,
And, mad their counsels proudly eminent,
Two chiefs, *Aeneas*, old Anchises' son,
And glories Hector, as the van more soon
Than, as a cloud of starlings or of doves
By screaming, as they see the hawk approach,
To lesser birds the messenger of death,
So before Hector and *Aeneas* fled,
Screaming, forgetful of their manlike want,
The sons of Greece, and scatter'd here and there
Around the ditch low stow'd goodly arms,
By Greeks abandon'd in their hasty flight
Yet still, inclemanted, rag'd the war

650

860

Loud was the wailing of the female band,
Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,
As round Achilles, rushing out at dooms,
Benting their breasts, with torturing hands, they pass'd
In tears beside him stood Antilochus
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,
Groaning in spirit, several lost for grief
In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword
Loud were his moans, his Goddess mother heard,
Beside her aged father where she sat
In the deep oak in caves she heard and wept
The Nereids all, in ocean's depths who dwell,
Encircled her around, Cymodoen,
Nesaea, Spio, and Cymothoe,
The stug ay d Haha and Amphitrite,
Actaea, Lemnoea, Veleia,
Doris, and Galatea Panope
There too were Oouthyma Clymene
And Amathaea with the golden hair
And all the demigods of ocean's depths
Till'd w is the glassy wave, in unison
They beat their breasts as Thetis led the wail
‘ Give ear, my sister Nereids all and hear
How deep the grief that in my breast I bear
Me miserable! me, of noblest son
Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,
My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief!
Like a young tree he thrrove I tended him,
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant,
Till in the beaked ships I sent him forth
To war with Troy, how ne'er shall I behold,
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house
E n while he lives, and sees the light of day,
He lives in sorrow, nor, to soothe his grief
My presence can avail, yet will I go,
That I may see my dearest child, and learn
What grief hath reach'd him, from the war withdrawn

¹L. 45 et seqq. I hope I may be pardoned for having somewhat
extended the list of these *Iulus*, which in the original extends over
ten lines of names only. In doing so I have followed the example of
Vugel who represents the same *Iulus*; evidently the state of submarine
society (G. 4, 146) is attended on Cypria, and has not only reduced
the list but added some slight touches illustrating their occupations
and private history, a liberty permissible to an writer but not to
a translator.

Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks
 Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid,
 But idly here I sit, curb me the ground
 I, who amid the Greeks no equal own.
 In fight, to others, in debate, I yodd
 Accur'd of Gods and men the hateful strife
 And anger, which to violence provokes
 Ev'n tempts safe souls, though sweeter be its taste. 120
 Than dropping honey, in the heart of man
 Swelling, like smoke, such anger in my soul
 Hath Agamemnon kindled, King of men
 But past we that, though still my heart be sore,
 Yet will I school my angry spirit down
 In search of Hector now, of him who slew
 My friend, I go, prepar'd to meet my death,
 When Jove shall will it, and th' Immortal's all
 From death not ev'n the might of Hercules,
 Though best belov'd of Saturn's sun, could fly, 130
 By fate and Jove's bitter wrath subdued
 I too, since such my doom must he to death,
 Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will wax,
 And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosom'd dames,
 Dardan and Tropian, bitter tears shall rise,
 And groan in anguish they shall all men know
 How long I have been absent from the field,
 Then, though thou love me, wch. not from the war
 To stay my steps, for boodless were thy speech.
 Iliad

Whom answer'd thus the silver lincted Queen. 140
 " True are thy words, my son, and good it is.
 And unmeasurable, from the stroke of death
 To save a wretched comrade, nor these arms,
 Thy breast, flashing arms, the Trojans hold
 Them Hector of the glancing helm himself
 Bear on his breast, exulting, yet not long
 Shall he his triumph, for his doom is nigh,
 But then, engage not in the talk of war,
 Until these eyes again behold me here,
 For with to morrow's sun will I return
 With arms of hewn sky mould, by Vulcan wrought." 150

Thus saying, from her son she turn'd away,
 And turning, to her sister Xerach spoke.
 ' Back to the spacious bosom of the deep
 Return ye now, and to my father's house,

The aged Cox in God, , our uding> bear,
While I to high Olympus sped, to crave
At Vulcan's hand, the skill'd artifical,
A boar of dazzling armour for my son "

She said, and thence beneath the ocean wave
Descended able to high Olympus sped
The silver footed Goddess, thence in hope
To bear the dazzling armour to her son
She to Olympus sped, the Greeks meanwhile
Before the warrior slayer Hector died
With wild, tumultuous uproar, till they reach'd
Their vessel, and the shore of Hellespont
Nor bid the wail ing d Greeks Achille's friend,
Patroclus, from amid the fray withdrawn,
For close upon him follow'd horse and man,
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as flame,
Thrice noble Hector, rising from bound,
Sought by the feet to drag away the dead,
Cheering his friends, thence, clad in warlike might,
The two Iaces drove him from his prey
Yet, fearless in his strength, now rushing on
He dash'd amid the fray, now, shouting loud,
Stood firm, but backward not a step rem'd
As from a cæcuse herdsmen strive in vain
To scare a tawny boar, hunger punch'd,
Even so th' Iaces, mail clad warrior, fail'd
The sun of Phœnix from the corpse to scare
And now the body had he borne away,
With endless fame, but from Olympus' height
Came storm swift Ias down to Peltus' son,
And bade him don his arms, by Juto sent,
Unknown to Jove, and to th' Immortals all
She stood beside him, and address'd him thus

" Up, son of Peleus, up, thou prince of men!
Haste to Patroclus' rescue, whom around,
Before the ships, is wag'd a fearful war,
With mutual slaughter, threat the dead defending,
And those to whom s breazy neighbourdom
To bear the body, noble Hector chief,
Who longs to sever from the tender neck,
And fix upon the spike, thy comrade's head
Up then! delay no longer, deem it shame
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,

- Dishon'ring thee, if might discover him "
 When never'd the> Achilles swift at foot
 'Say, how'ly Ins, of th' immortal Gods
 Who hage thee o'er me, and that message bring?
 To whom swift Ins thus To that I com:
 By Jove sent, th' imperial wife of Jove,
 Unknown to Saturn's son, and all the Gods:
 Who on Olympus' snowy summit dwelt"
 To whom again Achilles, swift of foot
 "How in the battle tol can I engage?
 My arms are with the Trojans, and to boot
 My mother wroth d me not to arm for fight,
 Till I agan shold see her, for she hop'd
 To bring me beaut'ly arms by Vulcan wrought
 You know I well whose armer I could wear,
 Save the broad shield of Mars, Telamon,
 And he, methinks, stand the foremost ranks
 Ev'n now in fighting o'er Patroclus' corse
 Whom answer'd storm swift Ins "Well we know
 Thy glorious arms are by the Trojans bold,
 But go thou forth, and from above the ditch
 Appear before them, daunted at the sight,
 So they the Trojans may forake the field,
 And breaking-time afford the sons of Greece,
 Tid warr, for little pause has yet been their."
 So ut Ins said, and wassad, then uprose
 Achilles, dear to Jove, and Pallas thow
 Her tassell'd arms o'er his shoulder'd broad,
 His hand encirclg with a coronet
 Of golden close, whicht very lasses glaud
 As from an island cry up to Heaven
 The spoke waroul, which booms forcey round
 Delagon, and all day with cruel war
 Forn its own state cut off, but when the sun
 Hath set, blazt frequent forth the lucifer fire,
 High rise the flames, and to the davelles, round
 Their signal flush, if leaply o'er the sea.
 Now come the accidul ad, so brightly dash'd
 That few light around Achille's head
 He left the wall, and stood about the ditch
 But from the Greeks apart, rememb ring well
 His mother's prudent counsel there he stood,
 And shouted loud, Pallas join'd her voice,

And fill'd with terror all the Trojans hast
 Clear is the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms
 Some town encompass'd round with hostile bands,
 Rung out the voice of grim alarm.
 But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,
 They quail'd in spirit: the sleek slavish steeds, themselves,
 Conscious of coming ill, bore back the car.
 Their charioteers, dismay'd, beheld the flame
 Which, kindled by the blue-eyed Goddess, blaz'd
 Unquench'd around the head of Palus: sun
 Prince shouted from the ditch the godlike chief,
 Thrice barrier struck both Trojans and Greeks,
 And there and then beside their chariots fell
 Twelve of their bravest, while the Greeks well pleased,
 Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,
 And on a litter laid around him stood
 His comrades, mourning, with them, Palus' son,
 Shedding hot tears as on his friend he gat'd,
 Lay'd on the bier, and pierc'd with deadly wounds 260
 Him to the war with horses and with car.
 He sent but never to welcome his return.

By stag-eyed June sent, reluctant sank
 The unweaned sun beneath the ocean wave,
 That sun had set, and breath'd awhile the Greeks
 From the fierce labour of the balanc'd field,
 Nor less the Trojans, from the stubborn fight
 Retiring, from the chariots loose'd their steeds
 But ere they shar'd the ev'ning meal, they met
 In council: all stood up, none dur'd to sit,
 For fear had fall'n on all, when reappear'd 270
 Achilles, from the battle long withdrawn
 First Pantous' son, the sage Polydamas
 Address'd th' assembly, his sagacious mind
 Alone beheld the future and the past
 The friend of Hector, been the selfsame night,
 One in debate, the other best in arms,
 Who thus with prudent speech began, and said

"Be well advised, my friends! my counsel is
 That we renounce the city, nor the momm
 Herd in the plain, heade the ships, await
 So far remov'd from our protecting walls
 While fiercely burn'd 'ginst Aeneus' godlike son
 That mighty warrior's wrath, 'twas easier far

With th' other Greeks to deal, and I rejoic'd
 When by the ships we pass'd the night, in hope.
 We soon might call them ours, but now, I own,
 Achilles, swift of foot, excites my fear
 His proud, impetuous spirit will sweep the plain,
 Where Greeks and Trojans oft in warlike strife
 Their balance of strength exert, if he come forth,
 Our fight will be to guard our homes and wives
 Gain we the city, trust me, so 'twere best
 Now, for a while, unbroken night detained
 The son of Peleus, but at early morn
 If issuing forth in arms he find us here,
 His prowess, we shall know, and happy he
 Who, flying, shal in safety reach the walls
 Of sacred Troy, for many a Trojan soon
 Shall reach the vultures. Heav'n avert such fate!
 But if, though loth, we will by me be rul'd,
 This night in counsel hush'd we our strength,
 While tow'rs, and lofty gates, and folding doors
 Close join'd well fitting, shall our city guard
 Then issuing forth in arms at early morn
 Win we the tow'r's, so harder were his task
 If, from the ships advancing, round the wall
 He offer battle, bootless to return
 His strong neck'd horses worn with labour vain
 In coursing, purposeless, around the town
 To force an entrance, or the town desirous,
 Is not his aim, and ere that can be gain'd,
 The dogs of Troy upon his flesh shall feed."

To whom thus Hector of the glistening helm
 With stern regard "Polydorus, thy words
 Are such as gr' the unkindly, on mine ear,
 Who fain wouldest have us to the walls return
 What? have ye not already singed enough
 Been coop'd within the tow'r's? the wealth of Troy,
 Its brass, its gold, were once the crown'those
 Of ev'ry tongue, our hoarded treasure, now
 Are gone, to Phrygian and Maeonian shores
 For sale exported, costly merchandise,
 Since on one city fell the wrath of Jove
 And now, when deep designing Saturn's son
 Such glory giv's me as to gain the ships,
 And, crowded by the sea, hemm'd in the Greeks,

290

300

310

320

Fool! put not thou these timid counsels forth,
Which none will follow, nor wil I allow.

But bear ye all, and do as I advise

330

Share now the meal, by ranks, throughout the host,
Then set your watch, and each keep careful guard,
And whom his spurs o'erload if such there be,
Let him divide them with the general crowd,
Better that they should hold them than the Greeks
And with the moon, in arms, beside the ships,
Will we again awake the furious war

But if indeed Achilles by the ships

Hath reappear'd, himself, if so he choose,
Shall he the sufferer, from the pernicious strife
I will not shrink, but his encounter meet
So he, or I, shall gain immortal fame,
Impartial Mars hath oft the slayer slain "

347

Thus Hector spoke, the Trojans cheer'd aloud
Fools, and by Pallas of their sense bereft,
Who all applauded Helen's ill advice,
None the sage counsel of Polydarnos'
Then through the camp they shar'd the ev'ning meal

Meantime the Greeks all night with tears and groans
Bewail'd Patroclus on his comrade's breast
Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands, 350
And laid with bitter groans the loud lament
As when the hunter, in the forest's depth,
Hath robb'd a bearded lion of his cubs,
Too late arriving, he with anger chafes,
Then follows, if perchance he may o'ertake,
Through many a mountain glen, the hunters' steps,
With grief and fury fill'd, to Peleus' son,
With bitter groans, the Myrmidone address'd

360

" Vain was, alas! the promise which I gave,
Seeking the brave Memnonius to console,
To bring to Opis back his gallant son,
Rich with his share of spoil from Troy o'erthrown,
But Jove fulfils not all that man designs
For us dark fate abhors! that here or Troy
We two one sod should redded with our blood,
Nor me, returning to my native land,
Shall aged Peleus in his halls receive,
Nor Thetis, here must earth retain my boots
since, Patroclus, I am doom'd on earth"

370

Behind thee to banish, thy fun'ral rites
I will not celebrate, till Hector's ~~soul~~
And head, thy haughty slayer, here I bring
And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Ilium
Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death
Thou by our leashed ships till then must be
And weeping o'er thine shall deep lament'd durance,
Trojan and Dardan, mourn both night and day,
The prizes of our toil, when wealthy to us
Before our labour red our spears like a hill is

380

He said, and bade his comrade set the fire
An ample triped place, without delay
To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore
Then on the burning fire the triped place'd
With water fill'd and handled wool brush'd
Round the bellying tripod rose the flames
Heitus, the bath within the ghit ring'd so
Soon as the water boil'd then wash'd the corpse
With lasson oil anointing and the wounds
With fragrant unguents fill'd of nine year old
Then in fine linen then the body wrapp'd
From hand to last and laid it on a couch
And cover'd over with a fur white sheet

390

Him swelt'ring at his forge she found, intent
On forming twenty tripods, which should stand
The wall surrounding of his well built house,
With golden wheel beneath he furnish'd each,
And to th' as emblem of the Gods evinced
With pow'r to move spontaneous, and return
A marvel to behold! thus far his work.
He had completed but not yet had fix'd
The rich-rough handles, these his labour now
Engag'd, to fit them, and to meet fast
While thus he exercis'd his practis'd skill,
The silver footed Queen approach'd the house
Chiron, the skillful art'st, wedded wife,
Beheld her coming, and advance'd to meet,
And in her hand she clasp'd, address'd her thus.

430

"Say, Then, as the flowing rive, belov'd
And honour'd, whence this visit to our house,
An unaccustom'd guest? but come thou in,
That I may welcome thee with honour due!"

432

Thus, as he spoke, the Goddess led her in,
And on a seat with silver studs adorn'd,
Fair, richly wrought, a footstool at her feet,
She bade her sit, then thus to Vulcan call'd
"Haste hither, Vulcan, Thetis' bane and"
Whom answer'd him, the skilful artificer

"In honour'd and a reverend guest
Our house contains, who sav'd me once from woe,
When by my mother's act from Heav'n I fell,
Who, for that I was crippled in my feet
Deem'd it not shame to hide me, had had then
My fortune been, had not Euryalos

440

And Thetis in their bosoms shelter'd me,
Euryalos, from old Oceanus
Who drew her birth, the ever-enduring flood
Nine years with them I dwelt, and many a work
I fashion'd there of metal, clasps, and chains
Of spiral curl, rich cups, and collars rare,
Hid in a cave profound, where the ocean stream
With ceaseless motion foam'd and roar'd around,
Unkno'ne to God or man, but to me o'er two
Who sav'd me, Thetis and Euryalos
Now to my house hath fair hav'd Thetis come
To her, my life preserv'd no tribute owe."

450

'Then thou the hospitable rites perform,
While I my bellows and my tools lay by'

He said, and from the anvil rear'd upright
His massive strength, and as he hung'd along,
His tott'ring knees were bow'd beneath his weight
The bellows from the fire he next withdrew,
And as a silver casket plac'd his tools,
Then with a sponge his brow, and bony arm
He wip'd, and sturdy neck and hairy chest
He don'd his robe, and took his weighty staff,
Then through the door with halting step he pass'd,
There waited on their king th' attendant maidz,
In form asuring maidz, but wrought in gold,
Instant with consciousness, with voice endued,
And strength, and skill from heavy niv teacher'd drawn
These waited, returns, at the Unmarch's side,
His steps supporting, he, with halting gait,
Pass'd to a gorgeous chair by Thetis' side,
And as her hand he clasp'd, address'd her thus

'Say, Thetis, of the flowing robe, belov'd
And honour'd, whence this visit to our house
An unaccustom'd guest? say what thy will,
And, if within my pow'r esteem it done'

To whom in answer Thetis, weeping, thus
"Vulcan, of all the Godlikees who di all
On high Olympus, lives there one whose soul
Hath borne such weight of woe, so many griefs,
As Saturn's son hath heap'd on me alone'
Me whom he chose from all the sea-born nymphs,
And gave to Peleus, son of Eacus,
His subject, I credit di a mortal's bed,
Through sore against my will, he now, bent down
By feeble age, lies helpless in his house
Now adds he further grief, he granted me
To bear, and rear a son, of heroes chief,
Like a young tree he grove, I tended him,
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant
Till in the beaked ships I sent him forth
To war with Troy, him ne'er shall I behold,
Returning home, to aged Peleus' bane.
E'en while he lives, and sees the light of day,
He liv'es in sorrow, nor, to soothe his grief,
My presence can avail, a girl, his prize,

460

470

480

490

Selected for him by the sons of Greece,
Great Agamemnon wrested from his arms
In grief and rage he pin'd his soul away,
Then by the Trojans were the Greeks hemm'd in
Beside their ships, and from within their camp
No outlet found, the Grecian Elders then
Implor'd his aid, and promis'd costly gifts
With his own hand to save them he refus'd,
But, as his armour clad, to battle sent
His friend Patroclus, with a num'rous band
All day they fought before the Scæan gates,
And in that day had Ilium been destroy'd,
But in the van, Menelæus' noble son,
After great deeds achiev'd, Apollo slew,
And crown'd with glory Hector, Priam's son
Therefore a suppliant to thy knees I come,
If to my son, to early death condemn'd,
Thou wilt accord the boon of shield and helm,
And well wrought greaves with silver clasps secur'd,
And breastplate, for his own, his faithful friend,
By Trojans bands subdued, hath lost, and he,
O'erwhelm'd with gnei, lies prostrate on the earth."

"Whom answer'd thus the skil'd artificer
"Take comfort, nor let this disturb thy mind,
Would that as surely, when his hour shall come,
I could defend him from the stroke of death,
As I can promise that we shall possess
Such arms as they shall marvel who behol'd."

He left her thus, and to his forge return'd
The bellows then dinsing to the fire,
He bade them work, through twenty paces at once
Forthwith they pour'd their diverse temper'd blasts,
Now busily seconding his eager haste,
Now at his will and as the work requir'd
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,
And silver, first he melted in the fire,
Then on its stand his weighty anvil plac'd,
And with one hand the hammer's ponderous weight
He wielded, while the other grasp'd the tongs.

And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong,
With rich adorment, circled with a rim,
Threefold, bright gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended, of five folds; the shield was form'd,

500

510

520

530

540

And on its surface in one a rare design
Of curious art his prouid skill had wrought.

Thereon were figure d earth and sky, and sea,
The ever circling sun and full orb'd moon,
And all the signs that crown the vault of Heaven;
Ploughs and Horses, and Orus's might,
And breas call'd the Winds who wheel on high
His ebbing course, and on Ocean's side,
Sole star that never bathes in th ocean wave.

329

And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there.
In one were marriage pomp and revelry
And brides in gay procession, through the streets
With blushing少女, from their chamber born,
While frequent rose the heraldic song,
Young whel'd around in joyous dance, with sound
Of drum and harp, and, standing at their door,
Admiring women on the platform, and

While a busy throng the forum fill'd
There between two fair contention foot.

330

For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,
 Conspicuous shone, of lesser height the rest
 But when the destin'd ambuscade was reach'd,
 Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
 Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay, 530
 In gilt ring arms accoutred, and apart
 They plac'd two spes, to notify betwixt
 Th' approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herd.
 These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appear'd,
 Who, unsuspecting as they mov'd along,
 Enjoy'd the music of their past'ral pipes
 They on the booty, from afar discern'd,
 Sprang from their ambuscade, and cutting off
 The herds, and rickey flocks, their guardians slew
 Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat 560
 Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
 Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds
 Pursued the plund'rers, and o'erthrew them soon
 There on the river's bank they met in arms,
 And each at other berr'd their brazen spears
 And there were figur'd Strife, and Tumult wild,
 And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
 One newly wounded, one unwounded bare,
 While by the feet from out the press she dragg'd 610
 Another slain about her shoulders hung
 A garment crimson'd with the blood of men
 Like living men they seem'd to move, to fight,
 To drag away the bodies of the slain

And there was grow'n a wide extended plain
 Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil,
 Thrice plough'd, where many ploughmen up and down
 Their teams were driving, and in each attain'd
 The limit of the field, would one advance,
 And tender him a cup of gen'rous wine 620
 Then would he turn, and to the end again
 Along the furrow charily drive his plough
 And still behind them darker show'd the soil,
 The true presentment of a new-plough'd field,
 Though wrought in gold, a mirrake of art

There too was grow'n a corn-field, rich in grain,
 Where with sharp sickles reapers phed their task,
 The binders, following close, the bundles tied
 Three were the binders, and behind them boy's

In close attendance waiting, in their arms
Gather'd the bundles, and in order pal'd
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous warthe
A little way remov'd, the heralds shew
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak
Prepar'd the boar, while wooden mow'd hard by,
White barley porridge for the lab'rs meal

630

And with rich cluster, laden there was g. w'n
'n vineyard fair, all gold, of gloss black.
The lunches were, on silver pales susten'd,
Around, a darksome tren', beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tw., and through it led
One only path, by which the beavers pass'd,
Who gather'd in the vines and s bounteous store
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In wov'n baskets bore the luscious fruit
A boy, amid them, from a clear ton'd harp
Drew lovely music well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied, they all with dance
And song harmonious join'd, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bairv lightly tripp'd along

640

Of strught herds cattle too a herd was grw'n,
Of gold and tin the heralds all were wrought
Ther' to the pasture, from the cattle yard,
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,
Where quiv ring real bed, rustled, slowly mov'd
Four golden shepherds walk'd beside the herd,
By swift dogs attended, then amid
The foremost herald sprang two lions fierce
Upon the lordly bull he, bellowing loud,
Was drage d along by dogs and youths pursued

630

The tough bull a brk ther' tore, and gorging lapp'd
Th' intestines and dark blood, with vain attempt
The herdsmen following closely, to th' attack
Chev' d their swift dogs, these shun'd the lions jaws,
And close around them having, held about

650

And there the skilful artist's hand had tric'd
A pasture broad, with stony fleeks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and p'se,

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought,
With curious workmanship, a many dance,
Like that which Dedalus in Crete, erst

660

At fair hair'd Arane'e's bidding fram'd
 There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
 Bright youths and many swar' d maidens danc'd
 In fair white linen these, in tunes those,
 Well woven shining soft with fragrant ods
 These with fair coronets were crown'd, while those
 With golden swords from silver belts were girt
 Now whil' d they regnd with nimble practis d feet,
 Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns
 A wheel, new fashion'd by his skilful hand,
 And spins it round, to prove if true it run
 Now feately mov'd in well beseeving ranks
 A man runs crow'd, around, the lovely dance
 Survey'd delighted while with measur'd chant
 Two tumblers, in the mulet, were whirling round
 About the margin of the massive shield
 Was wrought the mighty strength of th ocean stream

The shield completed, vast and strong, he forg'd
 A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire,
 And next, a weighty helmet for his head,
 Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above,
 Then last, well fitting greaves of phant tin.

The shall'd artificer his work's complete
 Before Achilles' Goddess mother laid
 She, like a falcon, from the snow clad heights
 Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
 Charg'd with the ghit'ring arms by Vulcan wrought

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BOOK XIX

ARGUMENT

Aeneas is reconciled to Agamemnon and clothed in a new armor
forged by Vulcan leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

Now morn in saffron robe, soon th' ocean stream
Ascending, light doffed d' er Gods and men,
As Thetis, to the ships returning bore
The gift of Vulcan, there her son she found,
Whom d' er Patroclus hung in bitter grief
Around him; woe! d' his comrade in the mud
She stood, and clasped his hand as then she spoke

Leave we my son though deep our grief, the dead,
Here let him lie since Heav'n hath dooms'd his fall,
But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent, 10
Fitter than e'er on mortal breast were borne
The arms before Achilles as she spoke,
The Goddess had, had sang the wondrous work.
With awe the Myrmidons beheld, nor dur'd
Affront the sight but as Achilles gird'd,
More fiery burn'd d' his wrath beneath his brows
His eyes like lightning flash'd d' with fierce delight
He seiz'd the glorious gift, and worn no soul
Had feasted on the sacrifice of art,
To Theta that his urged words address'd 20

"Mother, the God hath giv'n me arms indeed,
Worthy a God, and such as mortal man
Could never forge, I go to arm me straight,
Yet fear I for Ilion's noble son,
Lest in his spear inflicted wounds the Pow'r
May gender worms, and desecrate the dead,
And, his extract, contemptuous reach his flesh

Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen
"Let not such fears, my son, distract thy mind,
I will myself the swarms of them despatch,
That on the flesh of slaughter'd men may prey, 30
And shouldst he here remain a year complete,

Still should his flesh be wise and teach us now
 But thou to council call the chiefs of Greece
 Against the monarch Agamemnon there,
 The leader of the host, abjure thy wrath,
 Then arm tree quills and put on thy might.

Her words with dauntless courage fill'd his breast
 She in Patroclus nostril to preserve
 His flesh, red nectar and ambrosia pour'd

Along the ocean beach Achilles press'd,
 And loudly shouting call'd on all the chiefs.
 Then all who here before remain'd on board
 The seaman men who the whale rudders hold
 The worn steward that serv'd the dark bread
 All to th' assembly throng'd, when reappear'd
 Achilles from the fight so long withdrawn
 To a noble chief, two ministers of Mars—
 Ulysses sage and Helen. Dismed

appear'd yet crippled by ten grievous wounds
 The halting steps supporting with their spears
 And on th' foremost sets their places took
 Next follow'd a Lacedemonian King of men
 He also wounded by Anchors on
 Coon, had stabb'd him in the stubborn fight
 When all the Greeks were clost, throng'd around
 Up to Achilles swiftest foot, and said

Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain
 To thee or me since heart-consuming strife
 Hath forced, say'd between us for a girl

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"Well gladly rest be lambs, who safe shall fly,
My spear escaping, from the battle field."

He said: "The well grown'd Greeks report'd to hear
His wrath abjur'd by Peleus' guilty son,
And from him, too, not standing in the ranks,"

Thus to Cr' assembly Agamemnon spoke:
"Friends, Grecian Heroes, Masters of War,
When one stands up to speak, 'tis meet for all
To lend a patient ear, nor interrupt,

For ev'n to praver'd speakers hard the task
Bore, in this vast assembly who can speak.
But all may hear? the clearest voice must bid

To Peleus' son, Achille, I my mind
Wif't frankly men, ye among yourselves

Impart the words I speak, that all may know!
Or, hath the matter been by Greeks discuss'd,
And I their frequent counsels have ignor'd?

"Yet was not I the first, 'twix Juno, and I am,
And grieved Europa, who quiv'red in th' arms
A strong delusion o'er my mind, that day

I ridd'd Achille of his laud'ble prize
What could I do? a Goddess all o'er end'd,
Daughter of Jove, dread Atre, daileful pow'r,

Misleading all, with lightest step she moves,
Not on the earth, but over the heads of men,

With blighting touch, and many hath caus'd to err
Ev'n Jove, the most dearm'd of Gods and men,
In whom she revel'd, when Juno's art

By female stratagem the God deceiv'd,
What in her profit'd Ithaca Almena lay
In travail at the might of Hercules,

In troublous time amid the Gods he spoke
"Hear all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,
The words I speak, the panoplyes of my soul

This day Leona shall to light bring forth
A child, the future Lord of all around,
Of mortal men, who trace to me their blood."

Who answer'd Jove thus, with deep crest
"Thou ever best judge, nor will fail thy word
Come now, Olympian, swear a solemn oath

That it shall be the Lord of all around
When on this day shall be of woman born,
Of mortal men, who trace to thee their blood?"

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She said, and Jove, the smart unseeing, swore
A solemn oath, but found his error soon
Down from Olympus height she sped in haste
To Argos of Ithaca, for the wife.

Of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, there,
She knew, was now a month pregnant of a son
Whom, though untimely born, she brought to light,
Staying meanwhile Almena's labour pains.
To Saturn's son herself the tidings brought,
And thus address'd him 'Jove, the lightning > Lord,
I bring thee news, this day a mighty man,
By thee ordain'd to be the Argives' King,

Is born, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus,
The son of Perseus, issue of thy blood,
Well worthy he to be the Argives' King.'

She said. Keen sorrow deeply pierc'd his soul,
Then ate by the glossy locks he seiz'd
In mighty wrath, and swore a solemn oath,
That to Olympus and the starry Heav'n
She never should return, who all misleads
His arm then whirling, from the starry Heav'n

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He flung her down, to vex th' affairs of men

Yet oft her fraud remember'd he with groans,

When by Eurystheus' hard commands he saw

Condemn'd to servile tasks his noble son

So, oft as Hector of the glancing helm

Beneath the ships the Greeks to slaughter gave,

Back to my mind my former error came

I err'd, for Jove my judgment took away,

But friendly reconciliation now I seek,

And tender costly presents, then thyself

Uprose thee, and excite the rest to arms,

While I prepare the gifts, whate'er of late!

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The sage Ulysses press'd in thy tent

Or, if thou wilt, though eager for the fray,

Remain thou here awhile, till from my ship

My followers bring the gifts, that thou mayst see

I make my off'nings with no niggard hand'

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Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot

¹ L. 151. Χαύπε yesterday. But either the word must have a more extended signification than is usually given to it, or Homer must here have fallen into an error, for two complete nights and one day, that on which Patroclus met his death had intervened since the visit of Ajax and Ulysses to the tent of Achilles. See also l. 215.

" Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
The gifts thou deem'st bestowing, 'tis for thee
To give, or to withhold, but now at once
Prepare we for the battle, 'tis not meet
On trivial pretenses here to waste our time,
Or silly bicker, much remains to do
Again be seen Achilles in the van,
Scattering with brazen spear the Trojan ranks,
And ye, forget not man with arm to fight

To whom in answer says Ulysses thus

" Brave as thou art, Achilles, godlike chief,
Yet fasting had not forth the sons of Greece
To fight the Trojans, for no little time
Will last the struggle, when the armed ranks
Are once engag'd in conflict and the Gods
With equal courage either side inspire
But bid them by the slopes of food and wine
(Wherewith are strength and courage) first partake,
For none throughout the day till set of sun,
Fasting from food, may bear the toils of war,
His spirit may still be eager for the fray,
Yet are his limbs by slow degrees weigh'd down,
Hun'ry by thirst and hunger soon, his knees
Unable, as he moves, to bear his weight

But he who, first with food and wine refresh'd,
All day maintains the combat with the foe,
His spirit retains unbroken, and his limbs
Unworned, till both armies quit the field
Disperse then now the crowd, and bid prepare
The morning meal, creatures to publick view
Let Agamemnon, King of men, display

His costly gifts, that all the Greeks may see,
And that thy heart with thee melt with joy,
And there in full assembly let him swear
A solemn oath that he hath ne'er approach'd
The fair Briseis' bed, nor held with her
Such intercourse as man with woman holds
Be thou propitious and accept his oath
Then at a sumptuous banquet in his tent
Let him receive thee, that thou before due
May nothing lack, and so, Achilles, thou
Shalt stand in sight of all men clear of blame,
For none can wonder that insulting speech

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Should rouse the anger of a sceptred King."

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men,
 "Son of Laertes, I accept thy speech
 With cordial welcome all that thou hast said
 Is well and wisely spoken, for the oath,
 I am prepar'd, with willing mind, to swear,
 Nor in the sight of Heav'n will be forsown
 Let then Achilles here awhile remain,
 Though eager for the fray, ye too remain,
 Until the presents from my tent be brought,
 And we our solemn compact ratify
 Then this command upon thyself I lay
 That thou the noblest youths of all the Greeks
 Select, and b[ea]t them from thy vessel hear
 The gifts, which to Achilles yesternight
 We promis'd, and withal the women bring;
 And let Talthybes through the host seek out
 A bear, for sacrifice to Jove and Sol."

210

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot
 "Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
 These matters to some future time were best
 Deferr'd, some hour of respite from the fight,
 Of rage less, fiercely burning on my breast,
 But slaughter'd now they be, whom Priam's son,
 Hector, hath slain, by Jove to vict'ry led
 He bid us take our food, if I might rule,
 I would to battle lead the sons of Greece,
 United, and fasting, and at set of sun,
 Our shame aveng'd, an ample feast prepare,
 Till then, nor food nor drink shall pass my lips,"

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My comrade slain, who pierc'd with mortal wounds,
 Turn'd tow'r'd the doorway, he, within my tent,
 His mourning friends around, while there he lies,
 No thought have I for these or eight beside
 Save carnage, blood, and groans of dying men."

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To whom Ulysses, sage in counsel, thus
 "O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,
 How far, Achilles, thou surpassest me
 In deeds of arms, I know, but thou must yield
 To me in counsel, for my years are more,
 And my experience greater far than thine
 Then to my words incline a patient ear
 Men soonest weary of battle, whate the sword

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The bloodiest handest raps the lightest crop
 Of slaughter is when Jove inclines the scale,
 Dispenser of his will of human war.
 The Greeks by famine cannot mourn their dead
 For day by day successive numbers fall
 When even the respite then from clasped dust?
 Before us burn out of sight our dead
 Stroking our hearts and weeping but a dir
 And at the rest whom cruel war hath spar'd
 Should first with food and incrust our strength
 Then girded on our arms the breaking day
 Maintain the war unfeared then let none
 Requie a far that summons to the field
 (and not to him who last ring by the ships
 That summons be us) but with uplifted force
 Against the Trojans with the simon's war

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He said and call'd on noble Hector's son
 On Helenippus and Varone
 These and Lycurgus Creon's son
 And Neoptolemus Phlebas' son with these he sought
 The mighty monarch Agamemnon's tent
 Soon as the word was given the work was done
 Seven tripods brought ther out the promised gifts
 Twelve horses twenty charions girt ring bridle
 Seven beautious women skill'd in household wares
 With whom the eighth the fair Briseis came
 Ulysses led the way and with him brought
 Ten talents full of gold th attendant youths
 The other presents bore and in the midst
 Display'd before th assembly then uprose
 The monarch Agamemnon by his side
 With voice of godlike pow'r Talthybius stood
 Holding the victim then Atreus drew

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The dagger ever hanging at his side,
 Close by the scabbard of his mighty arm
 And from the victim's head the bushes shone
 With hands uplifted then to Jove he pray'd
 While all around the Greeks in silence stood
 That may deereous to the monarch's words
 As looking up to Heaven he made his pray'r

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Be witness Jove thou king of Gods most high
 And Sun and Earth and ye who vengeance wreak
 Beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn

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Fury! that never or to love induc'd
Soliciting or otherwise, my hand
Hath fair Erius touch'd but in my tent
Still pure and undefil'd hath she remain'd
And it in this I be reassur'd, may Heav'n
With all the plagues afflict me due to thee
Who art b^e perjur'd oath against the Gods.²⁹⁰

Thus as he spoke, o'er the victim's throat
He drew the pride^rs blade. Tidibus then
To Ocean's boar^r depth^r the carcass flew
Food for the fishes. When Achille^rs ro^rw,
And thus before th^e assembled Greeks he spoke:

O Father Jove, how dost thou lead astray
Our human judgment! ne'er had Atreus' son
My bosom fill'd with wrath, nor from my arms,
To his o'er loss, again^r no^r will had torn
The girl I lov'd, but then the will of Jove
To death predestin'd many a valiant Greek.
Now to the meal, now the war renew!³⁰⁰

This said, in assembly he dismissed in haste,
The crowd dispersing to their sev'ral ships,
Upon the gulf the warlike Myrmidons
Restor'd their care, and bore them to the ships
Of Peleus' godlike son, within the tent
They laid them down and there the women plac'd,
While to the drove the followers led the steeds.
Braves fair as golden Venus, saw
Patroclus lying, pierc'd with mortal wounds,
Within the tent, and with a bitter cry,
She flung her down upon the corpse and torn
Her breast her delicate neck, and beauteous cheek,
And, weeping, o'er the loveliest woman wail'd.

" Patroclus, dearly lov'd of this sad heart!
When last I left this tent, I left thee full
Of health in thy return^r now I find
Only thy livid corpse thou Prince of men!
So sorrowfull, oh sorrow heap'd, I bear
The husband of my youth to whom my re
And honour'd mother gave me I beheld
Slain with the sword before the city wall
Three brothers whom with one mother bore,
My dearly lov'd ones all went doom'd to death
Nor wouldest thou when Achille^rs rift of foot

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My husband slew, and royal Myrmeces' town
 In vain laid, allow my tears to flow,
 But thou wouldest make me (such was still thy speech)
 The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son
 Who wouldest to Phthia bear me in thy ship,
 And there, thyself, amid the Myrmeces,
 Wouldst give my marriage feast, then, unconsol'd,
 I weep thy death my ever gentle friend!"

Weeping, she spoke, the women join'd her wail.

Patroclos' death the pretext for their tear,
 But each in secret wept her private griefs

Around Achilles throng'd the elder men,
 Urging to eat, but he, with groans, thus'd
 "I pray you, would you show your love, dear friends,
 Ask me not now with loon or drink to appease
 Hunger or thirst, a load of bitter grief
 Weighs heavy on my soul, till set of sun
 Fasting will I remain, and still endure."

The other monarchs at his word withdrew
 The two Atridae, and Ulysses sage,
 And Nestor and Idomenus turn'd,
 And eyed Phoenix, to divert his grief,
 But comfort none, save in the bloody jaws
 Of battle wou'd he take, by memory stur'd,
 He heav'd a deep drawn sigh as thus he spoke

"How oft hast thou, ill fated dearest friend
 Here in this tent with eager zeal prepar'd
 The tempting meal, whence'ev'r the sons of Greeks
 In haste would arm them for the bloody fray!
 Now best thou there, while I, for love of thee,
 From food and drink, before me plac'd, refrain
 For ne'er shall I again such sorrow know,
 Not though I heard of yest Peleus' death,
 Who now in Phthia mourns, with tender tears,
 His absent son, he on a foreign shore
 Is warring in that hateful Helen's cause,
 No, nor of his, who now in Scyros' isle
 Is growing up, if yet indeed he live,
 Young Neoptolemus, my godlike son
 My hope had been indeed, that here in Troy,
 Far from the plains of Argos, I alone
 Was doom'd to die, and that to Phthia thou,
 Return'd in safety, mightst my son convey

Around his chest, and o'er his shoulders flung
 His silver studded sword, with blade of brass,
 Then took his vest and weighty shield, whence glist'nd
 A light resplendent as the full orb of moon, 420
 Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne
 The watchfire's light which, high among the hills
 Some shepherd kindles in his lair, told
 As they, reluctant by the stormy winds
 Far from their lands are o'er the water driven
 So from Achilles shield bright rashly wrought
 The light was thrown. The weighty helm he rais'd,
 And plac'd it on his head the plumed helm
 Shone like a star and wav'd the plumes of gold,
 Thick set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest 430
 Then all the arms Achilles prov'd to have
 If well they fitted to his graceful limbs
 Like wings, they seem'd to lift him from the ground
 Last, from its case he drew his father's spear
 Long, ponderous though not one of all the Greeks
 None, save Achilles self could poised that spear
 The far fam'd Pheas ash which to his arm
 On Pelion a mount fell'd to be the bane
 Of mighty heroes the Centaur Chiron gave
 With care Automedon and Neomus 440
 The horses took with collar, fair match'd
 Plac'd in their mouths the bit, and press'd the reins
 Back to the well built car Automedon
 Sprung on the car with shining; lash in hand
 Behind whilles came, array'd for war
 In arms ill fit for in the gorgeous van
 And bound to his father's shield he call'd
 Anchises and Palamedes, noble progeny

Is nigh at hand, nor we shall cause thy death
But Heaven is high will and Fate is impious power 460
By no default of ours, nor lack of speed,
The Trojans strapp'd Patroclus of his arms
The mighty God fair heard Latona's son
Achiev'd his death and Hector's victory gain'd
Our speed of foot now we're with Zephyr's breeze
Doom'd swiftest of the winds, but then art doom'd
To die, by force command of God and man

He said his further speech the Fates stay'd
To whom in wrath Achilles, swift of foot

Xanthis why thus predict my coming fate? 470
It ill beseems thee! well I know myself
That I am fated here in Troy to die
Far from my home and parents yet without
I cease not till these Trojans from the field
Before me fly He said, and to the front
His war cry shouting, urg'd his fiery steeds

BOOK XX

ARGUMENT

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend unto the battle and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Ajax from death by the hand of Achilles from whom Apollo soon after rescues Hector. Achilles kills many Trojans.

ROUND thee, Achilles eager for the fray,
Stood thus accoutred by their leaked ships,
The sons of Greece the Trojan host, opp'red,
Stood on the sloping margin of the plain
Then Jove to Themis gave command to call
The Gods to council from the lofty height
Of many ridg'd Olympus to the house
Of Jove she summon'd them from ev'ry side
Thence of the Rivers, wave Oceanus
Not one was absent nor of nymphs who brust
Clear fount or shadey grove or grassy mead
They, at the Cloud compeller's house were
Within the polish'd corridor Tethys d
Which Vulcan's cunning hand for Jove had built
There were they gather'd in th' abode of Jove
Nor did th' Earth shaking Neptune sit the less
But came from ocean's depths, and in the midst
He sat, and thus the will of Jove enquir'd
 Why, Lord of lightning, hast thou summon'd here
The Gods to council? dost thou aught desire
To whence the Greeks and Trojans? who can now

To fight against the Trojans, not an hour
 Will they before the son of Peleus stand
 They dreaded him before, but now, I fear,
 Since rous'd to fury by his comrade's death,
 He even in late's despite may storm the wall."

Thus Saturn's son, and quenchless battle rous'd
 The Gods, divided, hasten'd to the war
 Juno and Pallas to the ships of Greece,
 With them th' Earth shaker, and the helpful God,
 Hermes, for cunning subtleties unmatched,
 And Vulcan too exulting in his strength,
 Yet halting, and on feeble limb sustain'd
 Mars of the glancing helm took part with Troy,
 And golden Phobos with his locks unshorn,
 Letona too, and Diana, Archer Queen,
 Xanthus, and Venus, laughter loving dame
 While from the sight of men the Gods abstan'd,
 High over the Grecian ranks, as long withdraw'n,
 Achilles on the field again appear'd,
 And ev'ry Trojan's limb with terror quak'd,
 Trembling, as Peleus' godlike son they saw
 In arms all glitt'ring, fierce as blood stain'd Mars.
 But when th' Immortals mingled in the throng,
 Then furious warr'd the spirit stirring strife,
 Then Pallas rais'd her war-cry, standing now
 Beside the deep dog trench, without the wall,
 Now shouting loud along the sounding beach
 On th' other side, as with the tempest rear,
 Mars to the Trojans shouted loud, onc while
 From Iunus' copious height, aon again
 From the fair hill, o'erhanging Surrent's stream
 Thus, either side exulting to the fray,
 Th' immortal Gods unchain'd the angry war
 Thunder'd on high the Sire of Gods and men
 With awful din, while Neptune shook beneath
 The boundless earth, and lofty mountain tops
 The spring abounding Ida quak'd and rock'd
 From her firm basis to her loftiest peak,
 And Troy's proud city, and the ships of Greece
 Pluto, th' infernal monarch, heard alarm'd,
 And, springing from his throne, cried out in fear,
 Lost Neptune, breaking through the solid earth,
 To mortals and Immortals should lay bare

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To whom the king Apollo, son of Jove
 " Brave chief, do thou too to th' immortal Gods
 Address thy pray'r, even say that thou art sprung
 From Venus, child of Jove, his mother owns
 A humbler origin, one born to Jove,
 The other to the aged Ocean God
 On then with dauntless spear, nor be daur'd
 By him, high tone and vanquishing menace."

His words with courage fill'd the hero's breast,
 And on he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,
 But not unmark'd of white arm'd Juno pass'd,
 To meet Achilles, through the press of men,
 Who thus address'd the God, to council call'd

" Neptune and Pallas both, be bulk ye well
 What now should be our course, Aeneas comes,
 In dazzling arms array'd, to meet in fight
 The son of Peleus, Phœbus sends him forth
 Say, then, shall we, encount'ring, to retreat
 Perforce constrain him? or shall one of us
 Beside Achilles stand, and give him strength
 That he may nothing lack, and know himself
 By all the mightiest of th' immortal Gods
 Below'd, and those how pow'rous, by whose aid
 The Trojans yet maintain defensive war?
 Therefore, to join the battle, come we all
 From high Olympus, that in this day's fight
 No ill befall him, though the time shall come
 For him to meet the doom, by fate decreed,
 When at his birth his thread of life was spun
 But if Achilles from a venom'd wound
 Receive not this assistance, he may well
 Be struck with fear, if haply to some God
 He find himself oppos'd — 'tis hard for man
 To meet, in presence visible, a God."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied
 " Juno, thine anger carry not too far,
 It ill becomes thee. Not with my consent
 Shall we, the stronger far, provoke to arms
 The other God, but rather, from the field
 Retiring, let us from on high survey,
 To mortals left, the turmoil of the war
 Should Mars or Phœbus then begin the fight
 Or stay Achilles, and his ar'mestrain,

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Thee in the contest : who may engage,
had soon, methinks, will they be fain to join,
Drown from the field, the Synod of the Gods,
Subdued perforce by our victorious hand.'

'The dark ha'rd research spoke, and led the way
To the high wall, by Trojans built of old,
With Palles end, for godlike Hercules,

Within whose circle he might safely seek,
When from the reach the minister of the deep
Came, raging, to the plain: there Neptune sat,
And with horn, th' other God, a vest of cloud
Impenetrable around their shoulders spread
On th' other side, upon the fair hill's brow,
Furybus with Vara, the fast destroyer sat
On either side they sat, each facing each
With hostile counsels, yet reluctant both
To take th' untried arms of ruthless war,

Till Jove, enthron'd on high, the signal gave
Then all the plain with men and horses throng'd,
The beacon gleam illumin'd, rous'd the earth
Beneath their feet, as to the cattle-snock.
They rush'd, but in the midst, both hosts between,
Rager for fight, stand forth two warrior bold,
Priam's pre-eminent, Anchises' son
Eneas, and Iobites' godlike might

Eneas first with threatening onset advanc'd,
Nodding his ponderous helm before his breast
His shield he bore, and pos'd his beaten spear
High o'er Anchises from th' opposing ranks,
Since as a rav'ning bear, which to slay
Pour forth the stanchest youth, th' undiv'd strength
Of the town & village, he unheeding moves

170

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190

Thus first Achilles, swift of foot began
 " Friend wh^ere so far before the rank,
 Why inc^dest thou present with me to fight?
 Perchance expecting that the throne of Troy
 And Priam's rosy honour may be thine
 Even if these stay me, dues not to obtain
 Such boon from Pallas, valiant sons are his,
 And he not we h^e but bears a constant mind
 Or have the gods set apart for thee
 Some favour d^e spot the forest of the Lard,
 Orchard or corn field shouldst thou " ork my death,
 Which thou shalt find I trust, too hard a task?"

210

Already hast thou fled before my spear,
 Hast thou forgotten how amid thy herd
 Alone I found thee, and with flying foot
 Pursued thee down the steep of Ida's hill?
 Nor diest thou dare to turn, or pause in flight

220

Thou to Lycaon didst st^t, Lycaonus I,
 With Pallas' aid and Jove's, assail'd and took,
 Their women thence, their days of freedom lost,
 I bore away, nor captives, thence from death
 Jove and the other Gods defended them
 But will not now bestow, though such thy hope,
 Their succour, then I w^ern thee, while tis time,
 Ere ill betide thee, in the gen'ral thwong
 That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd

230

After th' event may ev' n a fool be wise

To whom in answer thus *Aeneas* spoke
 " Achilles, think not me, as though a fool,
 To diuin^t with lofty speech, I too could well
 With cutting words, and insult, answer thee
 Each other's race and parents well we know
 From tales of ancient days, although by sight
 Nor man to thee, nor thine to me are known
 To noble Peleus thou, 'tis said, wast born
 Of Thetis, fair hair'd daughter of the sea,
 Of great Anchises, Heavn descended chief,
 I boast me sprung, to him by Venus borne
 Of these shall one or other have this day

240

To mourn their son, since not with empty words
 Shall thou and I from mortal combat part
 But if thou farther wouldest enquire, and learn
 The race I sprung from, not unknown to men,

By Dardanus, of cloud-capped Ida, Jove
Begotten, was Dardanus peopled first,
Lo, sacred Ilium, populous city of men,
Was founded on the plain, as yet they dwelt
On spring abounding Ida's lowest spurs
To Dardanus was Erechttheus born,
Great king, the worthiest of the sons of men,
For him were pasture'd in the marshy mead
Rejoicing with their foals three thousand oxen
From Boreas in the pasture where they fed
Beheld an oxen of und mind the herd
In bluntness of a coal black stood appear'd

Thy stronger far, and dearer to the Gods?
 If e'er he cross thy path, do thou retire,
 Lest ev'n, despite of fate, thou find thy death
 But when Achilles hath to fate succumb'd,
 Then, fearless, with the foremost join the fray
 No other Greek shall bear away thy spoils" 380

Thus plainly warn'd, *Eneas* there he left
 Then from Achilles' eyes he purg'd the film
 Astonish'd, he with eyes wide open gaz'd,
 As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart

" O Heav'n, what marvel do mine eyes behold?
 My spear before me laid, and vanish'd he
 At whom I hurl'd it with intent to slay!
 Then is *Eneas* at th' immortal Gods

In truth belov'd, though vain I deem'd his boast 390
 A curse go with him! yet methinks not soon
 Will he again presume to prove my might,
 Who gladly now in flight escapes frost & death
 Then, to the valiant Greeks my orders giv'n,
 Let me some other Trojan's mettle prove!"

Then tow'r'd the ranks he sprung, each sev'ral man
 Exhorting " From the Trojans, valiant Greeks,
 No longer stand alone, but man to man
 Confront the foe, and nobly dare the fight
 'Twere hard for me, brave warrior though I be,
 To face such numbers, and to fight with all 400
 Not Mars, nor Pallas, though immortal Gods,
 Could face, and vanquish, such a mighty mass
 But what my single arm, and feet, and strength
 May profit, not a jot will I relax,
 Right through the ranks I mean to force my way,
 And small shall be that Trojan's cause for joy,
 Who comes within the compass of my spear"

Thus he, exhorting, Hector cheering on
 Meanwhile the Trojans, with assurance giv'n
 That he himself Achilles would confront

" Ye valiant Trojans, fear not Peleus' son,
 I too in words could with the Gods contend,
 Though not in arms, so much the stronger they
 Not all his works Achilles shall make good,
 Fulfilling some, in others he shall fail,
 His course midway arrested. Him will I
 Encounter, though his hands were hands of fire,

Of fire his hands, his strength as burnish'd steel
 Thus he, exhorting with uplifted spear,
 Advanc'd the Trojans from the smauging hosts
 Loud rose the clamour then at Hector's side.
 Apollo stood, and thus address'd the chief
 Hector, forbear Achilles to defy,
 And mid the crowd withdraw thee from the fray,
 Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far
 Or with the sword in combat hand to hand.

He said and troubled by the heavenly voice
 Hector quail'd the throng of men withdrawn.

Then, first with might amid the Trojans sprung
 With fearful shouts Achilles that he slew
 Otrynte, son Iphition's valiant chief
 Of num'rous warriors was a hand nymph,
 In Hyde's fertile vale beneath the feet
 Of snow clad Emelus to Otrynte bore
 At him as on he rush'd Achilles hurl'd
 And through his forehead drove his glittering spear
 The head was cleft as to the thunders ring he fell
 And so it burn'd thus Achilles made his boast

Son of Otrynte he then said of me
 The most vain glorious born thou find at thy death
 Far from the place of birth hast the like.

Even with such groans his noble spirit fled
 The godlike Polydore he next assail'd,
 The son of Priam, him his aged sire
 Would fain have kept at home, of all his sons
 At once the youngest and the best-belov'd.
 Among them all for speed of foot emmatch'd,
 Whose youthful folly, in the foremost ranks
 His speed displaying, cost him now his life
 Him, as he darted by, Achilles' spear
 Struck through the centre of the back, where met 470
 The golden clasps that held the glut'ring belt,
 And where the breastplate form'd a double guard
 Right through his body pass'd the weapon's point,
 Groaning, he fell upon his knees, dark clouds
 O'erspread his eyes, supporting with his hand
 His wounded bowels, on the ground he wath'd
 When Hector saw his brother Polydore
 Writhang in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes,
 Not longer could he bear to stand alook, 480
 But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire,
 His keen spear brandishing, at sight of him
 Up leap'd Achilles, and evilang cried
 " Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,
 Who slew my lov'd companion, now, methinks,
 Upon the pas^s of war not long shall we
 Stand separate, nor each the other shun. "

Thee, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus:
 " Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death "
 To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
 Unterrified " Achilles, think not me, 490
 As though a fool and ignorant of war,
 To daunt with lofty speech, I too could well
 With cutting words and insult answer thee
 I know thee strong and valiant, and I know
 Myself to thee inferior, but th' event
 Is with the Gods, and I, if such their will,
 The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life
 My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness prov'd "

He said, and, pausing, hurl'd his peridrous spear,
 Which from Achilles Palms turn'd aside 500
 With lightest breath, and back to Hector sent,
 And laid before his feet, intent to slay,
 Onward Achilles rush'd, with fearful shout,

But Phœbus Hector from the field convey'd,
(As Gods can only,) veil'd in thickest cloud
Thrice Peleus' godlike son, with brazen spear,
His onset made. thrice he struck the rusty flood,
But when, with pow'r as of a God, he made
The fourth essay, in fury then he cried

" Yet once again, vile bound, hast thou escap'd,
Thy doom was nigh, but then thy God hath say'd,
Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,
We'll reayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again.
When I shall end thee, if a guardian God
I too may claim, meanwhile, from thee I turn,
And others seek on whom my hap may light!"

He said, and drove through Dryops' neck his spear,
And stretch'd him at his feet, and pass'd him by
Next with his spear he struck below the knee

Phœbus' son, Demodocus, stout and tall,
And crook'd he, broad visage, then rushing on
Dealt with his mighty sword the mortal blow

The sons of Eas next, Laogonos
And Dardanus, he hurl'd from off their car,

One with the spear, and one by word strok'd slain
Then too he slew, Alister's son, who came
To meet him, and embrace his knees, and pray

To spare his life, in pity of his youth
Little he knew how vain would be his pray'r,
For act of temper soft, nor child of wood

Was he, but sternly fierce, and as he liv'd
And clasp'd his knees, and would his pray'r prefer,
Achilles drove him with his mighty sword,

Cash'd through the liver, as from out the wound
His liver dropp'd, the dark blood gushing forth

His bosom fill'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes,
As roll'd his life away. Then through the ear

Methus he thrust, at th' other ear came forth
The brazen point. Echetes next he met,

Son of Agenor, and his halited sword
Full on the centre of his head let fall

The hot blood dy'd the blade, the darkling shades
Of death, and rig'rous late, his eyes o'erpassed

Now, where the tendons bind the elbow joint,
The brazen spear transfix'd Demophon's arm,

With death as prospect, and disabled arm

310

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He stood, till on his neck Achilles' sword
 Descending, sherd, and flung afar, both head
 And helmet, from the spine s dissever'd joints
 The marrow flow'd, as stretch'd in dust he lay 550
 The noble son of Peleus next he slew,
 Riginus, who came from Thrace's fertile plains,
 Hm through the waist he struck, the brazen spear
 Plung'd in his bowels, from the ear he fell,
 And as Arethous, his charioteer,
 His horses turn'd, Achilles through the neck
 His sharp spear thrusting, hurl'd him to the ground,
 The startled steeds in wild confusion thrown
 As rage the fire, amid the wooded glen
 Or some parch'd mountain's side, and fiercely burns 560
 The cope-wond dry, while eddying here and there
 The flames are whirl'd before the gusty wind,
 So fierce Achilles rag'd, on ev'ry side
 Pursuing, slayning, reel'd the earth with blood
 As when upon a well roll'd threshing floor,
 Two sturdy fronted steers, together yoke'd,
 Tread the white barley out, beneath their feet
 Fast fits the grain out trodden from the bush,
 So by Achilles driv'n, his flying steeds 570
 His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain
 And broken bucklers trampling, all beneath
 Was splash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
 Around the car, as from the horses' feet
 And from the felloes of the wheel's were thrown
 The bloody gouts, and onward still be press'd,
 Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed
 With gore and carnage his unconquer'd hands

BOOK XXI

ARGUMENT

Aeneas having separated the Trojans, and driven over part of them to the city, and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, has intruded visitors to the maus of Patroclus. The ever overbearing ha brags with purpose to overwhelm him is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly recompenses the attempt. The battle of the Grecs causes Ascleia in the form of Aeneas' dragon Ascalus from the town which in the meantime the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

But when they came to wading Xanthus' ford,
Fair flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,
Achilles cut in twain the flying host
Part driving toward the city, o'er the plain,
Where on the former day the routed Greeks,
When Hector rag'd victorious fled aman
On, terror struck, they rush'd but Jove spread,
To bridle their retreat, before their path,
Clouds and thick darkness half the fugitive.
In the deep river's silvery eddies plung'd
With clamour loud they fell, the torrent roar'd,
The banks around it echoed, here and there,
They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam
As when, pursued by fire a hor'ring swarm
Of locusts riverward direct their flight,
And, as th' insatiate flames advance, they course
Amid the waves, so a mingled mass
Of men and horses, by Achilles driv'n,
The deeply whirling stream of Xanthus chok'd
His spear amid the tumults on the bank. 10
The hero left, on savage deeds intent,
Arm'd with his sword alone, a God in pow'r,
He sprang amid the torrent, right and left
He smote, then fearful rose the groans of men
Slain with the sword, the stream ran red with blood
As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd
The shoal recesses at some open bay,
In fear, for whom he catches he devours,

10

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So crouch'd the Trojans in the mighty stream
 Beneath the banks, and when at length his hand 30
 Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,
 He dragg'd twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be
 The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid
 Helpless from fear, as fauns, he brought them forth,
 Their hands scar'd behind them with the belts
 Which o'er their shorts of twisted mail they wore,
 And bade his comrades lead them to the ships
 Then on again he dash'd, allurst for blood,
 And first encounter'd, flying from the stream,
 Lycaon, Iam's son, whom once before 40
 He by a nighty onslaught had surpris'd,
 And from his father's vineyard captive borne
 Where, as he sat, to form his chariot rail,
 A fig tree's tender shoots, unlook'd for ill
 O'ertook him in the form of Peleus' son
 Thence in his ship to Lemnos' throwng isle
 He bore him, ransom'd there by Jason's son
 His Imbrian host, Eetion, set him free
 With lib'ral gifts, and to Arisba sent
 Escaping thence, he reach'd his native home 50
 Twelve days save one, rejoicing, with his friends
 He spent, return'd from Lemnos fate, the twelfth,
 Again consign'd him to Achilles' hands,
 From him, reluctant, to receive his death
 Him when Achilles, swift of foot, beheld,
 No spear in hand, of helm and shield bereft,
 All flung in haste away, as from the stream,
 Recking with sweat, and faint with toil, he fled,
 He commun'd, wrathful, with his mighty heart
 "Ye Gods, what marvel do mine eyes behold!
 Methinks the valiant Trojans slain by me
 Ere long will from the realms of darkness rise,
 Since, death escaping, but to shiv'ry sold
 In Lemnos' isle, this fellow hath return'd,
 Despite the hoary sea's impediment,
 Which many a man against his will hath stay'd
 Now shall he taste my spear, that I may see
 If thence too he return, or if the earth
 May keep him safe, which ev'n the strongest holds!" 60
 Thus, as he stood, he mus'd, but all agnst
 Approach'd Lycaon, and would fain have clasp'd

The Hero's knees, for longingly he sought
Escape from bitter death and evil fate.
Achilles rais'd his spear, in act to strike,
He, stooping, ran beneath, and clasp'd his knee...
Above his back the mardious weapon pass'd,
And in the earth was fix'd one suppliant hand
Achilles' knees embrac'd, the other held,
With unrelaxing grasp, the pointed spear,
As he with winged words, imploring, spoke

80

'I clasp thy knee, Achilles! look them down
With pity on thy woes, and recognise,
Illustrious chief, a suppliant's sacred claim
For so thy tent I first broke brewh, that day,
When, in my father's fruitful vineyard sot'd,
I was thy captive, and to slavry sold,
Far from my wife and friends in Leucas' isle
A hundred oars were my ransom then,
At thence so much I now would buy my life
This day is but the twelfth since, sorely tried
By lengthen'd suffering, back to Troy I came
Now to thy hands once more my cruel fate
Consigns me, surely by the wrath of Jove
Pursued, who gives me to thy pow'r again
Me, doom'd to early death, my mother bore,
Old Alces' daughter, fair Laotroe,
altes, who rid'd the warlike Leleges,
In lofty Pedasus, by Silver stream
The child of Pnami's many wives was one,
Two sons she bore, and both by thee must die
Already one, the godlike Polydore,
Amid the foremost ranks thy spear hath slain,
And now my doom is near, from thee to fly,
Since ev'l fate hath plao'd me in thy hand,
I may not hope, yet thus much let me say,
And weigh it in thy mind, to spare my life
I come not of that womb which Hector bore,
Who slew thy comrade, gentle, kind, and brave."

90

Thus Pnami's noble son, imploring spoke.
But stern the answer fell upon his ear

100

" Thou failest no more to me of ransom price!
Before Patroclus met the dawn of death,
To spur the Trojans still my soul reuin'd,
And many captives, when alive, I sold,

110

But from henceforth, before the walls of Troy,
 Not one of all the Trojans, whom the Gods
 May to my hands deliver, least of all
 A son of Priam, shall escape the death
 Thou too, my friend, must die—why vainly wail?
 Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far
 Me too thou see'st, how stalwart, tall, and fair,
 Of noble sire, and Goddess mother born
 Yet must I yield to death and stubborn fate,
 Whene'er, at morn, or noon, or eve, the spear
 Or arrow from the bow may reach my life."

He said, and sank Lycaon's limbs and heart,
 He loo'st the spear, and sat, with both his hands
 Upris'd, imploring, but Achilles drew,
 And on his neck beside the collar bone
 Let fall his trenchant sword, the two edg'd blade
 Was buried deep, prone on the earth he lay,
 Forth gush'd the crimson blood, and dyed the ground

Him, dragging by the feet, Achilles threw
 In the mud stream, and thus with vaunting speech

"Lie there amid the fishes, who shall cleanse,
 But not with kindly thought, thy gory wounds
 O'er thee, extended on thy bier, shall rise
 No mother's wail, Scamander's eddying stream
 Shall to the sea's broad bosom roll thee down,
 And, springing through the darkly rippling wave,
 Fishes shall rise, and banquet on thy flesh
 On now the work of death! till, flying ye,
 And slaught'ring I, we reach the city wall
 Nor thus fair flowing, silver eddying stream,
 Shall aught avail ye, though to him ye pay
 In sacrifice the blood of countless bulls,
 And living horses in his waters sink

Ye all shall perish, till Patroclus' death
 Be fully aveng'd, and slaughter of the Greeks,
 Whom, in my absence, by the ships ye slew!"

He said—the mighty River at his words
 Indignant chaf'd, and ponder'd in his mind
 How best to check Achilles' warlike toil,
 And from destruction guard the Trojan host

Meantime Achilles with his pond'reous spear
 Astreopaeus, son of Pelegon,
 Assail'd with deadly purpose, Pelegon

120

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To broadly flowing Axer, on d his birth
 The River God commingling with the blood
 Of Penba's daughter eldest born 160
 Of Ices-wanton, as him he sprang,
 He, from the river rising, stood oppo'd,
 Two lances in his hand, his cours'r round
 By Xanthus, who, indignant, saw his stream
 Polluted by the blood of slaughtered youth,
 By fierce Achiles' hand, un pitying slain.
 When near the warriors each to other came,
 Achilles, swift of foot, took up the word
 ' What man, and whence art thou, who darst to stand
 Oppo'd to me? of most unhappy sire 170
 The children they who my encounter meet!
 To whom th illustrious son of Peleus
 ' Great son of Peleus why unquench thy rice?
 From fur Penba's fruitful fields I come
 The leader of the long spe'd Peon host
 Ten days have pass'd since I to Ilion cam.
 From which, flowing Axer, my devout

Three times relax'd his grasp, a fourth attempt
 He made to bend and break the sturdy shaft,
 But him, preventing, Peleus' godlike son
 With deadly stroke across the belly smote,
 And gush'd his bowels forth, upon the ground
 Gasping he lay, and darkness seal'd his eye.
 Then on his breast Achilles sprang, and stripp'd
 His armour off, and thus with vaunting speech
 "So be thou there! 'tis hard for thee to fight,
 Though river born, against the progeny
 Of mighty Jove, a widely flowing stream
 Thou claim'st as author of thy parentage,
 My high descent from Jove himself I boast
 My father Peleus, son of *Aeacus*,
 Reigns o'er the num'rous race of *Myrmidons*,
 The son of Jove himself was *Aeacus*
 High o'er all rivers, that to th' ocean flow,
 Is Jove exalted, and in like degree
 Superior is his race in pow'r to theirs
 A mighty River hast thou here at hand,
 If that might aught avail thee, but his pow'r
 Is impotent to strive with Saturn's son
 With him, not *Achelous*, King of streams,
 Presumes to vie, nor ev'n the mighty strength
 Of deeply flowing, wide *Oceanus*,
 From whom all rivers, all the boundless sea,
 All fountains, all deep wells derive their source,
 Yet him oppals the lightning bolt of Jove,
 And thunder, pealing from the vault of Heav'n."

He said, and from the cliff withdrew his spear
 Hilt left he lieless there upon the sand
 Extended, o'er him the dark waters wash'd,
 And eels and fishes, thronging, gnaw'd his flesh
 Then 'mid the Peons' plumed host he rush'd,
 Who fled along the eddying stream, when him,
 Their bravest in the stubborn fight, they saw
 Slain by the sword and arm of Peleus' son
 Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
 Mnesus and Thrasius and Astypylus,
 Amus and Ophelletes, and yet more
 Had been the slaughter by Achilles wrought,
 But from his eddying depths, in human form,
 With wrathful tone the mighty River spoke

" In strength, Achilles, and in deeds of arms,
All mortals then surpassest, for the Gods
Themselves attend thee, and protect from harm,
If Saturn's son have given thee utterly
The Trojans to destroy, yet, ere thou slay,
Far from thy waters dare than o'er the plain,
For now my lovely stream is fill'd with dead," 250
Nor can I pour my current to the sea,
With floating corpses dash'd, whilst thou pursuest
The work of death, insatiate. May thy hand!
With horrors I beheld that, mighty chief!"

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot

" Be it as thou wilt, Scamander, Heav'n born stream,
Yet cease I not to say until I drive
These vaunting Trojans to their walls, and prove
The force of Hector, if, in single fight,
I be by him, or he by me subdued" 260

He said, and harsh on the Trojans rush'd,
A God so mighty! to Phoebus then his speech
The deeply eddying River thus assur'd

" God of the silver bow great son of Jove,
Obey' at least this the will of Saturn's son,
Who charg'd thee by the Trojans still to stand,
And aid their cause, till e'en 'nere late approach
Should cast its shadow, o'er the fertile earth?"

Thus as he spoke, from off the lofty bank,

Achilles springing to mid current plung'd
Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose
In all its angry flood, and with a roar

As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land

The sum'mer corpse, by Achilles slain,
And many living, in his unmerciful hand,
Conceal'd behind the whirling waters saw'd
Fierce, round Achilles, rose the boisterous wave,
And as his shield descending, drove him down,
Nor might he keep his hold, but he grasp'd
A lofty stem, well-grown, which from the dell

Uprooted, all the bark had torn away,

And with its tangled branches, dash'd the Son
Of the fair river, back with all its length
It bend'd across, then, springing from the deep,
Soothly he fled in terror o'er the plain
Nor cross'd the mighty River, but pursued,

With darkly rattling crest, intent to stay
 Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host
 Far as a jav'lin's flight he rush'd, in speed
 Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deem'd,
 And swiftest wing'd of all the feather'd race
 So on he sped, loud rattled on his breast
 His brazen armpow, as before the God,
 Cow ring, he fled, the God behind him still
 With thund'ring sound pursued. As when a man
 From some dark water'd spring through trenches leads,
 'Mid plants and gardens, th' irrigating stream,
 And, spade in hand, th' appointed channel clears
 Down flows the streamy snoon, its pebbly bed
 Disturbing, fast it flows with bubbling sound,
 Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads
 Achilles so th' advancing wave o'ertook,
 Though great his speed, but man must yield to Gods
 Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essay'd
 To turn and stand, and know if all the Gods,
 Who dwell in Heav'n, were leagued to daunt his soul,
 So oft the Heav'n born River's mighty wave
 Above his shoulders dash'd, in deep distress.
 He sprang on high, then rush'd the flood below,
 And bore him off his legs, and were away
 The soil beneath his feet, then, groaning, thus,
 As up to Heav'n he look'd, Achilles cried
 "O Father Jove, will none of all the Gods
 In pity save me from this angry flood?
 Content, thereafter, would I meet my fate
 Of all the pow'rs of Heav'n, my mother most
 Hath wrong'd me, who hath buoy'd me up with hope
 Deceptive, that, before the walls of Troy,
 I should by Phœbus' swift wing'd arrows fall
 Would that by Hector's hand 'twere mine to die,
 The bravest of their brave! a warrior so
 Were by a warrior slain! now am I doom'd
 Ignobly here to sink, the mighty flood
 O'erwhelming me, like a poor shepherd lad
 Borne down in crossing by a wintry brook!"

He said, and quickly, cloth'd in mortal form,
 Neptune and Pallas at his side appear'd,
 With cheering words they took him by the hand,
 And thus th' Earth shaking God his speech began

" Achilles, fear not thou, nor be dismay'd,
 Such pow'ful aid, by Jove's consent, we bring,
 Pallas and I, from Heav'n, 'tis not decreed
 That thou shouldest by the River be o'erwhelm'd,
 He shall retire are long, and thou shalt see,
 And muse, if thou will hear, we undertake
 That from the war thine arm shall not be stay'd,
 Till thou shalt come beneath the walls of Troy
 The crowd of flying Trojans, than thyself
 Shall Hector slay, and safe regard the ships
 Such high renown we give thee to achieve "

340

They to the other Gods, thus said, return'd,
 He, greatly strengthen'd by the voice divine
 Press'd onwards to the plain, the plain he found
 All Roaded o'er, and, floating, armour fair,
 And many a corpse of men in battle slain,
 Yet onward, lifting high his feet, he press'd
 Right tow'rds the stream, not could the mighty stream
 Check his advance, such vigor Pallas gave,
 Nor did Staminander yet his fury stay,
 But fiercer rose his rage, and soaring high
 His crested wave, to Semoa thus he cried

350

" Dear brother, and me with milder ferre
 This mortal's course to check, he, unrestrau'd,
 Will royal Priam's city soon destroy,
 Nor will the Trojans his assault endure
 Haste to the rescue then, and from their source
 Fill all thy streams, and all thy channels swell,
 Reuse thy big waves, and roll a torrent down
 O! logs and stones, towhelm this man of might,
 Who triumphs now, and bears him at a God
 Mought shal his strength or beauty then avail,
 Or gallant arms, beneath the waters rank,
 Deep buried in the mud himself will I
 In sand imbed, and o'er his corpse a pale
 Of shingly gravel heap nor shall the Greeks
 Be able to collect his bones, encas'd
 By me in deep or shae His monument
 They here may raise, but when they celebrate
 His fun'ral rites, no mound will he require "

360

He said, and on Achilles, from on high
 Came bursting, rushing down, with thund'ring roar,
 With foam and blood and corpses intermix'd

370

High rose the Heav'n-born River's darkling wave,
And bore Achilles downward, then in fear
Lest the broad waters of the eddying stream
Should quite o'whelm him, Juno cried aloud,
And Vulcan thus, her son, so haste address'd

"Up, Vulcan, up my son, for we had deem'd
That eddying Xanthus stood to thee oppos'd
Haste thee to aid, thy fiery strength display,
While from the sea I call the stormy blast
Of Zephyr and brk. Vetus, who shall drive
The raging flames abroad, and burn alike
The Trojans and their arms do thou the while
Burn down the trees on Xanthus' banks, himself
Assail with fire, nor by his honey d words
Nor by his menaces be turn'd aside,
Nor, till thou bear my voice, restrain thy pow'r,
Then stay the raging flames unceas'd course."

Thus Juno spoke and Vulcan straight prepar'd
The heav'ly fire, and first upon the plain
The flames he kindled, and the dead consum'd,
Who lay, promiscuous, by Achilles slain
The plain was dried, and stay'd the wat'ry flood
As when the breath of Boreas quickly dries
In Autumn time a newly water'd field,
The tiller's heart rejoicing so was dried
The spacious plain, then he, the dead consum'd,
Against the river turn'd the fiery glare
Burnt were the willows, elms, and tamarisk shrub,
The lotus, and the reeds, and galangal,
Which by the lovely river grew profuse
The eels and fishes, and the eddying whirl,
'Mid the clear wave were hurrying here and there,
In dire distress from Vulcan's fiery breath
Scorch'd by the flames, the mighty River spoke

Vulcan, no God against thy pow'r can stand,
Nor with thy fiery flame will I contend,
Restrain thy wrath though Pelops' godlike son
Should from their city drive the Trojans strapp'd,
With rival parents what concern have I?"

All scorch'd he spoke his fair stream bubbling up,
As when a caldron, on a blazing fire,
Fill'd with the marlin, fat of well fed swine,
Bubbs up within and bubbles all around,

With well-dried wood beneath, so bubbling up
 The waters of the lovely River boil'd
 Nor onward would be flow, but check'd his course,
 By the hot blast o'er borne, and fiery strength
 Of skillful Vulcan, and to Juno thus, 420
 Imploring, he his winged words address'd

" Juno, what cause nippeth thy son, my stream,
 O'er all the rest, to visit with his wrath?
 Ev'n less than others who the Trojans aid,
 Have I offended, yet at thy command
 Will I withdraw, but had that he too crass,
 And this I swear, no Trojan more to save,
 Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy
 Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."

This when the white arm'd Goddess Juno heard, 430
 To Vulcan straight she thus address'd her speech
 " Vulcan, my glorious son, restrain thy hand
 In mortal men's behalf, it is not meet
 To prize thus harshly an Immortal God."

She said, and Vulcan lay'd his fiery strength,
 And, back returning, in his wonted bld
 Flow'd the fair River Xanthus thus subdued,
 Thus two their warfare ceas'd, by Juno check'd,
 Despite her wrath, but said the other Gods
 Arose contentious fierce, and discord dire, 440
 Their warring phantasies rais'd on either side
 With fearful crash they met the broad Earth groan'd,
 Loud rang the Huy'n as with a trumpet's sound
 Jove, on Olympus' hight, the tumult heard,
 And in his heart he laugh'd a joyous laugh,
 To see the Gods so angry battle mat
 Not long they stood aloof, led on by Mars,
 The buckler breaker, who to Pallas first,
 Posing his spear his bitter speech address'd

" What doest thou here, thou saucy jade, to war 450
 The Gods exciting, over bold of mood,
 Led by thy haughty spirit? dost thou forget
 How thou the son of Tydeus, Diomed,
 Didst urge against me, and with mailed spear
 Direct his aim, and bid to wound my flesh?
 Yet all I suffer'd then, 'twas now thou'rt payn"

Thus as he spoke, he struck the cancell'd shield,
 Awful to view, which not the lightning bolt

Of Jove himself could pierce the blood stain'd Mars
 Against it flung in vain his ponderous spear 460
 The Goddess stoop'd, and in her ample hand
 Took up a stone, that lay upon the plain,
 Dark, rugged, vast, which men of elder days
 Had set to mark the limits of their land
 Full on the neck of Mars she hurl'd the mass,
 His limb relaxing o'er ev'n a hundred feet
 Prostrate he lay, his hair dash'd with dust
 Loud rang his armour, and with scornful smile
 Pallas address'd him thus with vaunting speech

Fool, hast thou yet to learn how mightier far 470
 My strength than thine, that me thou dar'st to meet?
 Bear thus the burthen of thy mother's curse,
 Who works thee harm, in wrath that thou the Greeks
 Deserting, aid st the haughty Trojans cause!

She said, and turn'd away her piercing glance
 Him, deeply groaning, scarce to life restor'd,
 Jove's daughter Venus taking by the hand,
 Led from the field, which when the white arm'd Queen
 Beheld, in hate to Pallas thus she cried 480
 " O Heav'n, brave child of aye-bearing Jove,
 Undaunted! lo, again this saucy jude
 Amid the press, the bane of mortals, Mars,
 Lead from the field, but haste thee in pursuit."

Thus Juno Pallas hasten'd in pursuit
 Well pleas'd, and Venus with her pow'ful hand
 Assailing, struck upon the breast, at once
 The Goddess' courage and her limbs gave way
 There on the ground the two together lay,
 While Pallas o'er them thus with vaunting speech

' Would all were such, who aid the Trojan cause, 490
 As valiant and as stout as Venus proves,
 Who brings her aid to Mars, confronting us,
 Then had our warlike labours long been o'er,
 And Ilium a strong built citadel o'erthrown.'

Thus Pallas spoke the white arm'd Goddess smil'd,
 And to Apollo the m't Earth shaker spoke
 " Phœbus, why stand we idly thus aloof?
 The war begun by others, 'tis not meet,
 And shame it were, that to Olympus' height
 And to the brazen door'd abode of Jove
 We two without a contest should return

Thou then begin, as younger 'twere not all
For me, in age and practice more advanc'd.
Feeble of soul, how senseless is thy heart!
Hast thou forgotten all the cruel wrongs
We two, alone of all th' Immortals, bore,
When here, in Ilion, for a year, we serv'd,
By Jove's command, the proud Laomedon,
For peans'd here and he our tasks assign'd?
His fortress, and a wall born broad and tall
I built, the town's impregnable defence,
While thou didst on his plodding herds attend.
In many crested Ida's woody glens
But when the joyous seasons, in their course,
Had brought our labour's term, the haughty King
Denied our garrison, and with threats dismiss'd
Bound hand and foot, he threaten'd thee to send
And sell to slavery in the distant isles,
And with the sword cut off the ear of both
So in undignified sorrow we return'd,
Robb'd of the bare he promis'd, but deav'd
For this thy favour deat thou show to Troy,
And dost not rather give thy force to ours,
That down upon their knees the Trojans all
Should perish, with their babes and matrons chaste?"

"Whom answer'd thus the far destroying King
"Earth shaking God, I should not gain with thee
Th' esteem of war, if I with thee should fight
For mortal men, poor wretches, who like leaves
Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth,
But, uplais, soon deny from combat then
Refrain we, and to others leave the strife."

He turn'd, thus saying, for he deem'd it shame
His father's brother to assaile an armis,
But him his sister, Goddess, or the chaste,
Kerbuk'd, and thus with venanted speech address'd

"Fleest thou, Apollo? and to Neptune leav st
The triumph and the ducasess victory?
Why o'er thy shoulder hangs thine idle bow?
Ne'er in our father's halls appear, as erst
Among th' Immortals, let me hear thee boast
How thou with Neptune woldst in armis contend?"

Thus she, Apollo answer'd not a word,
But Jove's imperial consort, fill'd with wrath,

510

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530

540

Assail'd with bitter words the Archer Queen.

" How canst thou dare, thou saucy minx,¹ to stand
Oppos'd to me, too great for thine assault,
Despite thy bow? though Jove hath giv'n thee pow'r
O'er feeble women, whosa thou wilst, to slay,
Ev'n as a hen, better were't for thee
To chase the mountain beasts and flying birds,
Than thy superiors thus to meet in arm,
But since thou dar'st confront me, thou shalt know
And feel how far my might surpasses thine."
559

She said, and with the left hand both the wrists
Of Dian grasping, with her simple right
The bow and quiver from her shoulders tore,
And with them, as she turn'd away her head,
With scornful laughter buffeted her ears.
The arrows, keen were scatter'd on the ground
Weeping, the Goddess fled, as flies a dove
The hawk's pursuit, and in a hollow rock
Finds refuge, deem'd not yet to fall a prey,
So, weeping, Dian fled, and left her bow.
560

Then Herne to Latona thus: " With thee
I strive not, shame it were to meet in fight
A consort of the cloud-compelling Jove
Fitly arm'd th' immortal, make thy boast,
That by thy prowess thou hast vanquish'd me!"

Thus he: Latona gather'd up the bow,
And fallen arrows, scatter'd here and there
Amid the whirling dust, then, these regal'd,
Following her daughter, from the field withdrew.
Meanwhile to high Olympus fled the Maid,
And to the broken-thor'd abode of Jove
There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,
While quiver'd round her form th' ambrosial robe
The son of Saturn tow'rd his dire & his child,
And thus, with gracious smile, enquiry made:
" Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wron'g'd thee thus, 580
My child, as guilty or some open shame?"

To whom the bright crown'd Goddess of the chase
 " Thy wife, my lawful, white arm'd Juno. she
 Hath dealt thus rudely with me, she, from whom
 All pins and strife among the Gods proceed."

Such converse while they held, the gates of Troy
 Apollo enter'd, for the well built wall
 Warr'd, lest ev'n against the wall of fire
 The Greeks that day shou'd over it to the ground
 The other Gods were to Olympos gone, 550
 Triumphant these, and those in angry mood,
 And took their seats before the cloud-girt Sire
 But on the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son
 Horses and men alike, promiscuous, ston'd
 As in a city, which the Gods in wrath
 Have fir'd, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heav'n,
 On all her people grievous toll is cast,
 On many, harm and loss, such toll, such loss
 Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host.

Upon a lofty tow'r, the work of Gods, 600
 The aged Pnam stood, and thence beheld
 Achilles raging with relentless fury,
 The Trojans too he saw in fearful rout
 Before him comin', their courage quite subdued
 And, groaning, from the tow'r he hasten'd down,
 And to the wenders cried along the wall

'Stand to the gates, and hold them open'd wide,
 That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,
 And refuge find, for close upon their fught
 Achilles hangs, disaster now is near 650
 But while our friends, receiv'd within the walls,
 Find time to breathe again, replace at hanc
 The closely fitting portals for I fear
 That man of blood may ev'n the city storm."

He said, the gates they open'd, and drew back
 The solid bars, the portals, op'ning wide.
 Let in the light, but in the vacant space
 Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save
 The Flyrs, parch'd with thirst and dust begum'd,
 Straight for the city and the lofty wall 700
 Made from the plain, Achilles spear in hand,
 Press'd hot, on the strongest, for his soul
 With rage was fill'd, and mould'ning lust of fame
 And now the lofty gated city of Troy

The sons of Greece had won, but Piæbus stood
 Agenor's spirit, a valiant youth and strong,
 Son of Antenor, he his bosom fill'd
 With dauntless courage, and beside him stood
 To turn aside the heavy hand of death,
 As, veil'd in cloud, against the oak he leav'd
 He, when Achilles' awful form he knew,
 Yet firmly stood, though much perplex'd in mind,
 As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart

632

"Oh woe is me! should I attempt to fly
 Before Achilles' might, where fly the rest
 Across the plain, disorder'd, he would soon
 O'ertake me, and in flight ignoble slay,
 Or should I leave the others to their fate,
 Scatter'd by Peleus' son, and from the wall
 And o'er the plain of Troy direct my flight,
 Far as the root of Ida's hill, and there
 Lie hid in thickest covert, and at eve,
 Refresh'd by bathing in the cooling stream,
 And purg'd the sweat, retrace my steps to Troy?
 Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these?
 For should he mark me flying from the town,
 And overtake me by his speed of foot,
 No hope we're left me of escape from death,
 So far his strength exceedeth the strength of man
 But how if boldly I await him here
 Before the wall? his flesh is not to wound,
 Impervious, but a single life is his,
 Nor is he more, they say, than mortal man,
 Though Jove assist him, and his triumph wills

643

He said, and stood collected, to await
 Achilles' onset, and his manly heart,
 With courage fill'd, was eager for the fray
 As when a panther from the thicket's depth
 Comes forth to meet the hunter, undismay'd,
 Nor turn'd to flight by buying of the bounds,
 Nor wounded or by jav'ln or by sword,
 Or by the spear transfix'd, remits her rage,
 But fights, until she reach her foe, or die,
 Agenor so, Antenor's godlike son,
 Disdain'd to fly, did prove Achilles' might
 Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,
 And pos'd his spear, as thus he call'd aloud

650

660

" Thy hope, renown'd Achilles, was this day
 The valiant Trojans' city to destroy,
 Unconscious of the task, the woes, that yet
 Around her walls await ye! for within
 Are warriors brave and num'rous, who will fight
 In her defence, for parents, children, wives
 Thou too, Achilles, here shalt meet thy doom,
 All pow'rful as thou art, and warrior bold "

670

He said, and threw with stalwart hand the spear,
 Achilles' leg he struck, below the knee,
 Nor miss'd his aim, and loudly ring the glaves
 Of new-wrought iron, but back the brassen point
 Rebounded, nor the heavy'ly armour pierc'd
 In turn Achilles on Agenor sprung
 But Phœbus rob'd him of his hop'd for prize,
 Who, veil'd in thickest cloud, convey'd away
 Antenor's son, and from the battle bore
 To rest in peace, while he by guile withdrew
 The son of Peleus from the flying crowd
 For in Agenor's very likeness clad,
 Before him stood the far destroying King

680

Then fled, Achilles hast nigh in pursuit
 He cross'd the fertile plain with flying foot
 Pursu'd, beside Scamander's eddying stream
 Apollo turn'd, and still but little space
 Before him flying, subtly lur'd him on,
 Each moment hoping to allaso his prize
 Meantime the gen'ral crowd, in panic flight,
 With eager haste the city & refuge sought,
 And all the town with fugitives was fill'd
 Nor did they dare without the walls to stand
 For mutual aid, nor halt to know what friends
 Were safe who left upon the battle field,
 But through the gates pour'd in the hurrying mass
 Who to their active limbs their safety confid

690

700

Whom men the dog-star of Orion call,
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man
Of evil augury, and fiery heat
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast
The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice
Call'd on his son, imploring, "Se, unmov'd,
Hold post before the gates, awaiting there
Achilles' fierce encounter, ban his axe,
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd

" Hector, my son, await not here alone
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb,
Beneath Peleus' arm, thy better far!"

Accur'd be he! would that th' immortal Gods!

So favour'd him as I! then should he corpse

Soon to the vultures and the dogs be gw'n!

(So should my heart a load of anguish lose)

By whom I am of many woes bereav'd,

Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold

To distant lands in slavery, and e'er now,

Within the city walls I look in vain

For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore,

My gallant sons, by fair Laothoe

If haply yet they live, with brass and gold

Their ransom shall be paid, good store of them

We can command, for with his daughter fair

A wealthy dow'r yag'd Jove gave

But to the wretched shades should they have gone,

Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own,

But of the gen'ral publick, well I know

Far lighter were the grief, than if the heard

That thou hadst fall'n beneath Achilles' hand

Then enter now, my son, the city gates,

And of the women and the men of Troy

Be still the guardian, nor to Peleus son,

With thine own lie, immortal glory give

Look too on me with pity, me, on whom,

Evr'n on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove

A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see

My sons struck down, my daughters dragg'd away

In servile bonds, our chambers' sanctity

Invas'd, and our babes by hostile hands

Dash'd to the ground, and by luxuriant Greeks

40

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70

Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons
 On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,
 When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,
 My soul shall from my body be devor'd,
 Those very dogs which I myself have bred,
 Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,
 Shall lap my blood, and over gorg'd shall he
 Ev'n on my threshold. That a youth should fall
 Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,
 May well be seem his years, and if he fall
 With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!
 But when the hoary head and hoary beard,
 And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,
 No sadder sight can wretched mortals see."

The old man spoke, and from his head he tore
 The hoary hair, yet Hector firm remain'd
 Then to the front his mother rush'd, in tears,
 Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast
 Sustaining, and with tears address'd him thus
 "Hector, my child, thy mother's breast revere,
 And on this bosom if thine infant woes
 Have e'er been buri'd, bear now in mind, dear child,
 The debt thou ow'st, and from within the walls
 Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field
 Encounter, curs'd be he! should he prevail,
 And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,
 My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,
 Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,
 But far away, beside the Grecian ships,
 Thy corpse shall to the rav'mg dogs be giv'n."

Thus they, with tears and earnest pray'r's imploring;
 Address'd their son, yet Hector firm remain'd,
 Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike son
 As when a snake upon the mountain side,
 With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole
 Waits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,
 Cou'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts,
 So fill'd w't dauntless courage. Hector stood,
 Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd
 Against the jutting tow'r, then, deeply mov'd,
 Thus with his warlike soul consummation held

"Oh woe is me! if I should enter now
 The city gates, I should the just reproach

Nor dur'd he there await th' attack, but left
 The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled
 Forward, with eager step, Pehdes rush'd
 As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,
 From some high mountain top, or tim'rous dove
 Swoops fiercely down, she, from beneath, in fear,
 Evades the stroke, he, dashing through the brake,
 Shrill shrieking, pouces on his destin'd prey, 172
 So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,
 So Hector, flying from his Leea pursuit,
 Beneath the walls his active steps placed
 They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall
 Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, run'd aman
 Along the public road, until they reach'd
 The fairy flowing fount whence issued forth,
 From double source, Scamander's eddying streams
 One with hot current flows, and from beneath,
 As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise, 180
 'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold
 As hail, or snow, or water crystallis'd,
 Beside the fountains stood the washing troughs
 Of well wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy
 And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd,
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece
 There ran'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing,
 Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,
 With fiery speed, for on that race was stak'd
 No common victim, no ignoble ex. 190

The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life
 As when the bold footed horses fly
 Around the course, contending for the prize,
 'Tis pod, or woman of her lord bereft,
 So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy
 With active feet, and all the Gods beheld
 Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men
 " A woeful sight none eyes behold, a man
 I love in fight around the walls' my heart
 For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown 200
 Oi deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again
 On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest bulls
 Hath pil'd mine altar, whom around the walls,
 With flying spear, Achilles now pursues
 Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death

If we shall resee him, or must be die,
Brave as he is, beneath Peleus' hand?"

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess, Pallus, thus
" O Father, lightning flashing, cloud-girt King,
What words are these? wouldst thou a mortal man,^{are}
Long doomed by fate, again from death preserve?
Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."

To whom the Cloud compeller thus replied
" Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly
I speak, yet lath thy wishes to oppose
Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallus' soul,
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped

Meanwhile on Hector with untiring hate
The swift Achilles pressed as when a hound,³²⁰
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a sow,
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side,
And u awhile it should evade pursuit,
Low crouching to the coose, yet gues't he back,
Searching unscarred, till he find the trace,
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,
The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.

Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates
Beneath the well built tow'rs, if haply thence
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford,³⁴⁰
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.
He too'rd the city still ~~but~~, 'd his flight,
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks
As vainly to pursue, so could not now
Achilles catch, nor Hector quit, his foe.
Yet how should Hector now the doom of death
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again
And for the last time, to his bosom come,
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb?

Then to the crowd Achilles with his head
Made sign that none at Hector should presume
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so
The greater glory obtain, while he himself
Must be contented with the second place
But when the fourth time in their rapid course
²⁴⁵ reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung

His golden scales afloat, and plac'd in each
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one,
For Hector one, and held them by the midst
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death,
Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side

Then to Pallas came the blue ey'd Maid,
And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus
" Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that now
To thee and me great glory shall accrue
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight
Escape he cannot now, though at the fest
Of ægis bearing Jove, on his behalf,
With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fell
But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I
Persuade him to return and dare the fight "

So Pallas spoke, and he with joy obeying,
Stood leaning on his brass barb'd ashen spear
The Goddess left him there, and went (the form
And voice assuming of Deiphobus)
In search of godlike Hector, him she found,
And standing near, with winged words address'd

" Sorely, gould brother, hast thou been bested
By fierce Achilles who around the walls
Hath chas'd thee with swift foot, now stand we both
For mutual succour, and his onset wait "

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm
" Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sona
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been
Still dearest to my heart, and now the more
I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,
Seeing my peril, from within the walls
To sally forth, while others shulk behind "

To whom the blue ey'd Goddess thus replied
" With many pray'r, good mother, both our sire
And honour'd mother, and ou' comrades all
Successively implored me to remain,
Such fear is fallen on all, but in my soul
On thine anger too deep a grief I felt.
Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears,
Make trial if Achilles to the ships
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued "

Thus Pallas lur'd him on with treach'rous wile,

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But when the two were met, and close at hand,
First spake great Hector of the gleaming helm
" No more before thee, Peleus' son, I fly
Thrice have I fled around the wall, nor dur'd
Await thine onset, now my spirit is rous'd
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke
The surest witness, and guardians they
Of compacte: at my hand no foul disgrace
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy lie
To me be forfeit, of those armour stripp'd
I present thee, Achilles, to the Greeks
The body to restore, do thou like."

320

With fierce regard Achilles answer'd thus
" Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,
Tell me to me of compacte, as 'twere betwix
And hence no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony mate,
But enemies enmity between them dwell,
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till out of us
Glost with his blood the great and warror Mars
Mind thou at all thy fence, believe thou now
To prove a spearman shalld, and warrior brave
For this escape is gone, now, by my spear,
Hath Palus doom'd thy death, thy comades' blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be over every'd."

320-

He said, and pausing, hurl'd his weighty spear, 320
But Hector saw, and shun'd the blow, he stamp'd,
And o'er his shoulder leu the brace-tapp'd spear,
And at the ground was fild but falls drew
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back
Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless son:

" Thine arm has lost's not truth, but my fate,
Immortal son of Peleus, been to thee
From Heav'n a receiv'd, such was indeed thy boast,
But now it seems that flippant was thy speech 320
And unmercifully done is, in hope that I
Might by thy vaunts be terrified, and so
Forgetful of thy fame and powres prove.
Not in thy hand will I receive thy spear,

320

But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude,
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh'
For lighter were to 'Troy the load of war,
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain' 340

He said; and pausing, hurl'd his pond'reous spear,
Nor miss'd his aim, full in the midst he struck
Peleus' shield, but plancing from the shield
The weapon bounded off. Hector was gnev'd,
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand.
He stood agast, no second spear was nigh
And loudly on Diaphobus, he call'd
A spear to bring, but he was far away.

Then Hector knew that he was desp'd, and cried,

Oh Heav'ns! the Gods above have doom'd my death!
I deem'd indeed that brave Diaphobus 351
Was near at hand, but he within the walls
Is safe and I by Palus am betray'd
Now is my death at hand, nor far away,
Escape is none, since so hath Jove decreed,
And Jove a far darting son, who heretofore
Have been my guade, my fate hath found me now.
Yet not without a struggle let me die,
Nor all inglorious, but let some great act,
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall' 360

Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he drew,
Pond'reous and vast, suspended at his side,
Collected for the sprung, and forward dash'd
As when an eagle, hind of loftiest flight,
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain,
To seize some tender lamb, or cow ring-horned,
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword
Achilles' wrath was rous'd with fury wild
His soul was fill'd, here & his breast he bore
His well wrought shield, and fiercely on his brow
Wadd'd the four plumb'd helm, as on the breast
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest
By Vulcan a hand was thickly interlac'd,
And as weird the stars' unnumber'd host,
When twilight yields to night, one star appear,
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,
Cleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right

Achilles pos'd, on godlike Hector's doom
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see
Wher'. from attack his body least was fusc'd
All the the glist'ng armour gauded well,
Which Hector from Patroclus' corse had strip'd,
One shank appear'd, just where the collar bow'd
The neck and shoulder parts, boudre the throat,
Where his expos'd the swiftest road of death
There levelld he, as Hector onward rush'd.
Right through the yielding neck the lance w'n driv'n,
But sever'd not the windpipe, nor destroy'd
His pow'r of speech, prone in the dust he fell
And o'er him, vaunting thus Achilles spok:-
" Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,
Thy hope was that thyself wast safe, and I
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul
Fall in the hollow ships I yet nursem'd,

Saint dogs and carrion vultures make their feast."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
Dying "I knew thee well, nor did I hope
To change thy purpose, iron is thy soul
But see that on thy head I bring not down
The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scaur gate
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."

Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death,
And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,

Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost

To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied
"Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whoso'er
Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so decree!"

He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,
And laid aside, then stripp'd the armour off,
With blood besmear'd, the Greeks around him throng'd,
Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,
And none approach'd that did not add a wound
And one to other look'd, and said, "Good faith,
Hector is easier far to handle now,
Than when erewhile he wrap'd our ships in fire!"

Thus would they say, then stab the dead knew

But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Had stripp'd the armour from the corpse, he rose,
And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks address'd
"O friends, the chiefs and counsellors of Greece,
Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to slay,
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill
Than all the rest combin'd, advance we now
Before the city in arms, and trial make

What is the mind of Troy, if, Hector slain,
They from the citadel intend retreat,
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lie

Patroclus, whom I never can forget,
While number'd with the living, and my limbs
Have pow'r to move, in Hades though the dead
May be forgotten, yet ev'n there will I
The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep
How to the ships return we, sons of Greece,
Glad paens singing! with us he shall go,

430

440

450

460

Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,
The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd."

" He said, and scantly Hector's tempe misy'd,
Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,
That from the ankle passes to the heel,
And to his chariot bound with leatheren thongz,
Leaving the head to trail along the ground,
Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,
And urg'd his horses, nothing loth, they flew
A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd

Loose hung his glossy hair, and in the dust
Was laid that noble head, so gracious once,
How to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,

In the own country, at a foeman's hand

So lay the head of Hector, at the sight

His aged mother tore her hair, and fir

From off her head the ghul'ning weal saw there,

And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewail'd

Pitenus, his father gree'n'd, and all Arcana

Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe

Such was the cry, as if the boding height

Of Ilion all were mould'ring in the fire

Sorice was the old man by the crooked restrain'd

From venting forth beyond the Dardan gates,

Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all,

Imprecating by his name each vor'ril man

" Forbear, my friends, though sorrowing, stay me not, 490

Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,

And there implore this man of violence,

This haughty chieft, if haply he may years

May rev'rence, and have pity on my age

For he too has a father, like to me,

Peteus, by whom he was brent, and breed,

The bane of Troy, and, most of all, to me

The cause of endless grief, who by his hand

Have been of many stalwart sons bereft

Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less lament,

Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave

Hector! oh would to Hearn's that in those arms

He could have died, with mourning then and tears

We might have satisfied our grief, both she

Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself."

Weeping, he spokt, and with him wept the crowd

470

480

500

Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd forth
 Her vehement grief. "My child, oh whether now,
 Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,
 Of thee, who west to me by night and day
 A glory and a boast, the strength of all
 The men of Troy, and women? as a God
 They worshipp'd thee far, living, thou on all
 Great glory shedd'st but fate hath found thee now?"

510

Weeping, she spoke, but nought as yet was known
 To Hector's wife, to her no messenger
 Had brought the tidings, that without the walls
 Remain'd her husband, in her house withdrawn
 A web she wove, all purple, double wool,
 With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery,
 And to her neat ha'rd maidens she gave command
 To place the largest caldrons on the fire,
 That with warm baths, returning from the fight,
 Hector might be refresh'd, unconscious she,
 That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,
 Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain
 The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r,
 Totter'd her limb, the distaff left her hand,
 And to her neat ha'rd maidens thus she spoke

520

"Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know
 What means these sounds, my honour'd mother's voice
 I hear, and in my breast my beating heart
 Leaps to my mouth, my limb's remote to move,
 Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends
 Be unfulfil'd my words! yet much I fear
 Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,
 By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,
 Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage quench'd,
 Which ever led him from the gen'l'r ranks
 Far in advance, and bade him yield to none!"

530

Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,
 With beating heart, and with her went her maidens
 But when the tow'r she reach'd, when stood the crowd,
 And mounted on the wall, and look'd around,
 And saw the body trailing in the dust,
 Which the fleet steeds were dragg'd to the ship,
 A sudden darkness overspread her eyes,
 Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away
 Far off were flung th' adorments of her head,

The net, the fillet, and the woven bands,
 The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,
 That day when Hector of the glancing helm
 Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride
 The sisters of her husband ruined her press'd,
 And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay
 But when her breath and spirit return'd again,
 With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried
 " Hector, oh woe is me! to misery
 We both were born alike, thou here in Troy
 In Priam's royal palace, I in Thebes,
 By wooded Piscoe, in Eëtion's house,
 Who nurs'd my infancy, unhappy he,
 Unhappier I! would I had never been born!
 Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,
 Gone to the viewless shades, and me hast left
 A widow in thy house, in deepest woe,
 Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,
 Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him
 Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee
 For though he 'scape this tearful war with Greece, 37th
 Yet naught for him remains but ceaseless woe,
 And stranger on his heritage shall score
 No young companions own the orphan boy
 With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,
 His father's friends approaching, pinch'd with want,
 He hangs upon the dust of one of one
 He plucks the cloak, perchance in pity snuff
 May at their tables let him sip the cup,
 Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch,
 While youths, with both surviving parents bless'd, 580
 May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts,
 ' Begone! thy father sits not at our board'
 Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's arms
 He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,
 Who on his father's knees meanwhile was fed
 On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs,
 And, when in sleep his childish play was hush'd,
 Was lull'd to slumber in his nurse's arms
 On softest couch, by all delights surrounded
 But grief, his father lost, awaits him now,
 Astyanax, of Trojans so surmised,
 Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard

But now on thee, beside the beaked ships,
Far from thy parents, when the raw-sing dogs
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed,
On thee, all naked, while within thy house
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work
Of women's hands, these will I burn with fire,
Not for thy need—those never shalt wear them more,—
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy." 300

Weeping she spoke, the women join'd her wail

BOOK XXIII

ARGUMENT

The body of Patroclus is burned and the funeral games resume

Thus they throughout the city made their moan,
But when the Greeks had come where lay their ships
By the broad Hellespont, their several ways
They each pursued, dispersing, yet not so
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse,
But thus his warlike comrades he address'd,

" My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,
Loose we not ytt our horses from the cars,
But for Patroclus mourn, approaching still,
With horse and car, such tribute claim the dead,
With horse and car, such tribute claim the dead,
Then, free indulgence to our sorrowous giv'g,
Locate we the steeds, and share the evening meal "

10

He said, and they with mangled voices call'd
The solemn dirge. Achilles led the strain,
Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinn'd steeds
Mourning, with hearts by Thess' grief inspir'd,
With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,
Were wet, so mighty was the chasm they mourn'd
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid
His blood-stain'd hands, and thus began the wail

20

" All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm,
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform,
That on the corse of Hector, bather drugg'd,
Our dogs should feed, and that twelve noble youths,
The sons of Troy, before thy funeral pyre,
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay "

He said, and foully Hector's corpse measur'd,
Flung prostrate on the dust, beside the couch
Where lay Menestheus' son. His comrades then
Their ghitt'ng armour doff'd, of polish'd brass,
And loas'd their neighing steeds, then round the ship
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,
While he th' abundant funeral feast dispens'd

30

'There many a steer lay stretch'd beneath the knife
 And many a sheep, and many a bleating goat,
 And many a white lusk'd porker, rich in fat,
 There lay extended, singing o'er the fire,
 And blood, in torrents, flow'd around the corpse
 To Agamemnon then the King of Greece
 The royal son of Peleus, swift of foot,
 Conducted, yet with him they scarce prevail'd,
 So fierce his anger for his comrade's death
 But when to Agamemnon's tent they came,
 He to the clear voiced heralds gave command
 An ample tripod on the fire to place,
 If haply Peleus son he might persuade
 To wash away the bloody stains of war
 But sternly he, and with an oath refus'd

"No, by great Jovt I swear, of all the Gods
 Highest and mightiest, water shall not touch
 This head of mine, till on the fun'ral pyre
 I see the body of Patroclus laid,
 And build his tomb, and cut my votive hair,
 For while I live and move 'mid mortal men,
 No second grief like this can pierce my soul.
 Observe we now the mournful fun'ral feast,
 But thou, great Agamemnon, King of men,
 Stand forth at early dawn, and to the camp
 Bring store of fuel, and all else prepare,
 That with provision meet the dead may pass
 Down to the realms of night, so shall the fire
 From out our sight consume our mighty dead,
 And to their wonted tasks the troops return."

He said, they listen'd, and his words obey'd,
 Then busily the ev'ning meal prepar'd,
 And shar'd the social feast, nor lack'd there aught
 The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
 Each to their sev'ral tents the rest repair'd,
 But on the many dashing ocean's shore
 Heide lay, amid his Myrmidons,
 With bitter groans, in a clear space he lay,
 Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach
 There, circumfus'd around him, gentle sleep,
 Lulling the sorrows of his heart in rest,
 O'ercame his senses, for the hot pursuit
 Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy

His active limbs had wearied as he slept,
Sudden appear'd Patroclus' mournful shade,
His very self, his height, and beauteous eyes,
And voice, the very g^ro^od he wont to wear
Above his head it stood, and thus it spoke

80

" Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,

Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?

Hasten my fun'ral rites, that I may pass
Through Hades' gloomy gate, ere those be done,

The spirits and spectres of departed men

Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross

Th' abhorred river, but forlorn and sad

I wander through the wide spread realms of night,

And give me now thy hand, whereto to weep,

For never more, when laid upon the pyre,

Shall I return from Hades, never more,

Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,

As friends, sweet counsel take, for me, stern Death,

The common lot of man has op'd his mouth,

Thru too, Achilles, trial of the Gods,

Art destin'd here beneath the walls of Troy

To meet thy doom, yet one thing must I add,

And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request

Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,

Achilles, but together, as our youth

Was spent together in thy father's house,

Since first my sire Menestheus me a boy

From Opus brought, a luckless homicide,

Who of Amphidamas, by evil chance,

Had slain the son, disputing o'er the dice

Me noble Peleus in his house receiv'd,

And kindly nurs'd, and there attendant nam'd,

So in one urn be now our bones enclos'd,

The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift "

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot

" Why art thou here, lov'd being? why on me

These sev'n changes lay? whatever thou bidd'st

Will I perform, and all thy mood fulfil,

But draw thou near, and in no short embrace,

Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge "

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,

But nought he clasp'd, and with a wailing cry,

Vanish'd, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth

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Up sprang Achilles, all amazed, and smote
His hands together, and lamenting cried

" O Heav'n, there are then, in the realms below,
Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all,
For through the night Patroclus' shade hath stood,
Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told
His bidding, th' image of himself it seem'd "

He said, his words the gen'ml grief arous'd
To them, as round the pitous dead they mourn'd,
Appear'd the rosy finger'd morn, and straight,
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent,
Went forth in search of fuel, men and mules,
Led b. a valiant chief Menone,
The follower of renown'd Idomenus
Their felling axes in their hands then bore,
And twined ropes, their mules before them driv'n,
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,
They journey'd on, but when they reach'd the foot
Of spring abounding Ida, that began
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks,

They, loudly crashing, till the wood they clove,
And bound it to the mules, these took their way
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain
The axe men too, so bare Menone,
The follower of renown'd Idomenus,
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach
They laid in order, where a little mound,
In mem'ry of Patroclus and 'mself,
Achilles had set up. When all the stor.
Of wood was cut, laid, the rest remain'd
In mass, seated, but Achilles bade

The warlike Myrmidons their armour don,
And harness each his horse to his car.
The to & and down'd their arms, and on the car.
Warriors and chariots, their place, took

First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot,
Unnumber'd, in the midst Patroclus came,
Borne by his comrades, all the corpse with hair
They cover'd o'er, such from their head, they shone
Beheld, Achilles laid his hand, and mourn'd
The noble soul when to the tomb he bore
Then on the spot by Peleus' son rais'd,
They laid him down, and pad'd the wood on high

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Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd
 Standing apart, the yellow locks he shone,
 Which as an off'ring to Sperchius' streams,
 He nur's'd in rich profusion, sorrowing then
 Look'd o'er the dark-blue sea, as thus he spoke

" Sperchius, all in vain to thee his pray'r
 My father Peleus made, and vow'd that I,
 Return'd in safety to my native land,
 To thee should dedicate my hair, and pay
 A solemn hecatomb, with sacrifice
 Of fifty rams, unblemish'd, to the springs
 Where on thy consecrated soil is plac'd
 Thine incense-honour'd altar, so he vow'd,
 But thou the boon withhold'st, since I no more
 My native land may see, the hair he vow'd,
 To brave Patroclus thus I dedicate."

He said, and on his comrade's hand he laid
 The locks, his act the gen'ral grief areas'd,
 And now the setting sun had found them still
 Indulging in their grief, but Peleus' son
 Approaching, thus to Agamemnon spoke.

" Atrides, far to thee the people pay
 Readiest obedience, mourning the prolong'd
 May weary, thou then from the pyre the rest
 Disperse, and bid prepare the morning meal,
 Ours be the further charge, to whom the dead
 Was chiefly dear, yet let the chiefs remain."

The monarch Agamemnon heard and straight
 Shap'd the crowd amid their sev'ral shapes
 Th' appointed band reman'd, and pa'd the wood
 A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,
 And on the summit, supposing, laid the dead
 Then many a sheep and many a slow pac'd ox
 They flay'd and dress'd around the fun'ral pyre,
 Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,
 And cover'd o'er the dead from head to foot,
 And heap'd the slaughter'd carcasses around,
 Then jars of heavy plac'd, and fragrant oils,
 Resting upon the couch, next, groaning loud,
 Four pow'ful horses on the pyre he threw,
 Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board
 Had fed, he slaughter'd two upon his pyre,
 Last, with the sword, by evil counsel sway'd,

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Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy
The fire's devouring might be then applied,
And, gnawing, on his lov'd companion call'd

" All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform
On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with these,
The flames shall feed, but Hector, Paris' son,
Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give "

Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs
Molested not, for Venus, night and day,
Daughter of Jove, the rav'ning dogs restrain'd,
And all the camp o'erclad with insecte oil,
Ambronal, that though dragg'd along the earth,
The noble dead might not receive a wound
Apollo too a cloudy veil from Heaven
Spread o'er the plain, and cover'd all the space
Where lay the dead, nor let the blazing sun
The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch

Yet burnt not up Patroclus' fun'ral pyre,
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd
Standing apart, on both the Winds he call'd,
Boreas and Zephyrus, and added vows
Of costly sacrifice, and pouring forth
Libations from a golden goblet, pray'd
Their presence, that the wood might haste to burn,
And with the fire consume the dead, his pray'r
Swift Iris heard, and bore it to the Winds
They in the hall of gusty Zephyrus
Were gather'd round the feast, in haste appearing,
Swift Iris on the stony threshold stood
They saw, and rising all, besought her each
To sit beside him, she with their requests
Refus'd compliance, and address'd them thus

" No seat for me, for I o'er th' ocean stream
From hence am bound to Æthiopia's shore,
To share the sacred feast, and hecatombs,
Which there they offer to th' immortal Gods,
But, Boreas, thee, and loud voc'd Zephyrus,
With vows of sacrifice, Achilles calls
To fan the sun'kal pyre, whereon is laid
Patroclus, mourn'd by all the host of Greece "

She said, and vanish'd, they, with rushing sound,
Rose, and before them drove the hurrying clouds

210

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240

Soon o'er the sea they swept, the stirring breeze
Ruffled the waves, the fertile shores of Troy
They teach'd, and falling on the funeral pyre,
Loud roar'd the crackling flames, they all night long
With current brak together lano'd the fire
 In a golden bowl

Anon, as shew'd by the trump
Of crowds that follow'd Aircus royal son,
He sat upright, and thus address'd his speech
To Agamemnon and ye chiefs of Greece.

" Thou son of Atreus, and ye Greeks,
Far as the flames extended, quench we first
With ruddy wine the embers of the pyre,
And of Menoeius' son, Patroclus, next
With care distinguishing, collect the bones.
Not are they hard to know, for in the midst
He lay, while round the edges of the pyre,
Horses and men comox'd, the rest were burnt
Let these, between a double layer of fat
Endow'd, and in a golden urn remain,
Till I myself shall in the tomb be laid,
And o'er them build a mound, not over large,
But of proportions meet, in days to come,
Ye Greeks, who after me shall here remain,
Complete the work, and build it broad and high
 they his words obey'd

Thus spoke Achilles, they no more,
Far as the flames had reach'd, and thickly strown
The embers lay, they quench'd with ruddy wine,
Then tearfully their gentle comrade's hues.

Collected, and with double layers of fat
 Enclos'd, and in a golden urn encas'd,
 Then in the tent they laid them, overspread
 With veil of linen fair, then meeting out
 Th' allotted space, the deep foundations laid
 Around the pyre, and o'er them heap'd the earth
 Their task accomplish'd, all had now withdrawn,
 But Peleus' son the vast assembly stay'd,
 And bade them sit, then, prizes of the games, 399
 Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,
 And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,
 And women fair of form, and men fair

First, for the contest of the flying cars
 The prizes he display'd a woman fair,
 Well skill'd in household care, a tripod vast,
 Two handled, two and twenty measures round,
 These both were for the victor for the next,
 't more, unbroken, six years old, in foal
 Of a male colt, the third, a caldron bright, 400
 Capacity of four measures, white and pure,
 By fire as yet untarnish'd, for the fourth,
 Of gold two talents, for the fifth, a vase
 With double cup, untouched by fire, he gave
 Then, standing up, he thus address'd the Greeks

"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well grown'd Greeks,
 Before me are the prizes, which await
 The contest of the cars, but if, ye Greeks
 For any other cause these games were held,
 I to my tent should bear the foremost prize, 401
 For well I know how far my steeds excel
 Steeds of immortal race, which Neptune gave
 To Peleus, he to me, his son transferr'd
 But from the present strife we stand aloof,
 My horses and myself, they no'v have lost
 The daring courage and the gentle hand
 Of him who drove them, and with water pure
 Wash'd oft their manes and bath'd with fragrant oil
 For him they stand and mourn, with drooping heads
 Down to the ground, their hearts with sorrow fill'd, 402
 But ye in ere a single, yourself, who bore
 Your well built charots and your horses, stand!"

He said up sprang the eager chariot's,
 The first of all, Peleus king of men

Admetus' son, unmatched in horsemanship,
Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,
With Trojan horses, from Læris won,
When by Apollo's aid himself comp'd.
Then Heav'n born Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Two flying coursers harness'd to his car,
His own, Podargus, had for yokefellow
Athe, a mare by Agamemnon lent

340

Her, Echepolus the Atrida gave,
Anchises' son, that in the wars of Troy
He might not be compell'd, but safe at home
Enjoy his ease, for Jove had bless'd his store
With ample wealth, in Sic; on a wide domain
Her now he yok'd, impatient for the course

350

The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son
Of Nestor, mighty monarch, Neleus' son,
Harness'd his sleek-skinned steeds, of Python race
Were they who bore his car, to him, his art
Sage counsel poor'd in understanding ears

"Antilochus, though young in years thou art,
Yet Jove and Neptune love thee, and have well
Instructed thee in horsemanship, of me
Thou need'st no counsel, skill'd around the goal
To whirr the chariot, but thou hast, of all,

To the slowest horses whence I augur ill
The slowest horses have the speed of thine,
But though their horses have the speed of thine,
In skill not one of them surpasses thee

360

Then thou, dear boy, ev'ry art,
That so thou mayst not fail to gain a prize
By skill, far more than strength, the woodman tells
The sturdy oak, by skill the steelman guides
His flying ship across the dark blue sea,
Though shatter'd by the blast, 'twixt chariotry
And charioteer 'tis skill that draws the line
One, vainly trusting to his coursers' speed,
Drives reckless here and there, o'er all the course,

370

His horses unrestrain'd, at random run
Another, with inferior horses far,
But better skill'd, still fixing on the goal
His eye, turns closely round, nor overlooks
The moment when to draw the rein, but holds
His steady course, and on the leader waits
A mark I give thee now, thou canst not miss

There stands a wither'd trunk, some six feet high,
 Of oak, or pine, unrotted by the rain,
 On either side have two white stones been plac'd,
 Where meet two roads, and all around there lies
 A smooth and level course: here stand perchance
 The tomb of one who died long years ago,
 Or former generations here have plac'd,
 As now Achilles hath decreed, a goal
 There drive, as only not to grace the past,
 And leaning o'er the wicker body, leave
 Close on the left the steeds, thine off-side horse
 Then urge with voice and whip, and slack thy rein,
 And let the near-side horse so closely graze,
 As that thy nave may seem to touch the goal
 But yet beware, lest striking on the stone,
 Thy steeds thou injure, and thy chariot break,
 A source of triumph to thy rivals all
 Oh shame to thee, 'bat thou sage caution use,
 For, following, if thou make the turn the first,
 Not one of all shall pass thee, or overtake,
 Not though Aeson's self were in the car,
 Minstrel's flying steed, of beaut'ly race,
 Nor those which here Laomedon possess'd.

380

390

400

410

This said, and to his son his counsels giv'n,
 The aged Hector to his seat withdrew
 Fifth in the lists Menoetes appear'd
 They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots
 Achilles shook the helmet, first leap'd forth
 The lot of Hector's son, Antilochus,
 Next came the King Damasus, after whom
 The valiant Menelaus, Atreus son,
 The fourth, Menoneus, and last of all,
 But ablest far, Tydides drew his place
 They stood in line, Achilles pointed out,
 Far on the level plain, the distant goal
 And there us charge the godlike Phoenix plac'd,
 His father's ancient follower, to observe
 The course assign'd, and true report to make
 Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd
 By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds
 They from the ship pursued their rapid course
 'Twixt the distant plain, beneath their chests
 Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust,

420

Loose seated on the breast their ample manes,
 The cars now sham'd along the fertile ground,
 Now bounded high in air, the charioeers
 Stood up aloft, and ev'ry bosom beat
 With hope of vict'ry, each with eager shoot
 Cheering his steeds, that scow'd the dusty plain
 But when, the farthest limits of the course
 Attain'd, they turn'd beside the hairy sea,
 Strain'd to their utmost speed, were plainly seen
 The qualities of each, then in the front 430
 Appear'd Eumelus' flying horses, and next
 The Trojan horses of Tydides came
 Nor these were far behind, but following close
 They seem'd in act to leap upon the car
 Eumenius, on his neck and shoulders broad,
 Felt their warm breath, for our bairns, as they flew,
 Their heads were downward bent, and now, perchance,
 Had he or pass'd, or made an even race,
 But that, incen'd with valiant Diomed,
 Apollo wretched from his bands the whip 440
 Then tears of auger from his eydals fell.
 As gunning more and more the coursers be saw,
 While, urg'd no more, his horses slack'd their speed
 But Pallas mark'd Apollo's track roth while,
 And hastening to the char, restor'd his whip,
 And to his horses strength and courage gave
 And to his horses strength and courage gave
 The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,
 And snapp'd his chariot yoke, the mare, releas'd.
 Swerv'd from the track, the pole upon the ground
 Lay loosen'd from the car, and he himself 450
 Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurl'd
 From elbows, mouth, and nose, the skin was torn,
 His forehead crash'd and batter'd in, his eyes
 Were fill'd with tears, and lost his power of speech
 Tydides turn'd aside, and far ahead
 Of all the rest, pass'd on, for Pallas gave
 His horses courage, and his triumph roll'd
 Next him, the fair haud Menelaus came,
 The son of Atreus, but Antilochus 460
 Thus to his father's horses call'd aloud
 " Forward, and stretch ye to your utmost speed,

" Forward, and stretch ye to your utmost speed,
 I ask you not with those of Diomed
 In vain to strive, whom Pallas hath endued

With added swiftness, and his triumph will'd,
 But haste ye, and o'ertake Atreus' car,
 Nor be by ~~the~~, by a mare, disgrac'd
 Why, my brave horses, why be left behind?
 Thus too I warn ye, and will make it good
 No more at Nestor's hand shall ye receive
 Your provender, but with the sword be slay'd,
 If by your faults a lower prize be ours,
 Then rouse ye now, and put forth all your speed,
 And I will so contrive, as not to fail
 Of slipping past them in the narrow way."

He said, the horses, of his voice in awe,
 Put forth their pow'r awhile, before them shod
 Antilochus the narrow pass espied
 It was a gully, where the winter's rain
 Had lain collected, and had broken through
 A length of road, and below'd out the ground
 There Menelaus held his cautious course,
 Fearing collision, but Antilochus,
 Drawing his steeds a little from the track,
 Bore down upon him sideway; then in fear,
 The son of Atreus to Antilochus
 Shouted aloud, "Antilochus, thou driv'st
 Like one insane, bold in awhile thy steeds,
 Here is no space, where wider grows the road,
 There thou mayst pass, but here, than wilt but cause
 Our cars to clash, and bring us both to harm!"

He said, but madlier drove Antilochus,
 Flying the road, as though he heard him not.
 Far as a discus' flight, by some stout youth,
 That tests his vigour, from the shoulder hurl'd,
 So far they ran together, side by side
 Then dropp'd Atreus' horse to the rear,
 For he himself forbore to urge their speed,
 Lest, meeting in the narrow pass, the cars
 Should be overthrown, and they themselves, in haste
 To gain the vict'ry, in the dust be roll'd
 Then thus, reproachful, to Antilochus

"Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!
 Deshray thy heart! we Greeks are much deceiv'd
 Who give thee fame for wisdom! yet ev'n now,
 Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize."

He said, and in his horses call'd aloud

" Slack not your speed, nor, as defeated, mourn,
Their legs and feet will sooner tire than yours,
For both are past the vigor of their youth"
Thus he, the horses, of his voice in awe,
Put forth their pow'rs, and soon the leaders near'd

510

Meanwhile the chieftains, seated in the wag,
Look'd for the cars, that scour'd the dusty plain
The first to see them was Idomeneus,
The Cretan King, for he, without the wag,
Was posted high aloft, and from afar
He heard and knew the foremost horseman's voice,
Well too he knew the gallant horse that led,
All bay the rest, but on his front alone
A star of white, full-orbed as the moon
Then up he rose, and thus the Greeks address'd
"O friends, the chiefs and counsellors of Crete,
Can ye too set, or I alone, the cars?"

520

A diff'rent chariot seems to me in front,
A diff'rent charioteer, and they who first
Were leading, must have met with some mischance
I saw them late, ere round the goal they turn'd,
But see them now no more, though all around
My eyes explore the wide-spread plain of Troy,
Perchance the charioteer has drop'd the reins,
Or round the goal he could not hold the mares,
Perchance has miss'd the turn, and on the plain
Is lying now beside his broken car,
While from the course his mettled steeds have flown?
Stand up, and look yourselves, I cannot well
Distinguish, but to me it seems a chief,
Who reigns o'er Greeks, though of Aetolian race,
The son of Tydus, valiant Diomed"

530

Sharply Diomed's active son replied
"Idomeneus, why thus, before the time,
So rashly speak? while the high stepping steeds
Are speeding yet across the distant plain
Thine eyes are not the youngest in the camp,
Nor look they out the sharpest from thy head,
But thou art ever hasty in thy speech,
And ill becomest thee this precipitance,
Since others are there here, thy betters far
The same are leading now, that led at first,
Eumelus' mares, 'tis he that holds the reins"

540

To whom in anger thus the Cretan chaf'd
 " Ajax, at wrangling good, in judgment naught,
 And for aught else, among the chiefs of Greece
 Of small account—so stubborn is thy soul,
 Wilt thou a tripod or a calylon stake,
 And Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appoint
 The umpire to decide whose steeds are first?
 So shalt thou gain thy knowledge at thy cost "

550

He said up sprang Odens' active son,
 In anger to reply, and farther yet
 Had gone the quarrel but Achilles' self
 Stood up, and thus the rival chiefs address'd

560

" Forbear, both Ayx and Idomeneus,
 This bitter interchange of wordy war,
 It is not seemly, and yourselves, I know,
 Another would condemn, who so should speak
 But stay ye here, and seated in the ring,
 Their coming wait, they, burrying to the goal,
 Will soon be here, and then shall each man know
 Whose horses are the second, whose the first "

Thus he, but Tydeus' son drew near, his lash
 Still laid upon his horses' shoulder points,
 As lightly they, high stepping, scour'd the plain
 Still on the chariot the dust was flung,
 As close upon the flying footed steeds
 Follow'd the car with gold and tin inlaid,
 And lightly, as they flew along, were left
 Impress'd the wheel tracks on the sandy plain
 There in the midst he stood, the sweat profuse
 Down pouring from his horses' heads and chests,
 Down from the glist'ning car he leap'd to earth,
 And leav'd his whip against the chariot yoke,
 Not long delay'd the valiant Sthenelus,
 But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize,
 Then to his brave companion gave in charge
 To lead away the woman, and to bear
 The tripod, while himself unyok'd the steeds

570

Next came the horses of Antilochus,
 Who hold by stratagem and not by speed,
 Out Menelaus triumph'd, yet ev'n so
 'Twixt flying coursers press'd him hard,
 For but so far as from the chariot-wheel
 A horse, when harness'd to a royal car,

580

590

Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost lours
 Brushes the felloes, close before the wheel,
 Small space between, he scours the wide spread plain
 So far was Menelaus in the rear
 Of Nestor's son, at first, a *discus'* cast
 Between them lay, but rapidly his ground
 He gain'd—so well the speed and courage serv'd
 Of *Athe*, Agamemnon's beauteous mare,
 And, but a little farther were the course,
 Had pass'd him by, nor left the race in doubt
 Behind the noble son of Atreus came,
 A jav'lin's flight apart, Nestor's.
 The faithful follower of Idomeneus

600

He were the slowest horses, and himself
 The least experienced in the rapid race
 Dragging his broken car, came last of all,
 His horses driv'n in front, Admetus' son,
 Achilles swift of foot with pity saw,
 And to the Greeks his winged winds address'd

610

" See where! the best of all the last appents,
 But let him take, as meet, the second prize,
 The first belongs of right to 'Lydeus' son."

Thus he, they all assented to his words,
 And, by the general voice of Greece, the mare
 Had now been his, but noble Nestor's son,
 Antilochus, stood up, his right to claim,
 And to Achilles, Peleus' son, replied

620

" Achilles, thou wilt do me grievous wrong,
 If thou thy words accomplish, for my prize
 Thou tak'st away, because mishap befell
 His car and horses, by no fault of his,
 Yet had he to th' Immortals made his pray,

He surely had not thus been last of all
 But, pitying him, if so thy mind incline,
 Thy tents contain good store of gold, and brass,
 And sheep, and female slaves, and noble steeds,
 For him, of these, hereafter mayst thou take

630

A prize of higher value, or ev'n now,
 And with th' applause of all, but for the mare,
 I will not give her up, and let who will
 Stand forth, my own right hand shall guard my prize."

He said, and smil'd Achilles swift of foot,
 Delighted, for he lov'd the noble youth,

To whom his winged words he thus address'd
 ' Antilochus, if such be thy request,
 That for Eumeus I should add a prize,
 This too I grant thee, and to him I give
 My breastplate, from 'istarep eu, won,
 Of brass, around whose edge is roll'd a stream
 Of shining tin, a gift of godly price '

He said, and bade Antomedes, his friend
 And comrade, bring the breastplate from his tent,
 He went, and brought it, in Eumeus' hand
 He plac'd it, he with joy the gift receiv'd
 Then Menelaus, sad at heart, rose,
 Burning with wrath against Antilochus,
 And while the herald in the monarch's hand
 His royal sceptre plac'd, and bade the Greeks
 Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke

' Antilochus, till now reputed wise,
 What hast thou done? thou hast impugn'd my skill,
 And shamed my horses, who hast brought thine own,
 Inferior far, before them to the goal
 But come, ye chiefs and councillors of Greece,
 Judge ye between us, saving neither side.
 That none of all the brass clad Greeks may say
 That Menelaus hath by false reports
 O'erborne Antilochus, and holds his prize
 His horses fairly worsted, and himself
 Triumphant only by superior pow'r
 Or come now, I myself will judgment give,
 Nor deem I any Greek will find to blame
 In my decision, for 'tis fair and just
 Antilochus, come forward, noble chief,
 And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car
 And horses, in thy hand the slender whip
 Wherewith thou drov'st, upon the horses lay
 Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear
 That not of malice and by set design,
 Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course '

To whom Antilochus with prudent speech
 " Have patience with me yet, for I, O King,
 O Menelaus, am thy junior far.
 My elder and superior thou I own
 Thou know'st th' o'er eager vehemence of youth,
 How quick is temper, and in judgment weak

640

650

660

670

Set then thy heart at ease, the man I was
I freely gave, and if without else of gain,
Shou' shoul'd it deserve, would sooner gain it all,
Than all my life be levered, illustrious king,
In thine esteem and care, than the Gods

630

Thus saying, noble Nestor son led forth
And plac'd in Menelaus hands the man
The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew
Which glistens on the ears of growing corn
That breathes out the plumb, & so thy soul
O Menelaus, melted at his speech
To whom were thus address'd thy wing'd words

690

Amleches it once I lay with
My anger thou art prevalent and not Ipt
To be thus laid with, but over the youth
Thy judgment hush'd upon me, here art banisht
By trick'ry of these children to part
To my other man of all the Greeks
I scatter so much bad valiant, but for that
Thyself hast labour'd much and much endur'd
Thou thy good sir, and brother, in my cause,
I yield me to the pris'ns, and giv's, no boot
The more, though name of right, that these may know
I am not of a harsh unyielding mood

700

He said, and to Menelaus spake
The faithful comrade of Amleches
The man, himself the gilty one, caldron took
Of gold two whisks, to the fourth assign'd,
Fourth in the race, venomous race d
Still the fifth prize, a race with double cup
Remain'd Achilles this to destroy, n't,
Before th' assembled Greeks, is this he spoke

710

Take this, old man and for an hour keep
In memory of Patroclus, funerary games
Whom there no more amid the Greeks shall see
Freely I give it thee, for thou no more
Canst box, or wrestle, or in sportive strife,
The jawlin there, or race with flying feet,
For age with heavy hand hath bow'd thee down

He said, and plac'd it in his hand the old man
Received with joy the gift and thus replied

720

' All thou hast said my son, is simple truth
No firmness now may limbs and feet retain

'Nor can my arms with freedom, as of old,
Straight from the shoulder, right and left, strike out
Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine,
Is when th' Epeians in Bucrasium held
The royal literary games, fun and games,
And when the monarch's sons his prizes gave!
Then could not one of all th' Epeian race,
Or Pylians, or Locrians vie with me.

In boxing Chryses' Gneus son,
I vanquish'd, then Anchises, who stood up
To wrath with me I will not errin',
Iphiclus I outran, though stout of foot
In hurling with the spear, with Pavlus strove,
And Polydorus and strove d them both

732

I the son of Hector in the chariot race.
None o'ercame me, aided by the crowd
Who envied my success, and won, displeas'd,
The richest prizes by a stranger gain'd

740

They were twin brothers, one who held the reins,
Still drove, and drove, the other pied the whip
Such was I once, but now must younger men
Engage in deeds like these, and I, the chief
Of heroes once, must bow to wear age
But honour thou with fitting funeral games
Thy comrade, I accept, well pleas'd thy gift,
My heart rejoicing that thou still retainst
Of me a kindly mem'ry, nor overlook st
The place of honour, which among the Greeks
Belongs to me of right: for this the Gods
Reward thee with a worth recompence!'

738

He said, Achilles listen'd to the praise
Of Neleus' son, then join'd the general throng
Next, he set forth the prizes, to reward
The labours of the sturdy pageants.

A hardy mule he tether'd in the ring,
Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame,
And for the vanquish'd man, a double cup,
Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud

760

" Thou son of Atreus and ye well-gear'd Greeks,
For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,
And in the boxer's mark test contend,
And he, whose stern endurance Phoebus crowns
With victory, recognis'd by all the Greeks,

He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule,
The loser shall the double cup receive."

He said, up sprang Epeus, tall and stony,
A boxer skill'd, the son of Panopeus,
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said

"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win,
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away
From me, who glory in the champion's name
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man
In all things to excel, but this I say,
And will make good my words, who meet me here,
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued" 770

He said, they all in silence heard his speech
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,
Son of Meleagrus, Talaus' son,
Stood forth opposing, he had once in Thebes
Join'd in the fun'ral games of Oedipus,
And there had vanquish'd all of Cadmus' race
On him attended valiant Diomed,
With cheering words, and wishes of success
Around his waist he fasten'd first the belt,
Then gave the well cut gauntlets for his hands,
Of wild bull's hide. When both were thus equipp'd, 770
There, face to face, with sinewy arms uplift'd,
They stood awhile, then clos'd, strong hand with hand
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows
Dre was the clatter of their paws, the sweat

Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head
 Rolling from side to side, within his tent
 They laid him down, unconscious to the song
 Then bare returning bore away the cup

810

Achilles next before the Greeks display'd
 The prize, of the hardy wrestlers skill
 The victor's prize a triped vast fire-proof,
 And at twelve o'Clock by the Greeks apprest
 And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave
 Price'd at four o'Clock well d in hoy chold work
 Then rose and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd
 Stand forth, who ever this contest will essay

820

He said and strung upon the grant form
 Of Ajax Telamon with him upso e
 Ulysses skill'd in every craft wile
 Cut with the belt, within the ring they stood
 And each with stalver' grasp, bid hold on such
 As stand two rafters of a longy house
 Each proping each by scilful accoort
 Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand
 Creak'd their backbone beneath the tug and strain
 Of those strong arms their sweat pour'd down like rain
 And bloody wash of livid purple hue
 Their sides and shoulders streak'd, as sternly they
 For victory and the well wrought triped strove
 Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow
 Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground
 So stubbornly he stood, but when the Greeks
 Were weary of the long protracted strife,
 Then to Ulysses mighty Ajax spake

830

Ulysses sage Laertes godlike on
 Or hit thou me, or I will thee uplift
 The issue of our struggle rests with Jove

840

He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground
 Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not
 But lock'd his leg around and striking sharp
 Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint
 Gave way, the giant Ajax backward fell
 Ulysses on his breast, the people say,
 And merril'd. Then in turn Ulysses strove
 To hit a little way he mov'd
 But fail'd to hit him fairly from the ground
 Yet crook'd his knee, that both together fell,

850

Spitting forth cloven gore, his heavy head
Rolling from side to side, within his tent
They led him down, unconscious, to the ring
In his' returning, bare was the cup

Achilles next before the Grecs displayed
The prizes of the briny conflict. Till
The Victor's prize, a tripod vast, six foot,
And it twelve even by the Greeks appeared,
And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave
Proc'd at four even staves in household work.
Then rose undoubtly to the Greeks proclaim'd,
"Stand forth who of this contest will essay."

He said and straight uprose the giant form

Of Ajax Sherman with him uprose
Ulysses, still'd in an earthly vale
Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,
And each, with stalwart grasp, bid hold on each,
As stand two pillars of a lofty house,
Each propping each, by skilful architect
Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand
Crack'd their backbones beneath the tug and strain
Of those strong arms, their sweat pour'd down like rain,
And bloody veins of livid purple bee

Thier sides and shoulders streak'd, as steady they
For vict'ry and the well wrought tripod strov.
Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrew,
Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,
So stubbornly he stood, but when the Greeks
Were weary of the long protracted strife,
Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke
"Ulysses sage, Laertes godlike son,
Or hit thou me, or I will thee uplift
The issue of our struggle rests with Jove"

He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground,
Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not,
But lock'd his leg around, and striking sharp
Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint
Gave way, the giant Ajax backwards fell,
Ulysses on his breast, the people saw,
And marvell'd. Then in turn Ulysses strov
Ajax to hit, a little way he mov'd,
But fail'd to hit him farily from the ground,
Yet crack'd his knee, that both together fell,

And side by side, defil'd with dust, they lay
 And now a third encounter had they had
 But rose Achilles, and the combat stay'd
 " Forbear, nor waste your strength in further strife,
 Ye both are victors, both then bear away
 An equal meed of honour, and withdraw,
 That other Greeks may other contests wape "
 Thus spoke Achilles, they his words obey'd,
 And brushing off the dust, their garments don'd

360

The prizes of the runners, swift of foot,
 Achilles next set forth, a silver bowl,
 Six measures its content, for workmanship
 Unmatch'd on earth, of Sidon's costliest act
 The product rare, thence o'er the misty sea
 Brought by Phoenician, who, in port aru'd,
 Gave it to Thoas by Eubœus last,
 The son of Jason, to Palaeclus paid,
 In ransom of Lycaon, Priam's son,
 Which now Achilles, on his friend's behalf,
 Assign'd as his reward, whoe'er should prove
 The lightest foot, and speediest in the race
 A steer, well fatten'd, was the second prize,
 And half a talent, for the third, of gold
 He rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud,
 " Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay "

370

He said uprose Oileus' active son,
 Uprose Ulysses, skil'd in ev'ry wile,
 And noble Nestor's son, Antilochus,
 Who all the youth in speed of foot surpass'd
 They stood in line Achilles pointed out
 The limits of the course, as from the goal
 They stretch'd them to the race, Oileus' son
 First shot ahead, Ulysses following close,
 Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast
 Of some fair woman, when her outstretch'd arm
 Has thrown the woof athwart the warp, and back
 Withdrawn it tow'rds her breast, so close behind
 Ulysses press'd on Ajax, and his feet
 Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust
 His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain
 He lightly shunni'd, the Greeks with eager shouts
 Still cheering, as he stran'd to win the prize
 But as they near'd the goal, Ulysses thus

380

390

To blue-ey'd Pallas made his mental pray'r
 " Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend "
 Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r the Goddess heard,
 And all his limbs with active vigour fill'd,
 And, as they stretch'd their hands to seize the prize,
 Tripp'd up by Pallas, Ajax slipp'd and fell,
 Amid the offal of the lowing kine

900

Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain
 His mouth and nostrils were with offal fill'd
 First in the race, Ulysses bore away
 The silver bowl, the steer to Ajax fell,
 And as upon the horn he had his hand,
 Sputt'ning the offal out, he call'd aloud
 " Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewray'd,
 Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care "
 Thus as he spoke, loud laugh'd the merry Greeks
 Antilochus the sole remaining prize

910

Receiv'd, and, lauging, thus the Greeks address'd

" I tell you, friends, but what yourselves do know,
 How of the elder men th' immortal Gods
 Take special care, for Ajax' years not much
 Exceed mine own, but here we see a man,
 One of a former age, and race of men,
 A half old man we call him, but for speed
 Not one can match him, save Achilles' self "

Thus he, with pause unphed of Peleus' son,
 To whom in answer thus Achilles spoke

920

" Antilochus, not unserv'd of me
 Nor unavarded shall thy prize remain.
 To thy half talent add this second half "

Thus saying, in his hand he plac'd the gold,
 Antilochus with joy the gift receiv'd

Next, in the ring the son of Peleus laid
 A pond'reous spear, a helmet, and a shield,
 By brave Patroclus from Scopidan won,
 Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd

" For these we call upon two champions brave
 To don their arms, their sharp-edg'd weapons grasp,
 And public trial of their prowess make,
 And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,
 And, through his armour piercèd, first draw blood,
 He shall this silver-studded sword receive,
 My trophy from Asteropæus won,

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Well-wrought, of Thracian metal, but the arms
In common property they both shall hold,
And in my tent a noble banquet share."

He said, uprose great Ajax Telamon,
And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed
First, from the crowd apart, they doff'd their arms,
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare
Stood in the midst, the Greeks admiring gaze'd
When, each approaching other, near they came,
Thrice rush'd they on, and thence in combat clos'd
Then through the buckler round of Diomed
Great Ajax drove his spear, nor reach'd the point
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stay'd
While, arm'd above the mighty shield's defence,
His glitt'ring weapon flash'd at Ajax' throat
See Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize,
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,
With belt and scabbard, Diomed receiv'd

Next in the ring the son of Peleus plac'd
A ponderous mass of iron, as a quoit
Once wielded by Eetion's giant strength,
But to the ships with other trophies borne,
When by Achilles' hand Eetion fell
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay
This prize who wins, though widely may extend
His fertile fields, for five revolving years
It will his wants supply, nor to the town
For lack of iron, with this mass in store,
Need he his shepherd or his ploughman send."

He said, and valiant Polyxenes took,
Epeorus, and Menelaus' godlike strength,
And mighty Ajax, son of Telamon
In turns they took their stand, Epeorus first
Uprais'd the ponderous iron, and through the air
Hurl'd it, amid the laughter of the Greeks
Next came Leontes, son true of Zeus,
The third was Ajax, from whose stalwart hand
Beyond the farthest mark the missile flew
But when the valiant Polyxenes took
The quoit in hand, far as a herdsmen throw,

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So far beyond the ring's extremest bound 980
He threw the pond'rous mass, loud were the shouts,

And noble Polypetes' comrades rose,
And to the ships the monarch's gift convey'd

The archers' prizes next, of iron bear,
Ten sturdy axes, double edg'd, he plac'd,
And single hatchets ten, then far away
Rear'd on the sand a dark prov'd vessel's mast,
On which, with slender string, a bur'rous dove
Was fasten'd by the foot, the archers' mark,
That who should strike the dove, should to his tent 990
The axes bear away, but who the string
Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,
As less in skill, the hatchets should receive

Thus spoke Achilles, straight uprose the night
Of royal Teucer, and Menones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus
They in a brass bound helmet shook the lots
The first was Teucer's, with impious force
He shot, but vow'd not to the Archer King 1000
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb
The dove he struck not, for the Archer God
Withheld his aim, but close beside her foot
The arrow sever'd the returning string
The bird releas'd, soar'd heav'nward, while the string
Dropp'd, from the mast suspended, tow'rds the earth,
And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks
Then snatch'd Menones in haste the bow
From Teucer's hand, his own already held
His arrow, pointed straight, he drew the string,
And to the fat destroying King he vow'd 1010
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb
Aloft amid the clouds he mark'd the dove,
And struck her, as she soar'd, beneath the wing
Right through the arrow pass'd, and to the earth
Returning, fell beside Menones
The bird upon the dark-prov'd vessel's mast
Lighted awhile, anon, with drooping head,
And pinions flut'ring vain, afar she fell,
Iridescent, th' admiring crowd with wonder gaz'd
Menones the axes bore away, 1020
While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore
Last, in the ring the son of Peleus laid

A pond'rous spear, and cald too, burnish'd bright,
Pric'd at an ox's worth, un-touch'd by fire,
For those who with the jav'lin would contend
Uprose: then Agamemnon, King of men,
The son of Atreus, and Menoetes,
The faithful follower of Idomenes,
But Peleus' godlike son address'd them thus

'How far, Atrides, thou excell'st us all,
And with the jav'lin what thy power and skill
Prestament, we know, take thou this prize,
And bear it to thy ships, and let us give
To brave Menoetes the brazen spear,
If so it please thee, such were my advice.'

He said, and Agamemnon, King of men,
Assenting, gave to brave Menoetes
The brazen spear, while in Falchytus' care,
His herald, plac'd the King his noble prize

1039

BOOK XXIV

ARGUMENT

PRIAM by command of Jupiter and under conduct of Mercury seeks Achilles in his tent, who admouished previously by Thetis contents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned and the manner of his funeral circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

THE games were ended, and the multitude
Amid the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd
Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep
Yielding, delighted, but Achilles still
Mourn'd o'er his low & companion, not on him
Lighted all conq'ring sleep, but to and fro
Restless he tread, and on Patroclus thought,
His vigour and his courage, all the deeds
They two together had achiev'd, the toils,
The perils they had undergone, amid
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves
Stirr'd by such mem'ries, bitter tears he shed,
Now turning on his side, and now again
Upon his back, then prone upon his face,
Then starting to his feet, along the shore
All objectless, despairing, would he roam,
Nor did the morn, above the sea appearing,
Unmark'd of him arise, his flying steeds
He then would harness, and, b'hind the car
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust,
Thrice make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb,
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd,
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd
The hero, though in death, and round him threw
His golden aegis, nor, though dragg'd along,
Allow'd his body to receive a wound
Thus foully did Achilles in his rage
Visage the mighty dead, the blessed Gods

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With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urg'd
 That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.
 The counsel pleas'd the rest, but Juno still,
 And Neptune, and the blue ey'd Maid, retain'd
 The hatred, unappeas'd, with which of old
 Troy and her King and people they pursued,
 Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,
 Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,
 Preferring her who brought him in return
 The fatal bane of too successful love.

But when the twelfth revolving day was come,
 Apollo thus th' assembled Gods address'd
 "Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful! have ye not,
 At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats
 Recov'r'd your off'lings meet? and fear ye now
 Ev'n his dead corse to save, and grant his wife,
 His mother, and his child, his aged sire
 And people, to behold him, and to raise
 His fun'ral pile, and with due rites entomb?"

But fell Achilles all your aid commands,
 Of mind unrighteous, and inexorable
 His stibborn heart, his thoughts are all of blood,
 Ev'n as a lion, whoseh his mighty strength
 And dauntless courage lead to leap the bold,
 And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey,
 Ev'n so Achilles hath discarded ruth,
 And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.

A man may lose his best lov'd friend, a son,
 Or his own mother's son, a brother dear
 He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays,

For late to man a patient mind hath giv'n
 But godlike Hector's body, after death,
 Achilles, unrelenting, ionily drags,
 Lash'd to his car, around his comrade's tomb
 This is not to his praise, though brave he be,
 Yet thus our anger he may justly cause,
 Who in his rage insults the soulless clay."

To whom, indignant, white-arm'd Juno thus
 "Some show of reason were there in thy speech,
 God of the silver bow, could Hector boast
 Of equal dignity with Peleus' son
 A mortal one, and nurst at women's breast,
 The other, of a Goddess born, whom I

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Nurtur'd and rear'd, and to a mortal gave
 In marriage, gave to Peleus, best belov'd
 By all th' Immortals, of the race of man
 Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites,
 Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,
 And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast "

To whom the Cloud compeller answer'd thus 80
 " Juno, restrain thy wrath, they shall not both
 Attain like honour, yet was Hector once,
 Of all the mortals that in Ilion dwell,
 Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me,
 For never did he fail his gifts to bring,
 And with burnt off'rings and libations due
 My altars crown, such worship I receiv'd
 Yet shall bold Hector's body, not without
 The knowledge of Achilles, be remov'd,
 For day and night his Goddess mother keeps 90
 Her constant watch beside him. Then, some God
 Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste,
 And I with prudent words will counsel her,
 That to Achilles may at Pham's hand
 Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free "

He said, and promptly on his errand sprang
 The storm-swift Iris, in the dark-blue sea
 She plung'd, midway 'twixt Lemnos' rugged shore
 And Samos' isle, the parting waters splash'd,
 As down to ocean's lowest depths she dropp'd, 100
 Like to a plummet, whith the fisherman
 Lets fall, encas'd in wild bull's horn, to bear
 Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes
 There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,
 Around her rang'd the Ocean Goddesses
 She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate
 Her matchless son awaiting, down'd to the
 Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy
 Swift-footed Iris at her side appear'd,
 And thus address'd her. " Haste, Thetis, Jove, 110
 Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee "
 To whom the silver footed Goddess thus
 " What would with me the mighty King of Heav'n?
 Press'd as I am with grief, I am ashame'd
 To mingle with the Gods, yet will I go
 Nor shall he speak in vain, whate'er his words "

Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,
All black, than which none deeper could be found,
She rose to go, the storm swift Ins led
The way before her, ocean's parted waves
Around their path receded, to the beach
Ascending, upwards straight to Heav'n they sprang
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found,
And rang'd around him all th' immortal Gods
Pallas made way, and by the throne of Jove
Sat Thetis, Juno proff'ring to her hand
A goblet fair of gold, and asking words
Of welcome, she the cup receiv'd, and drunk.
Then thus began the sire of Gods and men

" Thou, Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st,
Bent down by ceaseless grief, I know it well,
Yet hear the cause for which I summon'd thee
About Achilles, thy victorious son,
And valiant Hector's body, for nine days
Hath contest been in Heav'n, and some have urg'd
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove
This to Achilles' pause I mean to turn,
And thus thy remorse and thy love retain
Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son
My message bear, tell him that all the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath, and I above the rest
Am angry, that beside the bea'ld ships,
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps
So may he fear me, and the dead restore
In meantime to Ilium I will send,
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release, and with him hang
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."

He said, the silver booted Queen obey'd,
Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped,
And sought her son, but found she in his tent,
Greaming with anguish, while his comrades round,
Flyng their tasks, the morning meal prepar'd
For them a goodly sheep, full fleec'd, was slain
Close by his side his Goddess mother stood,
And gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,
" How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wendy, to abstain

From woman's love, for short thy time on earth
 Death and impious fate are close at hand
 Hear then my words, a messenger from Jove
 To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods
 Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest
 Is angry, that beside the beak'd ships
 Thou, mad with ruse, the corpse of Hector keep'st
 Then ransom take, and liberate the dead

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied
 "So be it, ransom let him bring, and bear
 His dead away, if such the will of Jove"

Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,
 Mother and son, their lengthen'd converse held

Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command
 "Haste thee, swift Iris, from th' abodes of Heav'n,
 To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words,
 And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
 Obtain his son's release, and with him take
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart
 Alone, no Trojan with him, must be go;
 Yet may a herald on his steps attend,
 Some aged man, his smoothly rolling ear
 And mules to drive, and to the city back
 To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew
 Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind
 Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go,
 And to Achilles' presence safely bring
 Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
 Will slay him, but from others will protect
 Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
 Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest,
 But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."

He said, and on his errand sped in haste
 The storm-swift Iris, when to Priam's house
 She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear
 Within the court, around their father, sat
 His sons, their raiment all bedew'd with tears,
 And in the mud, close cover'd with his robe,
 Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,
 Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,
 With his own hands, upon his hoary head
 Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd

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Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain
 Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,
 And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook
 "Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,
 Nor let thy mind be troubled, not for ill,
 But here on kindly errand am I sent
 To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,
 Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes
 Of pitying love, he bids thee ransom home
 The godlike Hector's corpse, and with thee take
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart
 Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go,
 Yet may a herald on thy steps attend,
 Some aged man, thy smoothly rolling car
 And mules to drive, and to the city back
 To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew
 Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind
 Harness shall with thee, as thine escort, go,
 And to Achilles' presence safely bring
 Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
 Will slay thee, but from others will protect,
 Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
 Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest
 But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view "

Swift footed Ias said, and vanish'd straught
 He to his sons commandment gave, the mules
 To yoke beneath the smoothly rolling car,
 And on the axle fix the wider seat
 Himself the lofty cedar chamber sought,
 Fragrant, high rool'd, with countless treasures stor'd,
 And call'd to Hecuba his wife, and said,
 "Good wife, a messenger from Jove hath come,
 Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there
 Obtain my son's release, and with me take
 Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
 Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines
 To seek the ships within the Grecian camp '

So he, but Hecuba lamenting cried,
 "Alas, alas! where are thy services gone?
 And where the wisdom, once of high repute
 'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?
 How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,
 Ent'reng his presence, who thy son has slain,

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That Jove with deep affliction visits me,
Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost
Shall know his loss—sacred now that he is gone,
The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay
But may my eyes be clos'd in death, ere see
The city sack'd, and utterly destroy'd!"

290

He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd,
Before the old man's anger fled they all,
Then to his sons in threatening tone he cried,
To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,
Pammen, Antiphonus, Pentes brave,
Deiphobus, and bold Hippothous,
And gorlike Drus, all these none with threats
And angry taunts the aged sire assur'd
" Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!
Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships
In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me,
Who have begotten sons, in all the land
The best and bravest, now remains not one,
Mentor, and Troilus, dauntless charioteer,
And Hector, who a God 'mid men appear'd,
Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's."
All these hath Mars cut off, and left me none,
None but the vile and refuse, base all,
Vain skipping coxcomb, in the dance alone
And in nought else renown'd, base plunderer,
From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids
When, laggards, will ye harness me the car
Equipp'd with all things needed for the way?"

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He said, they quaf'd beneath their father's wrath
And brought the smoothly-coming mule harn'd out,
Well farr'd, new built, and fix'd the wider seat,
Then from the peg the male yoke down they took,
Of boxwood wrought, with boss and tings complete,
And with the yoke, the yoke band brought they forth,
Nine cubits long, and to the polish'd pole
At the far end attach'd, the breast rings then
Fix'd to the pole pierce, and on either side
There round the knob the leather thong they wound,
And bound it fast, and inward turn'd the tongue
Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,
Of Hector's head, upon the wain they plac'd,
And yolk'd the strong-hoof'd mules, to horses train'd,

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The Mysians' splendid present to the King
To Priam's car they harness'd then the steeds,
Which he himself at polish'd manger fed

Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls
Were met the herald and the aged King,
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near,
In her right hand a golden cup she bore
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way
They to the Gods might due libations pour,
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke
"Take, and to father Jove thine off'ring pour,
And pray that he may bring thee safely home
From all thy foes, since sore against my will
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece
Then to Idian Jove, the cloud-girt son
Of Saturn, who th' expanse of Troy surveys,
Pray thy pray'r, beseeching him to send,
On thy right hand, a winged messenger,
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight,
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece
But should th' all setting Jove the sign withhold,
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships"

340

To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus
"O woman, I refuse not to obey
Thy counsel, good it is to raise the hands
In pray'r to Heav'n, and Jove's protection seek."
The old man said, and bade th' attendant pour
Pure water on his hands, with ewer she,
And basin, stood beside him from his wife,
The due ablutions made, he took the cup,
Then pour'd the wine, and looking up to Heav'n
He curs'd his voice, and thus he pray'd aloud
"O father Jove, who rulest on Ida's height,
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find
Some pity in Achilles' heart, and send,
On my right hand, a winged messenger,
The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight,
That I myself may see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece"

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Thus, as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard,
And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd long,

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Dark bird of chase, and Dusky tresses surmanc'd
 Wide as the portals, well secur'd with bolts,
 That guard some wealthy research's lofty hall,
 On either side his ample pinions spread
 On the right hand appear'd he, far above
 The city soaring, they the far-flying sign
 With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd
 Mounting his car in haste, the aged King
 Drove through the court, and through the echoing porch,
 The stables in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,
 That drew the four wheel'd wain, behind them came
 The horses, down the city's steep descent
 Urg'd by th' old man to speed, the crowd of friends
 That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death
 Descended from the city to the plain,
 His sons and sons in-law to Ilion took
 Their homeward way, advancing o'er the plain
 They two escap'd not Jove's all seeing eye,
 Pitying he saw the aged sire, and thus
 At once to Hermes spoke, his much-lov'd son
 " Hermes, for thou in social converse lov'st
 To mix with men, and hear'st whome'er thou wilt,
 Haste thee, and Plead to the Grecian ships
 So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see
 Ere to Achilles' presence he attain."

He said, nor disobey'd the heav'ly Guide,
 His golden sandals on his feet he bound,
 Ambrosial work, which bore him o'er the waves,
 Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth,
 Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will
 The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep
 This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight
 Soon the wide Hellespont he reach'd, and Troy,
 And pass'd in likeness of a princely youth,
 In op'ning manhood, fairest tems of life

The twain had pass'd by Ilus' lofty tomb,
 And halted there the horses and the mules
 Beside the margin of the stream to drink,
 For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth
 When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw
 Approaching near, to Pliam thus he cried
 " O son of Dardanus, be thine well,
 Of prudent counsel great is now our need

380

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A man I see, and fear he means me ill
 Say, with the horses shall we fly at once,
 Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue?" 430
 The old man heard, his mind confus'd with dread,
 So grievously he fear'd, that every hair
 Upon his bended limbs did stand on end,
 He stood astounded, but the Guardian God
 Approach'd and took him by the hand, and said
 "Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule
 In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep?
 And fear'st thou not the slaughter-breathing Greeks,
 These unrelenting foes, and they so near?"

If any one of them should see thee now,
 So richly laden in the gloom of night,
 How wouldst thou feel? thou art not young thyself
 And this old man, thy comrade, would avail
 But little to protect thee from assault
 I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm,
 For like my father's is, methinks, thy face"

To whom in answer Priam, godlike acri-

"Tis as thou say'st, fair son, yet hath some God
 Extended o'er me his protecting hand,
 Who sends me such a guide, so opportune
 Bless'd are thy parents in a son so grac'd
 In face and presence, and of mind so wise"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God
 "O father, well and wisely dost thou speak,
 But tell me this, and truly dost thou bear
 These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,
 That they for thee in safety may be stor'd?
 Or have ye all resolv'd to fly from Troy
 In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son,
 Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinch'd?" 450

To whom in answer Priam, godlike acri-

"Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,
 That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God

"Try me, old man, of godlike Hector ask,
 For often in the glory-giving fight
 These eyes have seen him, chief, when to the ships
 The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroy'd
 We gaz'd in wonder, from the fight restrain'd
 By Peleus' son, with Agamemnon's wrath

His follower I, one ship convey'd us both,
 One of the Myrmidons I am, my sire
 Polyctor, ne'er, bet aged, ev'n as thou
 Six sons he hath, besides myself, the sev'nth,
 And I by lot was drafted for the war
 I from the ships am to the plain come forth,
 For with the dawn of day the keen ey'd Greeks
 Will round the city marshal their array
 They chafe in idleness, the chiefs in vain
 Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight "

470

To whom in answer Peleus, godlike sire.

" If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art
 Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth,
 Less yet my son beside the Grecian ships,
 Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb,
 And to his dogs the mangled carcass giv'n?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God

" On him, old man, nor dogs, nor birds have fed,
 But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies

480

Within the tent, twelve days he there hath lain,
 Nor hath corruption touch'd his flesh, nor worms,
 That went to prey on men in battle slain.

The corpse, indeed, with each returning morn,
 Around his comrade's tomb Achilles grieves,

Yet leaves it still unburied, then thyself

Mightst see how fresh, as dew-bespent, he lies,
 From blood stains cleant'd, and clos'd his many wounds,
 For many a lance was buried in his corpse.

So, ev'n in death, the blessed Gods above,

Who lov'd him well, protect thy noble son "

490

He said, th' old man rejecting heard his words,

And answer'd, " See, my son, how good it is

To give th' immortal Gods their tribute due,

For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,

Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell,

And thence have they remember'd him in death

Accept, I pray, this goblet rich emboss'd,

Be thou my guard, and, under Heav'n, my guide,

Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son "

To whom in answer thus the Guardian God

500

" Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt

In vain, who bodd it me at thy hands accept

Thy proffer'd presents, to Achilles' wrong

I dread his anger, and should hold it shame
 To plunder him, through fear of future ill
 But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,
 As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,
 On ship-board or on foot, nor by the fault
 Of thy conductor shouldest thou meet with harm."

Thus spoke the heav'ly Guide, and on the car 510
 Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,
 And with fresh vigour mules and horses fill'd
 When to the ship-tow'r's and the trench they came,
 The guard had late been busied with their meal,
 And with deep sleep the heav'ly Guide o'erspread
 The eyes of all, then open'd wide the gates,
 And push'd aside the bolts, and led within
 Both Pnam, and the treasure-laden wain
 But when they reach'd Achilles' lofty tent, 520
 (Which for their King the Myrmidons had built
 Of fir trees fell'd, and overlaid the roof
 With rushes mown from off the neighbour'ng mead,
 And all around a spacious court enclos'd
 With cross set palisades, a single bar
 Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut
 Three men, of all the others, scarce suffic'd,
 And three to open, but Achilles' hand
 Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)
 Then for the old man Hermes op'd the gate, 530
 And brought within the court the gifts design'd
 For Peleus' godlike son, then from the car
 Sprang to the ground, and thus to Pnam spoke
 "Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide,
 Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove,
 Father of all, to bring thee safely here
 I now return, nor to Achilles' eye.
 Will I appear, becoms it not a God
 To greet a mortal in the sight of all
 But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knee,
 And supplicate him for his father's sake,
 His fair hair'd mother's, and his child's, that so 540
 Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."

Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights
 Return'd, and Pnam from his chariot sprang,
 And left Idaus there, in charge to keep
 The houses and the mules, while he himself

Enter'd the dwelling straight, where went to sit
 Achilles, low'd of Heaven. The chief he found
 Within, his followers seated all apart,
 Two only in his presence minister'd.
 The brave Automedon, and Alcous,
 A warrior bold, scarce ended the repast
 Of food and wine, the table still was set
 Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all,
 And standing by Achilles, with his arms
 Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,
 Blood stain'd, which many of his sons had stain'd
 As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,
 In his own land hath shed another's blood,
 And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house
 A foreign refuge, wond'ring, all behold
 On godlike Priam so with wonder gaze'd
 Achilles, wonder saw'd th' attendants all,
 And one to other look'd, then Priam thus
 To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd
 ' Think, great Achilles, mal of the Gods,
 Upon thy father, even as I myself
 Upon the threshold of unjoyous age
 And haply he, from them that dwelt around
 May suffer wrong, with no protector near
 To give him aid, yet he, regarding, knows
 That thou still liv'st, and day by day may hope
 To see his son returning safe from Troy,
 While I, all hapless, that have many sons,
 The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,
 Begotten, deem that none are left me now
 Fifty there were, when came the seas of Greece,
 Nineteen, the offspring of a single womb,
 The rest, the women of my household bore
 Of these have many by treacherous Men
 Been laid in dust but he, my only one,
 The city's and his brethren's sole defence,
 He, bravely fighting in his country's cause
 Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n
 On his behalf I venture to approach
 The Grecian ships, for his release to thee
 To make my priv's, and priceless ransom pay
 Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods,
 And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down

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On me, more healing pity, since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."

Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
Fond mem'ry of his father rose, he touch'd
The old man's hand, and gently put him by,
Then wept they both, by various mem'ries sort'd
One prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewail'd
His warlike son, Achilles, for his sire,
And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear,
And through the house their weeping loud was heard. 500
But when Achilles had indulg'd his grief,
And eas'd the yearning of his heart and limb,
He rose, and with his hand the aged sire
He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd

"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine!
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ship
Alone, and to the presence of the men
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!"

But sit thou on this seat, and in our hearts,
Though fill'd with grief, let us that grief suppress,
For woful lamentation nought avail.
Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin,
To live in woe, while they from care are free
Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove,
With gifts for man— one good, the other ill,
To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives,
Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls,

To whom the ill alone, like foul disgrace
And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue
By God and man alike despis'd he roams.
Thus from his birth the God to Peleus gave
Excellent gifts, with wealth and substance bless'd
Above his fellows o'er the Myrmidons.
He rul'd with sovereign sway, and Heav'n bestow'd
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,
That in his house no young race he saw
Or future Kings, one only son he had,
One doom'd to early death, nor is it mine
To tend my father's age, but far from home
Thee and thy son, in Troy I vex with war

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Much have we heard too of thy former wealth
 Above what Lesbos northward, Mæotis' seat,
 Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores
 Of boundless Hellespont; 'tis said that thou
 In wealth and number of thy sons wast blest'd
 But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,
 Still round thy city war and slaughter rage.
 Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn,
 Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son, 440
 Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire
 " Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,
 While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent,
 But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes
 I may behold my son, and thou accept
 The ample treasures which we tender thee
 Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach
 Thy native land, since thou hast spurr'd my life, 550
 And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n."

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard
 " Old man, incense me not, I mean myself
 To give thee back thy son, for here of late
 Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess mother claim'd,
 The daughter of the aged Ocean God
 And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God
 (I cannot err) hath guided to our ships
 No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare
 Our camp to enter, nor could hope to pass 660
 Unscathed by the watch, nor easily
 Remove the pond'reous bar that guards our doors
 But stir not up my anger in my grief,
 Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent
 I break thee not, and Jove's command transgress."

He said, the old man trembled, and obey'd,
 Then to the door-way, with a lion's spring,
 Achilles rush'd, not unaccompanied,
 With him Automedon and Alceus,
 His two attendants, of his followers all,
 Neat to the last Patroclus, best esteemed,
 They from the yoke the mule, and horses loo'd,
 Then led the herald of the old man in,
 Had bade him sit, and turn the polish'd wan
 The costly ransom took of Hector's hand

Two robes they left, and one well woven vest,
To clothe the corpse, and end with honour home
Then to the female slaves he gave command
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart, that Priam might not see his son,
Lest his grec'd heart its passion unstrain'd
Should stir, and Achille, rous'd to wrath,
His suphant slav, and Jove's command transgres'd
When they had wash'd the body, and with oil
Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe
And vest, Achille laced up the dead
With his own hand, and laid him on the couch,
Which to the polish'd wain his followers roll'd
Then groaning on his friend by name he call'd

630

Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me,
If to the realm of darkness thou shouldst bear
That godlike Hector to his latser's arms,
For no mean ransom, I restore, whereof
A fitting share for thee I set aside

This said, Achille in the tent return'd,
On w-carr'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat
Beside the wall, and thus to Priam spoke

Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,
Is giv'n thee back, upon the couch he lies,
Thy self beh'ld see him at the dawn of day
Meanwhile the ear'ning meal demands our care
Yet sur bur'd Nobe abstain'd from food
When in the house her children lay in death,
Six beautious daughters and six stalwart sons
The youths, Apollo with his silver bow,
The maid, the treble-Queen, Diana, slew,
With an'ger fill'd that Nobe presum'd
Herself with fair Latona to compare,
Her many children with her rival's two
so b, the two were all the many slain.

700

Woe for us in death that la., and none was there
To pay their funeral rites, for Saturn's son
Had giv'n to all the people hearts of stone
At length th' immortal Gods entomb'd the dead
Nor yet did Nobe, when now her grief
Had worn itself in tears, from food strain'd
And now in deserts, amid the rocks,
And lonely mountaines, where the Goddess nymphs

710

"That love to dance by Achelous' stream.

"Tis said, were cradled, she, though turn'd to stone, 720
Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods
So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share,
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,
To Troy restor'd—well worthy be thy tears!"

This said, he slaughter'd straight a white-flipp'd sheep,
His comrades then the carcass flay'd and dress'd
The meat prepar'd, and fasten'd to the spits,
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew
The bread Automedon from baskets fair
Apportion'd out, the meat Achilles shar'd 730
They on the viands set before them fell.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
In wonder Priam on Achilles gac'd,
His form and stature, as a God he seem'd,
And he too look'd on Priam, and admu'd
His venerable face, and gracious speech
With mutual pleasure each on other gac'd,
Till godlike Priam first address'd his host

"Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest,
And lie we down, in gentle slumbers wrapp'd,
For never have mine eyes been clos'd in sleep,
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes,
And in my court with dust my head defile
Now have I tasted bread, now muddy wine
Hath o'er my palate pass'd, but not till now!"

Thus he, his comrades and th' attendant maid
Achilles order'd in the chamber

Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair
Of purple wool o'erlaid, and on the top
Rugs and soft sheets for upper couch spread
They from the chamber, torch in hand, withdraw,
And with obedient haste two beds prepar'd

Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone

"Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend,
Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,
As is their custom, to confer with me,
Of them who'er should find thee here by night
Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,
And Hector might not be so soon restor'd 750
But tell me truly this, how many days

For godlike Hector's fun'ral rites ye need,
That for so long a time I may myself
Refrain from combat, and the people stay."

I' to whom in answer Priam, godlike are
" If by thy leave we may indeed perform
His fun'ral rite, to thee, Achilles, great
Will be our gratitude, if thou thou grant
Thou know'rt how close the town is hemm'd around,
And from the mountain, distant as it is, 770
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood
Nine days to public mourning would we give,
The tenth, to fun'ral rites and fun'ral feast,
Then on th' eleventh would we raise his mound,
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must."

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied
" So shall it be, old Friend, I engage
To stay the battle for the time requir'd."

Thus speaking, with his hand the old man's wrist
He grasp'd, in token that he need not fear 780
Then in the corridor lay down to rest
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage,
While in his tent's recess Achilles slept,
The fair Brisës resting by his side.

In night long slumbers lay the other Gods,
And belmèd chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued,
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian God,
No slumber fell, deep pond'ring in his mind
How from the sh.p. in safety to conduct
The royal Priam, and the guard elude. 790
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried
" Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go,
Sleep'st undisturb'd, surrounded by thy foes
Thy son hath been restor'd, and thou hast paid
A gen'r'l price, but to redeem thy life,
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks
Should know that thou art here, full thrice as much
Thy son, who yet are left, would have to pay."

He said, the old man trembled, and arous'd
The herald, " ride the horses and the mules
Were you'd b. Hermes, who with silent speed
Drove through th' encampment, unobserv'd of all
But when they came to odd, my Xanthus' lord,

“ My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,
 And in thine house hast left me desolate,
 Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,
 Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope
 That he may reach the ripeness of his youth,
 For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,
 Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm
 Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes!
 They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne,
 And with them I shall go, thou too, my child,
 Must follow me, to servile labour doom'd,
 The suff'ring victim of a tyrant Land,
 Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize
 And dash thee from the tow'—a woful death!
 Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son
 By Hector hath been slain, for many a Greek
 By Hector's hand hath bit the bloody dust,
 Not light in battle was thy father's hand!
 Therefore for him the ye'ral city mourns,
 Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caus'd,
 Hector! but bitt'rest grief of all hast left
 To me! for not to me was giv'n to clasp
 The hand extended from thy dying bed,
 Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day,
 With tears, I might have treasur'd in my heart!”

Weeping she spake—the women join'd the wail
 Then Hecuba took up the loud lament
 “ Hector, of all my children dearest thou!
 Dear to th' Immortals too in life wast thou,
 And they in death have borne thee still in mind,
 For other of my sons, his captives made,
 Across the wat'ry waste, to Samos' isle
 Or Imbros, or th' inhospitable shore
 Of Lemnos, bath Achilles, swift of foot,
 To slav'ry sold, thee, when his sharp-edg'd spear
 Had robb'd thee of thy life, he dragg'd indeed
 Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear,
 Whom thou hadst slain, yet so he rais'd not up
 His dead to life again, now hast thou here,
 All fresh and fair, as dew besprout, like one
 Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,
 God of the silver bow, hath newly slain.”

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Weeping, she spoke, and rous'd the gen'ral grief
 Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd 890
 " Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
 True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
 Who bore me hither—would I then had died!
 But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,
 And left my native land, yet ne'er from thee
 I heard one scornful, one degrading word,
 And when from others I have borne reproach,
 Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
 Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind
 Ev'n as a father) thou hast check'd them still 900
 With louder feeling, and with gentle words
 For thee I weep, and for myself no less,
 For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,
 None kindly look on me, but all abhor!"

Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd
 At length the aged Priam gave command
 " Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring
 Good store of fuel, fear no treach'rous wile,
 For when he sent me from the dark-nibb'd ships,
 Achilles promis'd that from hostile acres 910
 Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."

He said, and they the ovens and the stakes
 Yoke'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd
 Nine days they labour'd, and brought back to Troy
 Good store of wood, but when the tenth day's light
 Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore
 Brave Hector out, and on the fun'ral pile
 Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch

While yet the rosy finger'd moon was young
 Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd 920
 When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,
 First on the burning mass, as far as spread
 The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,
 And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friends
 Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,
 Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones,
 These in a golden casket they enclos'd,
 And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye,
 Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste
 With stone in pond'reous masses cover'd o'er,

And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,
From sudden dread of the Greeks to guard
The mound erected, back they turn'd, and all
Assembled duly, shar'd the solemn feast
In Priam's palace, Heav'n-descended King
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid

THE END

Notes

WHITE

Fig. 6 | 231, 234 (Hem. ad 1. 200, 202) —

TEP&TREN

cordless phones randomly test the signal

Derby has a note in his fifth edition—

"The text in the original leaves it somewhat in doubt whether the anger of the Greeks was directed against Thebes or Agamemnon."

On reconsideration, Derby adopted the latter view, and altered his translation thus:

"cannot buy the house

Inspired the public mind, and banishing fear,
With several words he thus addressed the last:

There is good reason for the change, as the rest of the poem shows that the army was conceived as "deeply disabused" with Aquaman. See for instance his last (*Derby, I* 9F2), not just (*Derby, I* 1462).

NOTE TO

Fig. 14. 1953 (Ham 1953) and -

THE 2nd RECONSTRUCTION BILL HAS BEEN PASSED.

In the fifth section, Gerry territorialized his translation to—

"From the slope-swing belt the shaft he drew,
To slay the pointed bats."

The corollary is restated. The Greek could hardly bear the main
ing glove in the left, and, as the arrow was buried almost up to
the head, the slender bone would naturally be broken when Nachos
pulled it out of the arrow.

NOTE 111

Ok so I just [How do I do]—

Alberto Teardo

It is better to take this posture, both here and in vi (Derby, I 75; How 1 bz), as "standing" according right crossed, having the right by his words' [lit. uttering every] esp our "preserving justice," "defending the truth."

The Greek easily bears this name, and it is quite clear from the context that Nestor feels Menelaus ought to have accepted the challenge. And so he ought: the quarrel was his, and Agamemnon has no reason to suppose that Menelaus would do well to give up his plan.

Derby's reading of the picture is very sympathetic and generous.

卷之三

Bk + 1 560 (Km + 1 sec) =

ग्रन्थालय द्वारा दिल्ली में बहुत से विभिन्न

In the 6th column, the σ transition rates are given.

¹ Or by the pole to draw, or fixed on high
End of the age.

It is never stated that Dewey did carry off the car, and the man

suspicion is that he was checked by Pallas, and that Ulysses had his rods off on the horses.

Lower down the 6th edition would omit all mention of a car (there is none in the Greek), reading, for l. 587, 588—

“ And mounted straight, Ulysses with his bow
The flying horses touched,”

for l. 583, 586—

“ the son of Tydeus leaped
Down to the ground.”

and for l. 599—

“ And from the steeds dismounted.”

NOTE V

Bk. xii l. 914 (Hom. xii l. 630) —

αὐτὸν τελεσθεῖσαν

It is better to translate this, “ and below these were two supports.”

Much light has been thrown on the whole passage by Schleicher's discovery of a similar cup at Mycenae (see Schleicher, p. 241). The cup is in gold, with a dove on each of the two handles, while a golden peacock runs from either handle to the base.

NOTE VI

Bk. xvi l. 72, 73 (Hom. xvi l. 60, 61) —

*αὐτὸν δέ τοι φύει
εργάζει εργάζεται οὐδεποτί*

Better is Lang, Leaf, and Myers translate it—

“ no man may be angry of heart for ever”

Achilles is surprised to find that he cannot purge his anger as long as he had wished.

NOTE VII

Bk. xviii l. 639 (Hom. xviii l. 556) — Altered, in the 6th edition, to
“ Ye two Ajas,” which is more correct.

NOTE VIII

Bk. xxv l. 189 ff. (Hom. xxv l. 69) —

θύηγε πεπεινέσθε

Rather “ upstanding on a car ” “ His can hardly be right. For the next lines show that it is the car of Menoetes, driven by the latter's own charioteer Curaxus, ‘ the chief’ who had left the ship on foot being Idomenes.

The last was that Idomenes was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Curaxus, charioteer of Menoetes observing his danger, drove instantly to him and Idomenes had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him struck Curaxus.” So Comper, who, following the Schleicher, takes the passage correctly.

Lower down l. 707, the words “ from the car ” are due to a mistaken influence of Derby's. There is nothing corresponding to them in the Greek, and it is plain from the sequel that Menoetes never quits the battle. It is more natural, therefore, to assume that he is not on the car at all, but standing on the ground when he stoops down picked up the fallen ones gives them to Idomenes and sends him on to the ships while he himself stays on the post of danger. In l. 707 read “ feet stands ” not “ has feet stands.”

F M.S.